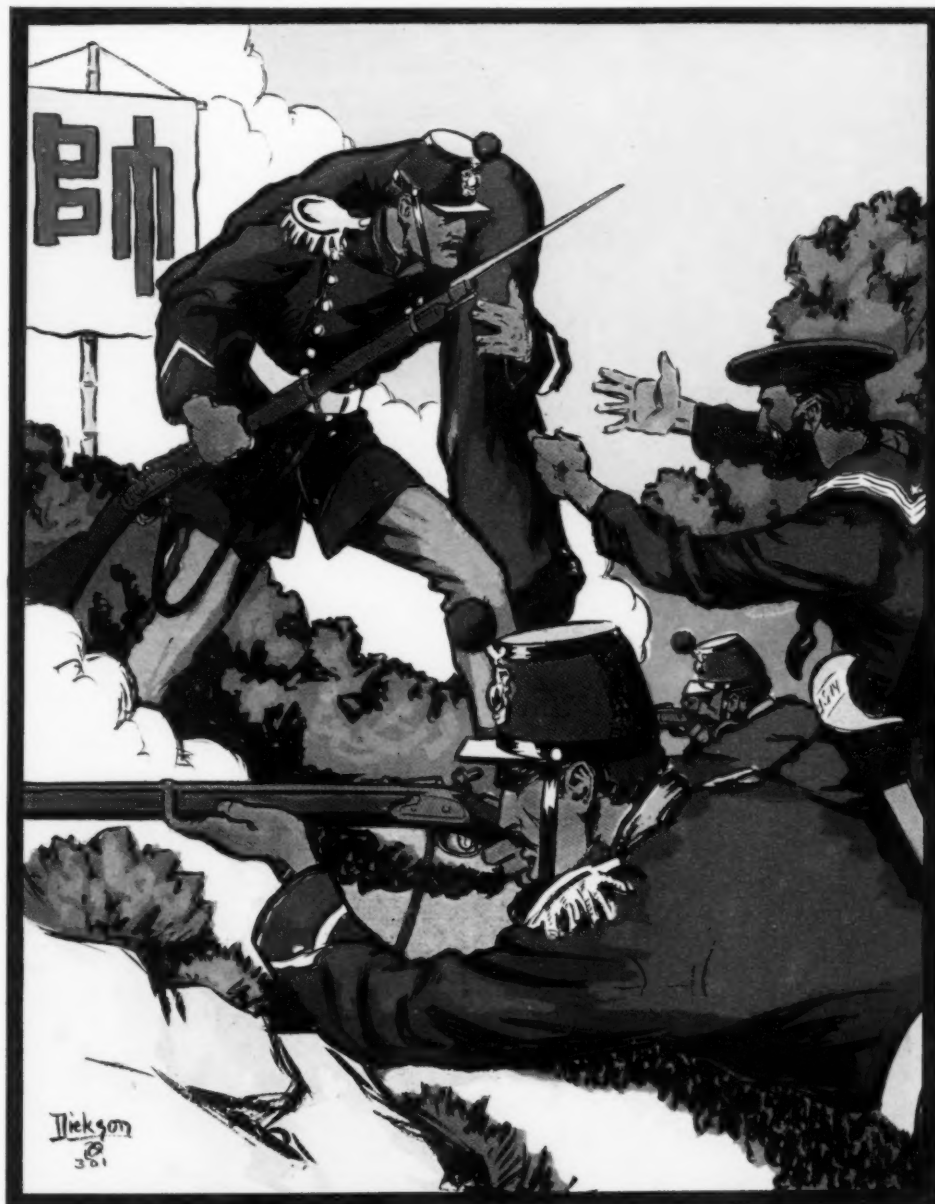


THE LEATHERNECK

May, 1934

Single Copy, 25c



WHERE WE COULD TAKE A GUN
Capturing the Salee River Forts, Korea, June, 1871.



*- as we
go along*

*We believe
you'll enjoy
them*

Chesterfield they're Milder
they TASTE BETTER

MARINE MILLENARY

BY J.R.D. WILSON and R. DAVIS.

I

NTRODUCING

THE MARINE CORPS OF 2934 A.D.

IN THE YEAR 2900 A.D., CONGRESS PASSED A BILL ABOLISHING ALL PRIVATES, PRIVATE FIRST CLASS ~~AND~~ MUSICS; AND PUBLIC FUNDS

WERE APPROPRIATED FOR THE TROLLED ROBOTS TO BE BELOW THE GRADE OF N.C.O

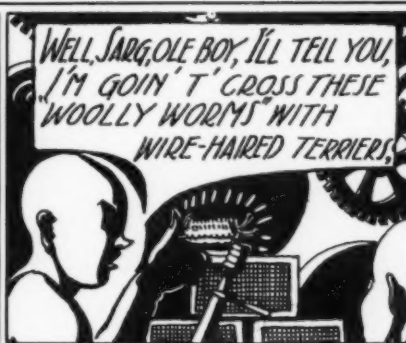
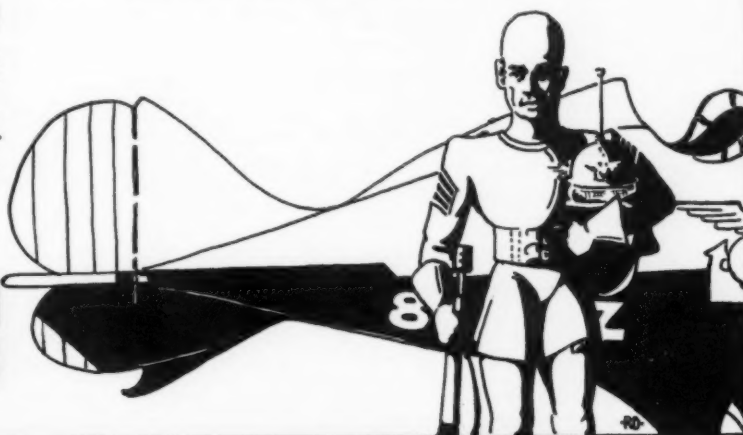
CONSTRUCTION OF RADIO COM- REPLACE ALL PERSONNEL OFFICERS ~~and~~ NCO'S WERE

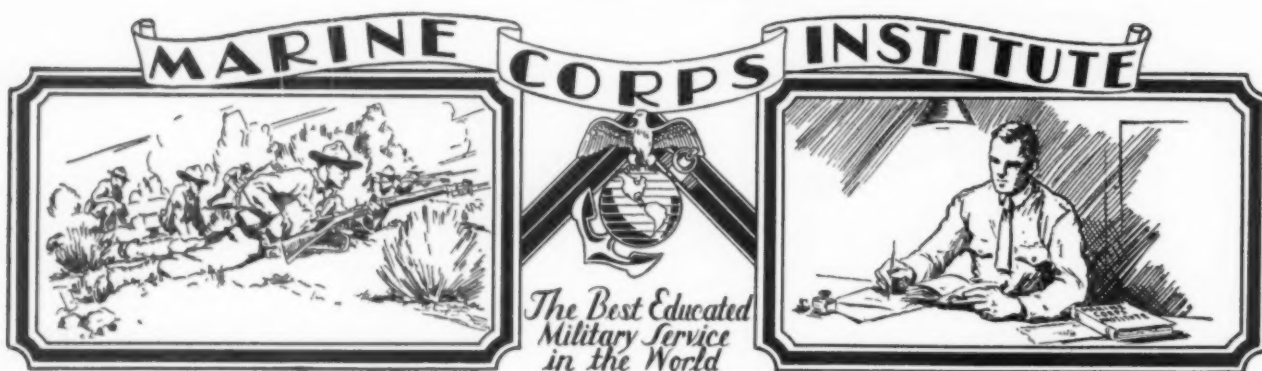
REQUIRED TO HAVE A FIRST CLASS KNOWLEDGE OF MECHANICS ~~and~~

TO HAVE A THOROUGH UNDERSTANDING OF THE ROBOTS IN THEIR CARE.

DOCTORS WERE EXPERT PLUMBERS ~~and~~ WELD- ERS.

CONTINUED





Don't Say You Never Had a Chance—

The Marine Corps, through the medium of the Marine Corps Institute, offers to YOU and every Marine an opportunity to prepare yourself along commercial, technical, and academic lines. This is an age of specialization, and there is little or no opportunity for the untrained man.

The courses offered by the Marine Corps Institute are, above all, practical. This has been proven beyond a doubt by many Marine Corps Institute graduates who are now enjoying success as a result of devoting some of their spare time to preparing themselves for the future.

Think this over—and when you arrive at the logical conclusion, enroll for and complete the course in which you are interested. The coupon at the bottom of this page is for your convenience—why not use it?

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

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☐ Please enroll me in the course before which I have marked an X:

Academic and Business Training Courses

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Name _____ Rank _____
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*State subjects desired in applying for this course.



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Contents

	Page
Soldier and Sailor Too	5
By POT HOOKS	
Briefing the News	8
Skimmed from the Scuttle-Butt	10
Books	12
Gyngles of a Gyrene	13
Broadcast	14
Sports	30
Marine Corps Reserve	35
Marine Corps League	37
Gazette	52
Marine Oddities	56

Sketched by D. L. DICKSON

Cover Designed by D. L. DICKSON

Our Mothers

IN THE whirl of everyday life, when work and play are so intermingled that we have little time for other things, we are prone, sometimes, to forget the days of our boyhood and our mothers. We forget that in the past—those irresponsible days when we were not burdened with the cares of a heartless world—we were cared for and protected by our mothers. Our mothers were the mighty forces which kept us from harm's way. In our many petty difficulties of childhood, when we needed assistance, our first thoughts were of our mothers. There lay our hope of help—there, always, we were assured of sympathy.

And now we have grown up—many of our mothers have aged. Gray hair and lines of care have replaced the charming features of the yesteryears—the mothers of others of us have gone to their last reward, where they may rest to eternity, their duty well performed.

But we do not mean to—most of us have not yet reached the reminiscent stage of life—our lives lie before us. Greater things lie before us—we have not time for the past. And that is why we devote one day each year to the memory of our mothers. That is why the second Sunday in May is dedicated to the Mothers of America—so we may not totally forget, even though other things may occupy our minds, the greatest love this world may give to man—a mother's.

Mother's Day is Sunday, May 13. Few of us can be

with her. But all of us who have mothers living can write to her or wire her, just to let her know that we do think of her and that we do appreciate.

She will appreciate the few words of love we find time to send—it means life to her to feel that her boy remembers—that he is thinking of *his mother*.

But greater than all that we can plan our lives so that our mothers will be proud of us. Everything we do, however small, brings joy to her heart—if each of us can say "I am the man my mother thinks I am," we are playing the game.

Remember your mother!

"Experience" the Teacher

AS TIME rolls along, and tomorrow after tomorrow arrives, one thinks and ponders—just what is "Life" and what compensations do we receive from the daily toil; wherein we give our utmost energy and brain-power, just to receive for one day's toil—another.

As each and every sunrise heralds the start of another day, there also comes with these rays and the thought, "What will I accomplish and learn today?" and as the day draws to its close and the brain is ready for rest, one has, while resting, a review of the past day's endeavors; and most all the day's activities again arrive for a rehearsal; in other words, a "hashing" over.

In this hashing over, one finds many faults with his or her past performances, and endeavors to make the necessary corrections for the coming day; some may call it the inactive mind working, but the real truth is—Experience—a word very often misunderstood and mis-used, but nevertheless without experience on all our parts, this world would cease to function.

In many instances wherein the best that a person can give is misconstrued for laxity of knowledge, and is often the cause of much misunderstanding on the party that has the learning and knowledge: a good method to compensate one for his efforts to correct the fault and make the interested party thoroughly understand the method to be applied in another similar case.

Many a person has taken the wrong method or path in certain lines, but rather than make a change, they rely entirely upon time to make the change for them.

Now to explain more explicitly just what experience means, take for example two persons of opposite sex of a similar age. They start a friendship, then a palship and then a partnership. While in the friendship and palship stage they seem to understand each other perfectly, but after the partnership has been formed, one learns the small faults of the other, and oftentimes in attempting to make corrections, one or the other misconstrues the true state of affairs and rather than face the battle of correction, they throw all their brains into oblivion and gain for themselves no experience.

In many instances a person has the wrong conception of things as a whole and in trying to enlighten themselves as to the true state of affairs are very often led astray by one whose past experiences are nowhere similar in a like case, and should a person conclude that their brain has been convinced to certain matters and that they are the correct solutions to the faults, then and there is their Experience.

In gaining knowledge and experience, one makes many mistakes, but as no one is infallible and can if so minded, allow their pride to step down a notch or two and listen to those whose past performances can readily show them the correct manner in either work or play, happiness or health, then one gains, but not before.



*...here it is
in a
nutshell*

"THERE are just about three common-sense questions to ask about pipe tobacco:

'First, is it made to smoke in a pipe?

"Is it cut in big enough flakes to smoke cool and mild?

"Does it have a pleasing flavor that leaves you hankering for more?

"I guess I've been smoking pipes for as many years as you've been born, and when it comes to pipe tobacco... here it is in a nutshell. Smoke Granger."

Granger Rough Cut

the pipe tobacco that's MILD
the pipe tobacco that's COOL

—folks seem to like it

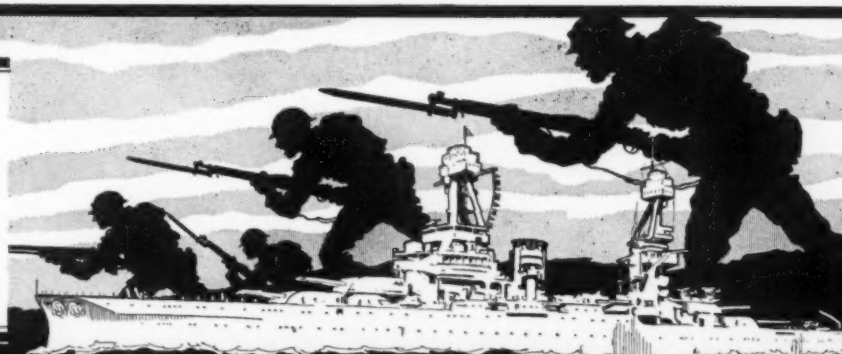
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U. S. M. C.



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VOLUME 17

WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY, 1934

NUMBER 5

SOLDIER AND SAILOR TOO

By Pot Hooks

FROM the Arctic to the Equator I have plied the seven seas, and I have run the Marathon of human passion in many lands. I need no Wild West stories to set my pulse racing—no melodrama of the screen to make my blood boil as I ponder the why and wherefore of "far-flung empires." Now the world and his wife pass my door. The lilac and the jasmine spread their fragrance upon the Texas air. I have drunk deep at the fountain of life, and I have loved much. I have rolled the dice of disaster with Lady Luck, and — won, crushing the golden buttermere of fortune under rambling feet, and brushing the lilies of peace aside with careless hands. I have seen bums die like heroes as they headed West, with songs on their lips and with dancing feet to meet the great adventure.

I close my eyes, and the hands of recollection turn back the pages of forty carefree, happy and pictured years. Again I see a little, white-winged gunboat. How I loved that ship! The storms of thirty winters have roared over her rusty bones, but she still carries Old Glory through the oceans of memory, bristling with muzzler-loaders and manned by iron men.

Once more I see twisted black and brown shapes and smell the putrid odor of long-dead human bodies that floats up from the burning ghats on the banks of the holy Ganges. Flocks of foul scavengers still flutter and fight for ghoulish feasts atop the Pharsee

AN OLD TIMER SITS AT EASE AND DREAMS OF THE PAST



O. packet, the trim little gunboat, and the dirty tramp that have stemmed the Irrawaddy. Down a narrow alley outside the Bombay Bazaar, I see the form of an outcast widow. In sack-cloth and with ashes on her head she scuttles for the shade, lest her shadow of ill-omen fall athwart the path of an approaching high-caste Hindoo.

Once more I see Fujiyama, its hoary head above the clouds—a spike in the collar of Nippon, the bull-dog of Asia.

Once more I slip through a dark and weird temple and see the Gotama Buddha look serenely down on me from bloody centuries of strife; through a veil of mysticism it gazes from half-closed eyes at things unearthly and beyond our ken. Again I see the seal herd slide from the cold, bleak rookery rocks into the Bering. South they head, and no man knows the port to which they cruise. The Northern Lights flare up again; with trembling rainbow fingers they pluck at the fleecy coverlet—the clouds of an Arctic winter.

Once more a clammy blanket of fog wraps me in freezing folds, and I hear the muffled roar of surf on a lee shore and the warning cry of the lead heaver, "By the mark—NINE!"

Once more I see a half-moon, palm-fringed coral beach, and brown-skinned Kanaka girls dancing the hula-hula

under flaming torches, huge fireflies, around a kava bowl. Again I hear the wail of the war-conch as the Moros dig their spear-lined pits, gird on their bolos, and sneak to the ambush beneath a waning moon like the crescent of Islam hanging low above the jungle.

Again I cross the Bubbling Well Road in a rocking rickshaw behind a trotting coolie legging it for Yankypang Creek in Shanghai-town. Well do I remember Nanking Road with its pubs—the Boar's Head and the Clyde. The thick mud walls with their seven foolish gates are now a smoldering shambles where a yellow tide of combat ebbs and flows through the stinking shell holes.

Once more I see Tommy Atkins in his red coat wave from the Bund in old Hong Kong. Queens Road winds like a snake, and again all nations of the world pass in a mental review. In the background, the town climbs the hill in layers, like a jelly cake. A Cossack cap from the Caucasus passes a green turban fresh from Mecca. White-robed Arabs from the Red Sea draw their fluttering garments in dignity about them, lest they be defiled by the touch of the unbeliever. Still they come. Black, be-whiskered Sikhs, every man six feet and more, dressed in the Queen's scarlet. Gurkhas, from the slopes of the Himalayas, mighty warriors and terrible with the knife. Long-haired Senegalese from the spicy isles, where the steps of Siva and the sacred tooth of Buddha are guarded in pagan shrines. Laskars and Malays; beach-combers, cocky Marines, skylarking tars and singsong girls; the great leaven of the Chinese; all roll by in a human flood; and two thousand feet up The Peak looks down.

Again I hear the band playing "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." The Army shakes a mean foot along the Luneta, and the crafty Chinks of the Escolta reap a harvest of Jew-down barter in curios to the homeward-bound doughboys.

Again I sit under the pepper trees and blow the collar from amber bubbles—San Miguel's cup of cheer—or of forgetfulness. Far off, three bells are struck on the ships anchored in Manila Bay, and Taps wails out over Bilibid, saying good night to the *malo hombres*, sweltering in their iron cells.

The scene shifts to the Antilles and the Spanish Main. "Yo-ho, yo-ho and a bucket of blood." The shades of the black flag buccaneers and the *conquistadores* must have gasped when America rose in her wrath and laid low proud old Castile.

Once more the old *Sumner* heads in between Morro Castle and the Punta, and I see the shattered hulk of what was once a proud ship of the line. Heels click and hands snap up to the salute. "To hell with Spain—remember the *Maine*!" I see the Stars and Stripes float above Morro and Cabanas; I see them slowly come down. The Star of Cuba goes up, and they pause, halfway; finis, hail and farewell.

Homeward bound! We swing around the fighting top of the *Maine*; twenty-one guns roar a defiance and a knell. They seem to say, "Adios, shipmates, Cuba libre."

The Indian Ocean and the Red Sea, Aden and the sands of Araby, Port Said and the Suez, Malta and the Rock slip by in a welter of memories. Thus I wandered the world around. Love for a girl kept me out of Hell until the hands of my wife placed my feet on the bottom rungs of the ladder of life and bade me, "Climb."

Forty-odd years ago I was a fresh-lipped, careless lad,

who thought that the world was merely a place to live, and the future, a tinkling toy. Fresh from a Texas cow-camp, filled with the wanderlust and broke, I awoke one cold October morning on the brink of the Pacific Ocean and in the sink of Sodom, Frisco's Barbary Coast.

For two days I wandered up and down the water front, watching the side-wheelers and the Key boats churn their way across the harbor to the Oakland Mole. Tired of the endless procession, I turned to the windjammers, whalers and tramps, tugging at deep-buried mudhooks, or stowing cargo for phantom, fairy ports just over the rim. When the old *Rio* of the Pacific Mail warped out from her dock and headed west through the Golden Gate, my mind was made up to see the world.

I have seen it.

Now, in the sere and yellow leaf of many sweet and mellow memories, I would not walk a city block to see the Taj Mahal.

In the *Bella Union* an old shellback, over the schooners I bought him, grumbled and growled and recalled to mind the cruise he had made in the *Tidy Adly*. "Three decks and no bottom, matey!" Then came the log of his cruise with Paul Bunyan in the *Fearnot*, a gruesome yarn. Down the West Coast, the *Flying Dutchman* with Davy Jones

at the helm sailed with them, wing and wing. Around the Horn the sirens sang through the pitch-pine spars and the mermaids shrieked for help from every reef, and I, the longhorn from the bunch grass, believed it all.

The old swab said, "Bub, if action is what you crave, sign up for a cruise in the Marines, and them babies will lead you to it!"

I had never heard of the soldiers of the sea, but I was willing to join anything that would show me the world. Action was what I craved, and Windy of the Marines, with a white belt on, walking up and down under a flag on Montgomery Street, was the baby who led me to it. Upstairs, a hard boiled old top sergeant bawled me out for not removing my hat in his august presence. He didn't like my looks

anyway, and he told me so. But when I swore that I was twenty-one, named my best friend and heir Windy, and declared that I had no next of kin and no permanent address, the old Leatherneck reached out and dragged me in. The three beers I bought a wrinkled old shellback proved to be the most profitable and thrilling investment I ever made. Little did I guess that ten long years and many floods would roll down the Brazos before I would see the old man Texas waving his big white hat, and hear my girl sing "Home Sweet Home."

Three years on the Navy Gunboat *Alert* were passed on the Bering Sea Patrol and the Asiatic Station. A cruise that extended from Vladivostok to Singapore, and included dirty China and smiling Japan. To me it was a voyage of constant thrills, mixed with storms, coolie riots, close calls of disaster, and the violent death of five shipmates.

My enlistment in the Marines came to an end, but I wasn't satisfied. I enlisted again, in the 18th U. S. Infantry. Then things began to break. Dewey sank Montojo's fleet at Cavite, and the Eighteenth, with the help of a few more doughboys and red-legs, took over the Islands. The Spicks went home, and the little brown brothers shifted to our shoulders the White Man's Burden.

Panay, to the south, needed a cleaning. We landed at Ilo-Ilo, hit the grit, popped a lot of bamboo, and turned



in a first-class job. Not much excitement after that. Just a lot of guard duty, patrols, brush cutting, and an occasional ambush, with a little blood letting

Sergeant Paddy Burke was in command of the eight privates that formed the outpost on the vivid night of which I write. Paddy was an old soldier, and a good one. Booze and women had always been the cracks in his martial armor that "busted" him every time he had climbed back to three stripes. Hard boiled, with the blarney of the Old Dart on the end of his ready tongue, he was *muy amigo*, and a bunkie who would give a man his last smoke and split his last drink.

Sallisaw, part Pawnee Indian and a chief actor in this little drama, was an old timer, ready to retire, and still a private. He, too, had his weaknesses. After about three cups of tea he would re-enact combats of the Lost Cause and boast of friendships with Jackson, Lee and Joe Wheeler. But he was as true to the Stars and Stripes as he had been to the Stars and Bars.

I was the least of this little squad that held a Russian, a Jew, a Dago and a Frog; the rest—just fighting men.

A carabao-cart road wound through tangled green walls. Where a narrow trail formed an X in an open spot stood a wayside shrine, and a bamboo cross rose high above a heap of stones. This was our post, where we searched all lumbering carts for arms, and turned back all armed individuals. Two sentries patrolled up and down and watched, while the rest of us lay under sweltering blankets. Our loaded rifles with fixed bayonets were by our sides as we fought the bugs and mosquitoes for rest and sleep. Monkeys at safe elevations quarrelled and chattered. A giant lizard croaked "foo-koo, foo-koo." A parrot screamed and squawked. I couldn't sleep. Away over on the coast came the wail of a war-conch! It was a signal of some kind, and I listened for an answer. A half moon was just dropping out of sight. At that moment Sallisaw slid his rifle from under his blanket, propped up on his elbows, and fired! Straight down the western trail he

pumped six shots, as fast as he could work the bolt, aim, and pull the trigger!

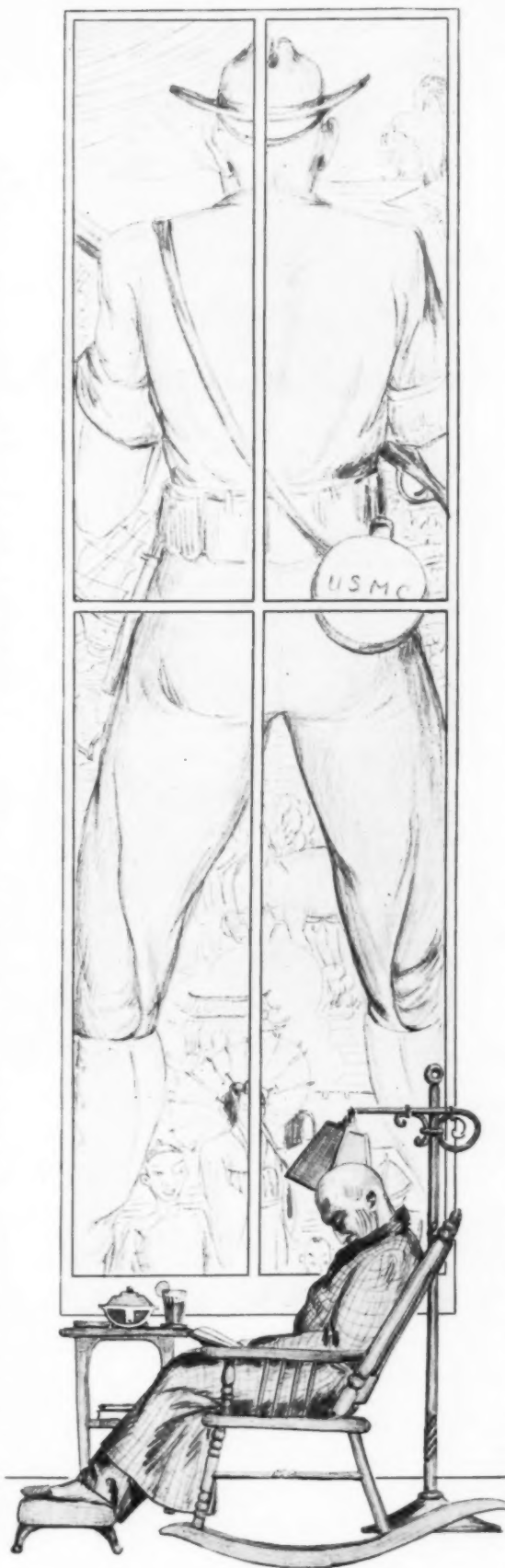
At the crack of Sallisaw's Krag every man jumped for a place on the pile of stones. There, back to back in the shadow of the cross, Christian, Jew, Gentile, and Red Indian faced the four way ambush of the Ilocano's bolo charge! Crack! Crack! Bang! Curses, and the ring of two hundred *pedangs* on rifle barrels! Rattle of death from gasping lips! Lunge and tear loose a hanging bayonet! Parry a sweeping cut that would have lopped off a head! Reload the magazine, shove home the bolt and jam the muzzle into the squirming mass where one bullet will do the work of two! Conchs wailed up and down the trails of death as the *caciques* fell! The *Kaputinan*, surprised on a battle field of their own choosing, slipped into the jungle, and the *combata* was over! A short five minutes, but what tragic memories it left! Scattered along the dim-lit trails, where our Krags had cut them down, were twenty-eight naked brown bodies, smeared with palm oil. A few had reached our bayonets, and had died at the foot of the cross.

We rammed home bolts on ready shells and snapped full magazines to safety before we slid down the shadow of the cross. Nervously we looked at one another as we filled our wheezing lungs with fresh, hot air, and reached for canteens to cool our hammering hearts.

Then, over that cross-roads of horror, came the war whoop of the Gaul, the battle cry of the Celt, and Sallisaw's high pitched Rebel yell.

It was Sallisaw's uncanny savage ears and eyes that had saved the outpost. Neither he nor Paddy Burke had received a scratch, and their bayonets had left no wounded gu-gu for the pill-rollers to grumble over.

The little brown brother had many annoying social habits; chief among the many was the smearing of human carrion on the razor edge of crooked *kris* and chopping *pedang*. All of us who had cuts or contusions were ordered to the field hospital at once for emergency treatment. Two days later I developed a mild case of blood poison- (Continued on page 50)





Marine Ace Lost at Sea

Norfolk, Va., April 12.—Lieutenant D. L. Cloud, winner last year of the Schiff safety trophy for the most hours spent in the air without accident, is believed to have been drowned at sea off Virginia Beach today when he jumped from a Marine Corps plane.

Engaged in target practice 2,500 feet in the air, his plane tangled in a sleeve target towed by another and Lieutenant Cloud jumped in his parachute.

Two Marine Corps pilots, Lieutenants E. A. Montgomery and John Wehle, witnessed the accident. They said Lieutenant Cloud cleared the plane before it struck the ocean about three miles off shore. Circling the water, however, they could find no trace of him or the parachute.

Four Norfolk Naval Air Station planes and four Coast Guard vessels, together with small fishing craft, searched the area throughout the afternoon without finding traces of the aviator.

2 Planes Crash in Air; Pilots Safe

San Diego, Calif., March 30.—Two planes collided 14,000 feet above San Diego Bay today, one pilot "bailing out" safely and the other landing his damaged plane on North Island.

Ensign Warren Corlias, Navy flier, made a parachute drop of about 8,000 feet into the bay. He was rescued by a Navy patrol plane. Staff Sgt. William L. Woodruff, Marine flier, piloted his plane to a safe landing despite damage to the upper wing. Corlias' plane fell into the bay.

Some wag said Woodruff didn't bail out because if he did he would have to repack his parachute.

Gunboat Burns

Hongkong, March 16.—The U. S. Gunboat *Fulton* burned today in Bias Bay, fifty miles northeast of here. The ship's complete personnel was rescued. H.M.S. *Wishart* rescued 139 men, while the Chinese S.S. *Tainan* took the remaining 48 aboard.

Norfolk Navy Yard Robbed

Norfolk, Va., March 30.—Silence tonight enveloped the findings of a special board of investigation which sought to clear up mystery surrounding an attack on Lieutenant T. C. Edrington, Supply Corps, yesterday about 4:30 P. M., in which Edrington, knocked unconscious, was imprisoned

in a vault in his office at the Navy Yard and the vault robbed of approximately \$3,000.

Lieutenant Edrington, in charge of the craft pay office at the yard, remained a prisoner in the vault until 10:15 P. M. last night, when an investigation, begun when his wife reported his absence, revealed his whereabouts.

Freed by Chief Pay Clerk D. A. Palmer, Lieutenant Edrington was found to be suffering from a blow on the back of the head and from the effects of stale air in his place of confinement. He said he was counting cash on hand when he was knocked unconscious. The officer said he did not see his assailant.



U.S.S. *Saratoga*, Flagship, U. S. Asiatic Fleet, 1913

2 Navy Fliers Die in Newport Crash

Hampton Roads, Va., March 5.—Two Navy fliers were killed today when an amphibian plane nosedived into the waters off Newport News. They were Lieutenant W. P. Davis, of Des Moines, pilot, and M. D. Marshall, of Hartsville, Tenn., aviation machinist's mate.

Marine Cops in Action

In Chicago, on March 30, Policeman Thomas Simmons, former Marine, shot and killed Anthony (Barber Mike) Waskaskas, a local hoodlum, whom Simmons was pursuing. The gangster and his three companions fired upon the officer, wounding him in the hand, knocking his revolver from his grasp. Then all four leaped upon him. Simmons recovered his weapon and shot Waskaskas, killing him with one shot. The others escaped.

Two days later, in Washington, D. C., Patrolman Watson Salkeld, Sergeant of

the U.S.M.C.R., played a deadly April-Fool joke on gangdom, when he and his partner surprised four masked bandits who were robbing a filling station. One robber elected to fight it out. As he drew his gun, Salkeld fired four shots in rapid succession. The first bullet took effect in the bandit's stomach, the second was a little higher, the third pierced his heart, the fourth was a V-5 between the eyes.

Recently Police Private Herman W. Lay, former Marine and present Reservist, Washington, D. C., encountered a man who suddenly whipped out a pistol and shot the policeman through the stomach. He had unsuspectingly happened upon a look-out of a robber. Lay dove for the fellow's legs, threw him and held him until aid arrived. He is still in the hospital.

Washington Naval Hospital

Plans for the construction of a new naval hospital in Washington, which have been carried almost to completion by Navy medical officials, now only await the appropriation of funds for this much needed project to become an actuality.

Colonel Marix at White House

Col. A. T. Marix, U.S.M.C.-Ret., president of the Retired Officers' Association of the United States, was in conference recently with President Roosevelt regarding the needs of retired officers of the uniformed services. Colonel Marix called at the White House by appointment.

The discussion centered around the aims and objects of the Retired Officers' Association particularly regarding the hardships imposed on retired officers by the pay cut.

Navy to Survey Territory in Alaska

San Diego, Calif., March 15.—Two separate and independent expeditions to Alaska are to be made by the United States Navy.

Recently it was announced an expedition under command of Admiral Alfred W. Johnson would be made, presumably to establish the feasibility of basing submarines and airplanes on the western shores of the United States, northern territory.

Today it was announced a second expedition would be made under command of Admiral Sinclair Gannon, who soon is to relieve Admiral William C. Watts at Seattle.

30 Sandino Followers Reported Slain in Clash

Tegucigalpa, Honduras, March 6.—It was reliably reported today that more than 30 Sandinistas were killed in a fight between Nicaraguan guardsmen and followers of the late rebel leader, Augusto Sandino. The clash was said to have occurred near the Wiwili cooperative farming colony on the River Coco in Nicaragua.

Other Sandinistas were reported routed and fleeing toward the Honduras border. Sandino, who established the colony, was killed by Nicaraguan guardsmen recently.

Will Sponsor U.S.S. Dewey

The Secretary of the Navy Claude A. Swanson has designated Miss Louise de M. Dewey of 1507 North State Parkway, Chicago, Ill., as sponsor for the U.S.S. *Dewey*, Destroyer No. 349 named in honor of the late George Dewey, Admiral of the Navy.

Colonel Williams Awarded D.S.M.

Secretary of the Navy on April 10 decorated Col. Richard Peters Williams, U.S. M.C., with the Distinguished Service Medal for exceptionally distinguished and meritorious service in the line of his profession while he was Commandant of the Garde d'Haiti from 1930 to 1933.

No Leech Cup Match

The Navy Department has been informed by the Secretary of War that, due to the pressing demands on the regular Army in connection with the Civilian Conservation Corps project, it will again be inadvisable for the Army to participate in the annual Leech Cup Tennis Match.

The Leech Cup Tennis Trophy was competed for annually between the Army and Navy from 1924 to 1932. The first two years the Army won the cup, while since then the Navy has been the winner.

Planes Operate With Fleet

Three squadrons of Navy patrol planes left for the Canal Zone with the United States Fleet, April 9, and will engage in patrol problems and various other missions at sea with the Fleet, most of the time operating away from any base or aircraft carrier.

Normally these planes are attached to the U.S.S. *Wright*, aircraft tender, but throughout the operations from April 9 until the arrival of the Fleet at the Canal, April 21, they will operate from temporary bases established at various ports from Mine Sweepers acting in the capacity of aircraft tenders.

Admirals Receive Word They're Dead in Navy War Game

With the United States Fleet, off West Coast of Mexico, April 13.—The confusion of death and destruction that a high seas battle between two great fleets brings tested the leadership and seamanship of officers of the United States fleet today.

Admirals received flashes that their flag bridges had been shot away, and their staffs, including themselves, wiped out. Engineer officers were advised their power plants were crippled. Navigators learned their ships' propellers were destroyed. Com-

munications were cut off, turrets disabled and compartments flooded.

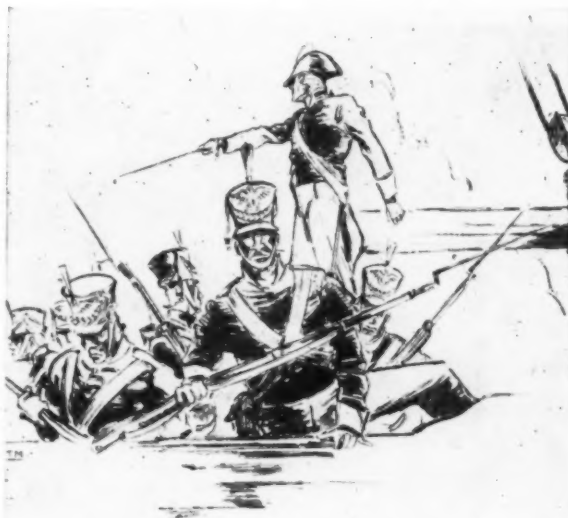
The spectacle was the climax of the engagement between more than 80 fighting ships under command of Admiral D. F. Sellers, as commander in chief of the Blue Fleet, and a theoretical fleet of similar strength known as the Gray, simulated by the supply ships and commanded by Rear Admiral Frederick J. Horne.

When it was over, and the signal "cease present exercise" flashed from the U.S.S. *Pennsylvania*, the "dead" admirals, captains and other officers and men came back to life with comments of the tactical effects of the "destruction."

U. S. Army Preparing for Giant Maneuvers

Junction City, Kans., April 13.—Military maneuvers on the largest scale attempted since the World War are planned for May at Fort Riley, near here.

The First Cavalry (mechanized) from Fort Knox, Ky., and Battery A of the First Field Artillery, Fort Sill, Okla., will cooperate with the Second and Thirteenth



Cavalry, the Eighteenth Artillery, and that part of the Sixteenth Observation Squadron stationed at Marshall Field.

Panama "War Game" May Be a Fixture

Panama, March 29.—The completion of United States Army maneuvers based on the Atlantic sector of the Isthmus of Panama today found military detachments still posted on the canal's locks and dams.

The appearance was reminiscent of war time. There was comment in some quarters on the possibility that the war game might be made permanent.

U. S. Rifle Crown Awarded to Navy

Annapolis, Md., March 31.—The Naval Academy team is the champion of the National Intercollegiate Rifle Association, for smooth-bore shooting this year, according to official announcement received here today. The Navy team scored 1,350 points out of a possible 1,500; New York University, which was second, scoring 1,340 points, and Lehigh, the third team, 1,347.

Death of Marine on Coast Probed

Vallejo, Calif., April 7.—Authorities began an investigation here today to determine whether Roy H. Dunavent, Marine private, had been slain or committed suicide. His body was found yesterday near Mare Island, a knife wound in his heart. The weapon was missing, which indicated murder.

Shell Travels 9 Miles After Piercing Armor

Sheffield, England, March 29.—An armor-piercing shell, which when fired at armor-plate of equal thickness to the calibre of the gun will not only perforate the plate without breaking, but will travel nine miles farther, was described today.

Sir Robert Hadfield, famous metallurgist, explained that the shell is the latest made in Sheffield. It weighs nearly a ton.

Constitution to Boston

The frigate *Constitution* left San Diego, Calif., for the East Coast to be placed "in service—not commissioned" at the Boston Navy Yard and be retained as a naval relic at that yard.

The *Constitution* has been on the Pacific Coast since January 21, 1933. Commander Louis J. Gulliver, U.S.N., Commanding Officer, reports to the Navy Department that over two million people visited the famous old frigate during the stay in West Coast ports and that between November 3, 1933, and March 20, 1934, during which period the *Constitution* remained at San Diego, 1,535,811 visitors came on board. The vessel will be towed from San Diego by the U.S.S. *Grebe*, minesweeper.

While enroute, the *Constitution* will visit the Canal Zone, remaining there from April 2 to 7, St. Petersburg, Fla., April 13 to 20, and Charleston, S. C., April 24 to 27, arriving in Boston about the first of May.

Haitian President Here on Visit

Washington, D. C., April 16.—President Stenio Vincent, of Haiti, arrived in Washington late yesterday to make a personal plea to President Roosevelt for withdrawal of American financial control over the "Black Bagdad" of the Caribbean.

He was greeted at Union Station by Secretary of State Hull, Undersecretary of State, Marvin H. McIntyre, presidential secretary, and other high officials and military aides.

A detachment of Marines formed a guard of honor at the station and presented arms as the party moved to the presidential entrance, where the Marine band played Haitian and national anthems and a troop of cavalry from Fort Myer sat motionless with sabers to their chins in salute.

Marine Officer Named Moscow Naval Attache

Washington, D. C., March 1.—Captain David Rowan Nimmer, U. S. M. C., a native of this city, has been appointed Naval Attache at Moscow. He was selected for the post because of his familiarity with the language, gained during a tour of duty in Manchuria. Captain Nimmer, accompanied by his wife, is already in the Soviet capital, where he was ordered as commander of the legation guard.



VOICE OF DOOM

Struggling Artist (being dunned for rent and endeavoring to put a bold front on things)—“Let me tell you this—in a few years’ time people will look up at this miserable studio and say, ‘Cobalt, the artist, used to work there!’”

Landlord—“If you don’t pay your rent tonight, they’ll be able to say it tomorrow!”

—The Humorist.

Chorine—Why, I’m the best dancer you’ve got. I’m a step ahead of all the other girls! Dance Director—Yes, that’s exactly why I’m firing you!—Dell Publishing Co.

Tommy, to Butcher—Please give me some liver for our cat.

Butcher—All right, Tommy; here’s a nice piece.

Tommy—Are you sure it’s fresh? The last lot you gave me was old and Dad got sick on it.—Plane Talk.

“Young man, I am afraid you are ignoring our efficiency system.”

“I know it, Boss. But somebody’s got to get the work done!”—Judge.

“Why, Bobby, how did you come to think they had baseball in Bible times?”

“Well, mother, teacher read from the Bible what happened ‘in the big inning’.”

—Walla-Walla.

Hi—“What time is it by your watch?”

Doc—“Quarter to.”

Hi—“Quarter to what?”

Doc—“I don’t know—times got so hard I had to lay off one of the hands.”

—Wednesday Nite Life.

Bookkeeper: “I have been in your employ 50 years today.”

Chief: “Yes, you are lucky. Not so many firms keep going that length of time.”

—Intressante Blatt (Berlin).

An engineering student walked up to his professor the other day, and handed in a large bundle of assignments. Noticing a sheepish look on the face of the student, the professor asked somewhat suspiciously, “What’s all this?”

“Those are my Mae West problems,” explained the student.

“Mae West?”

“Yeah, I don’t em wrong.”—The Log.

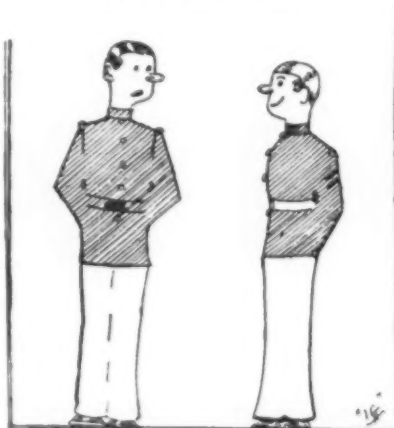
HELP! HELP!

Beautiful Blonde (yelling from window of burning apartment)—Save me! Save me!

Fire Chief (on ground below)—Say, Pete, I thought you sent one of your huskies up there to rescue that young lady!

Assistant—I did, chief. He’s up there now!

—Dell Publishing Co.



Binks—Did I ever tell you about the awful fright I got on my wedding day?

Jinks—No—but I don’t want to hear about it. No man should speak that way of his wife.

“How long you in jail fo’ Mose?”

“Two weeks.”

“What am de charge?”

“No cha’ge, everythin’ am free.”

—West Virginia Mountaineer.

Golfer—“Hi, eddie! Isn’t Major Pepper out of that bunker, yet? How many strokes has he had?”

Caddie—“Seventeen ordinary, sir, and one apoplectic!”

—Boston Transcript.

Mother—I’ve tried hard to make you a good child, Dorothy, and yet in spite of all my efforts you are still naughty.

Dorothy—What a failure you are as a parent, aren’t you, mother?

—The Pathfinder.

BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE

Two business men were lunching together. The first, a disciple of economy, was relating to the other the various economical changes he had made and how much money he was saving as a result.

“Well,” finally interrupted the second, “I’ve been saving quite a bit of money myself lately. I discharged my blonde secretary and hired a young man at forty-five dollars a week.”

“What salary did you pay the girl?” asked the first.

“Twenty-five dollars.”

“Where’s the saving there?”

“Well, I don’t have to give so many presents to my wife now.”

—Dell Publishing Co.

Friscow Sadie—“I’m sure there’s a sailor following us.”

Oakland Gal—“Heavens! What shall we do?”

Friscow Sadie—“Let’s match for him.”

—Tennessee Tar.

Neighbor—Have your hens stopped laying?

Farmer—Three of ‘em have stopped in the last few days.

Neighbor—What was the cause?

Farmer—Autos.

—The Pathfinder.

“Is this the Weather Bureau?”

“Yes, sir.”

“How about a shower tonight?”

“It’s all right with me. Take it if you need it.”

—Stone Mill.

Judge—What possible excuse did you have for acquitting that murderer?

Foreman of Jury—Insanity.

Judge—What, all 12 of you?

—Pastime.

A father said, “Now, Son, start saving the pennies and put them in this yellow box, and when you get five pennies give them to me and I’ll give you a nickel and you can put that in this blue box; then, when you get five nickels give them to me and I’ll give you a quarter and you can put it in this red box.”

Seventeen years later the boy discovered that the red box was the gas meter.

—Lexington Herald.

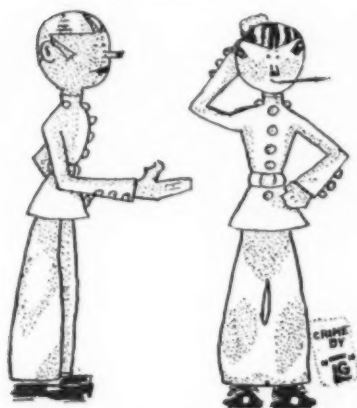
THAT'S DIFFERENT

Collector—Say, bozo, I want to collect some back payments on your antique furniture!

Head of the House—You're crazy! I never bought any antique furniture on the installment plan!

Collector—Well, maybe it wasn't antique when you bought it!

—Dell Pub. Co.



"What's the quickest way to cure a Socialist?"

"I know a cure but wouldn't care to provide the medicine myself."

"Well?"

"Hand him \$1,000 and tell him to divide it among his brethren."—Pathfinder.

1st Kid—Mother is throwing plates at my dad.

2nd Kid—Is she mad at him?

1st Kid—No, she isn't mad—but she is working up to it.—Exchange.

The telephone bell rang in the fire station office. The duty fireman picked up the receiver.

"Is that the fire station?" asked a timid voice.

"Yes," replied the fireman, eagerly.

"Well," continued the voice, "I have just had a new rock garden built and I've put in some new plants."

"Where's the fire?" asked the fireman.

"Some of these new plants were very expensive, and—" the voice went on.

"Look here," said the fireman at last, "you want the flower shop."

"No, I don't," said the voice. "I was coming to that in a minute. My neighbor's house is on fire, and I don't want you clumsy firemen walking over my garden when you come here."—Tit-Bits.

Tom's mother-in-law came to pay the family a short visit and she liked it so well that she stayed a whole year. She talked without let-up from morning till night. At first Tom tried to get a word in edgewise, but finally he gave it up. After she had gone away, little Tommy said to his father: "Dad, what was it you started to say last spring?"—Pathfinder.

During the filming of "Napoleon," someone remarked to Ricardo Cortez that the movie ought to have a happy ending.

"They're giving it one," Ric retorted, "they're letting Napoleon win the battle of Waterloo."

—Boston Transcript.

RECREATION FUND

"Ye have turned very industrious lately, Tim," said one Tipperary man to another.

"That I have, bedad," replied the other. "I was up before the magistrate last week for batterin' Cassidy, and the judge tould me if I came back on the same charge he would fine me ten dollars."

"Did he?" said the first speaker. "And ye're working hard so as to kape yer hands off Cassidy?"

"Don't ye believe it," said the industrious man. "I'm working hard to save up the ten dollars."

"Does your wife talk a lot?" a man asked a friend.

"Talk a lot?" was the reply. "If I suddenly became deaf and dumb, it would take her about a week to discover it!"

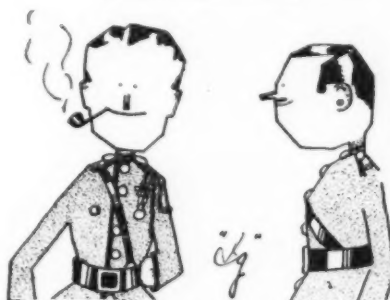
—Pastime.

A parson with a sense of humor has just put up a sign in his church: "No mistakes rectified after leaving the altar."

—Medicine Hat News.

She—What heavenly jazz—let's dance! He—That isn't jazz—the waiter just dropped our dinner.

—The Pathfinder.



Flagg—"How's to give me a lift? Two heads are better than one, you know."

Bragg—"That's dumb! You never saw two heads on a hammer."

The prisoner threw the magazine across his cell in disgust. "Nothing in it but continued stories," he raved; "and I'm to be hung day after tomorrow."

—The Pathfinder.

Gob (writing a letter, to mate sitting on bunk)—"Hey, Joe, take yer shirt off. I want to see how yer spell Matilda."

—Everybody's Weekly.

"Are you familiar with mules," asked the farmer of the colored employee.

"No, sir; ah knows too much about dem to be familiar wit 'em."

—W. Fa. Mountaineer.

"Darling, I've bought you a simply marvelous washing machine. You just press a button and the work's done."

"Um-hum. And who's going to press the button?"

—The Pointer.

Motorist—"Shall I take this road to Potsdam?"

Yokel—"You needn't bother. They've got one road there already."

—Selected.

ALL IN THE SAME BOAT

A repeal celebration party was at its height in one of our favorite staff non-com's quarters. It was three o'clock in the morning. Over at the sick-bay the Corpsman on duty was awakened by the ringing of the telephone. He picked up the receiver and an excited voice blared in his ear:

"Send one of the medicos over to First Sergeant Blank's quarters right away."

"Anyone hurt?"

"No, it's Gunnery Sergeant Jones, though. The whole darn quarters are full of snakes and he can't see any."

"What did the doctor say when he was late on that rush call?"

"Hello, baby."

—Walla-Walla.

One day recently, so the story runs, pretty Helen Vinson, of the movies, was driving in her new car when something went wrong with the engine. The traffic light changed from green to red and back to green and still she could not get the car to budge. The traffic cop came up.

"What's the matter, miss?" he inquired. "Ain't we got colors you like?"

—Boston Transcript.

We know a fellow who has such a swelled head that he's thinking of joining the Navy to let the world see him.

A. A. A.

Football Lunatic—"Fight, fight, fight!" Incubate in the stands (suddenly excited)—"Where?"

—USS California Cub.

Customer—I'd like to buy a muzzle.

Dealer—How's this one?

Customer—Oh, that wouldn't do; it would hold the mouth too tightly shut.

Dealer—But I just sold one of this pattern to a woman.

Customer—Well, it might do for a woman, but I want this for a dog.

—The Pathfinder.



Wife—Mrs. Gabber and I are not on speaking terms.

Hubby—Well, it won't hurt either of you to rest up a little while.

BOOKS—Passing in Review

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow

AN INSPECTION OF SERVICE LITERATURE

JUNGLE TRAILS

BRAZILIAN ADVENTURE. By Peter Fleming (Scribner's). \$2.75

Ten years ago an explorer named Colonel P. H. Fawcett, with his young son and another English boy, disappeared into the jungles of South America and were never seen again. Since then many attempts have been made to find them.

Brazilian Adventure is the story of such an expedition, formed for the dual purpose of exploring Brazilian rivers and the rescue of the colonel; although few of the party entertained any great hope for success in finding Fawcett.

"It began," Mr. Fleming tells us, "with an advertisement in the *Agony Column* of *The Times*"; and ended when he arrived home without money, luggage or regrets.

The first part of the story tells of the fruitless search for the lost Fawcett, and details the adventures in the uncharted wilderness. But unlike most books of this sort, Mr. Fleming discounts danger, inconvenience and hardship. He says frankly that his intentions were to dwell on the horror and difficulties, for he felt that it was expected of him. But when the time came for him to set down his story he reduced all the traditional, exploration shibboleth to a rational degree.

Perhaps the exploring fraternity will look unkindly upon this debunking; but if Mr. Fleming has shattered any illusions concerning the perils of such explorations, he has done so in an interesting fashion.

After many delays the expedition got started. It was commanded by a "Major Pringle," who inspired more dislike than confidence. It was quite apparent that he had no intention of fulfilling more of his contract than suited himself. In the heart of the jungles the party split into two factions. Fleming, with a couple more rebels, left the others and indulged in a bit of free-lance exploration. A dramatic race between the two factions took place. It was a thousand mile course, and both sides were determined to win to Para for the purpose of obtaining the expedition's funds.

Fleming and his party passed the others. Then a week's delay gave "Major Pringle" his opportunity to overtake the left wing. Day after day the race continued, with unexpected incidents furnishing drama and humor.

A highly interesting story, exceptionally well written; a delightful satire.

BIG BEND COUNTRY

HERE ARE MY PEOPLE. By Arthur J. Burks (Funk & Wagnalls). \$2.50

Many of us remember Lieutenant Arthur J. Burks when he was a Marine Officer. Even then, with the manifold duties of the service, Mr. Burks' indefatigable capacity for work demonstrated itself. Smoking innumerable cigarettes, he would sit through the night pounding out stories for this magazine and that.

About five years ago he resigned his commission to enable him to devote his entire time to the profession of writing. Personally, I believe he is the most prolific of our contemporary craftsmen. No month goes by but what he appears in several magazines.

It has been only a short time since his *Land of Checkerboard Families* was published. Fast on the heels of that success comes *Here Are My People*, a work of entirely different nature from that which he has previously produced.

The book is a sort of autobiographical history dealing with Mr. Burks' family and the growth of the "Big Bend" country in the state of Washington.

It is a rugged story of his boyhood and of the lives of the sturdy pioneers who toiled to transform the wilderness of the west into fertile farms. The family was a large one, and its roots spread out: There was Len Toler and Becky; Josephus Ogle and Lila Jane and a host of kinsmen.

To a certain degree the book is the epitomized history of the conquering of the west. The struggle to wrench a living from the soil; the success and failure.

It wasn't all work, however. The advent of the first county fair was of colossal importance, especially on the second day when Holland, the furniture store man, made a noisy but triumphant entry into the fair grounds driving Waterville's first automobile. Folks lost interest in the other freaks to stand about, looking in amazement at the horseless carriage. "But it'll never take the place of horses," most of them agreed. The telephone, too, was greeted with skepticism, its utility questioned.

Mr. Burks has done well with a difficult subject. He has maintained steady interest throughout, investing a certain glamour and romance into the everyday life of everyday people.

THE LOOKOUT

Any desired book may be purchased through the LEATHERNECK BOOK SERVICE, and we especially recommend the following:

MEN AGAINST THE SEA. By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall (Little, Brown). A saga of the sea. A sequel to "Mutiny on the Bounty," by the same authors. \$2.00

TOWARD THE FLAME. By Hervey Allen (Farrar & Rinehart). One of the better tales of the war. The personal recollections of a fighting man. \$2.50

WE SAIL TOMORROW. By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan (Longmans, Green). A romance wherein the eternal triangle, involving a pair of naval officers, develops an additional side. \$2.00

TOO MANY BOATS. By Charles L. Clifford (Little, Brown). A story of an army post in the Philippines during the war. Tragedy and humor, with militarism shorn of its glamour. \$2.00

CANNIBAL QUEST. By Gordon Sinclair (Farrar & Rinehart). A trip to New Guinea, Bali, Java, Borneo, Siam and India. A well written and interesting journey. \$2.50

THE ADVENTURES OF DAVY CROCKETT. Told mostly by Himself (Scribner's). The story of one of the heroes of The Alamo. Captain John W. Thomason, USMC, furnishes seventy-one illustrations for this remarkable classic. \$2.50

SHANGHAI DAYS AND NIGHTS. By "Tug." A collection of verse by a Marine on duty in China. \$1.50 (Mex)

CAN WE LIMIT WAR? By Hoffman Nickerson (Stokes). A study of war in its many ramifications, its inevitability, and its limitations through economic, social and other deciding factors. The book includes, also, a series of parallelisms between former wars and the organized butchery known as the war of humanity. \$2.75

OLD GIMLET EYE. By Smedley D. Butler, as told to Lowell Thomas (Farrar & Rinehart). The adventures of General Butler during his life in the Marine Corps. Every Marine should read this story. \$2.75

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. By Fairfax Downey (Scribner's). The biography of the King of War Correspondents and his thrilling adventures in six wars. \$3.00

VOODOOS AND OBEAHS. By Joseph J. Williams, S. J. (Dial Press). Black magic in Haiti and Africa. A comprehensive study of the practice of Voodooism, its history and characteristics. These data are the result of a quarter of a century's experience in the West Indies. \$3.00

BLACK BAGDAD. By John H. Craigie (Minton, Balch). A Marine officer's story of the occupation of Haiti. Horror and humor stalk through the pages of this unusual yarn. \$3.00

THE FIRST WORLD WAR. Edited by Laurance Stallings (Simon and Schuster). A photographic record of the World War. Some of the most beautiful specimens of photography ever gathered between the pages of a book, detailing the human element and emotion of the war. \$3.50

AMERICA SELF CONTAINED. By Samuel Crother (Doubleday Doran). A timely discussion of an important subject. The economic independence of the United States is explained thoroughly. \$2.00

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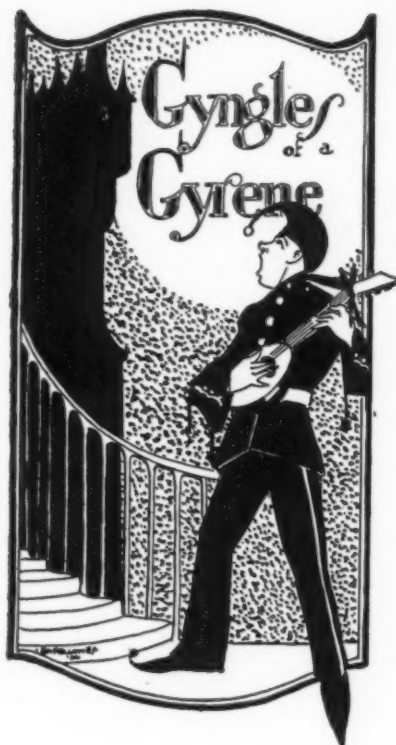
THE LEATHERNECK,
Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

Enclosed please find for Dollars.
Please forward to the address below the books checked on this sheet.

WRITE ADDRESS
PLAINLY

Address

1934



THE WATCHER—MOTHER

By Margaret Widdemer

She always leanned to watch for us,
Anxious if we were late;
In winter by the window,
In summer by the gate;

And though we mocked her tenderly,
Who had such foolish care,
The long way home would seem more safe
Because she waited there.

Her thoughts were all so full of us—
She never could forget!
And so I think that where she is
She must be watching yet,

Waiting till we come home to her,
Anxious if we are late—
Watching from heaven's window,
Leaning from heaven's gate.

WHERE THE FAR EAST LIES

By "Tug" in the Walla Walla

Where the Far East lies a man must guard
Lest he fall for the life and fall damn
hard;

Where Bacchus reigns and passions guide,
And Disease sits at Beauty's side:
Where vows insecure will never inure;
Where the surest heart becomes less sure;
And the purest mind becomes less pure;
Where the Orient lies with a strange allure,
And weak men fall and the strong endure!

'Tis easy to fall when the face has beauty;
'Tis easy to drink where drinking's a duty;
Where seduction lies in dark slant eyes
And beauty of split skirts tantalize;
Where cabarets bright with laughter and
light,
Race the hours in an eventful night;
Where the Far East lies and a man must
fight,
To choose the course that's halfway right!

'Tis easy to fall to the fallen's level;
'Tis easy to sink with the sunken devil;
But conscience ever speaks within
And may steer a man from an evil den;
Through a torrid day and a tropic night,
When ambition's light grows less bright,
Where the Far East lies and a man must
fight,
To keep his soul from the downward flight!

When falls come fast and the soul grows
black;
When it's on the way down and can't
turn back;
When trouble comes and a man can't think;
And hope is lost and he takes to drink;
While the test unkind finds him blind,
And the quitter lags and falls behind;
Where the Far East calls to a lustful
grind,
And a man must fight or lose his mind!

And resistance eases when there is no goad;
To keep a man from the easiest road;
That leads to a wreck on the sea of life;
To death or sickness or endless strife;
When there's evil unseen for every marine;
To make him weak and his mind less keen;
Where the Far East lies and the climate's
mean,
And the Devil lurks in a filthy scene!—

Where the Far East lies, a man must fight
To secure himself from the downward
flight;

Where Bacchus reigns and passions guide,
And Disease sits at Beauty's side:
Where vows insecure will never inure;
Where the surest heart becomes less sure,
And the purest mind becomes less pure;
Where the Orient lies with a strange allure,
And weak men fall and the strong endure!

QUERY

By Don Trump

Why be a miser with your heart,
My love each day grows greater;
Why save it all for a lesser love
Whom you may marry later?

PEP

By Grace G. Bostwick

Vigor, vitality, vim and punch—
That's pep!
The courage to act on a sudden hunch—
That's pep!
The nerve to tackle the hardest thing,
With feet that climb, and hands that
cling,
And a heart that never forgets to sing—
That's pep!

Sand and grit in a concrete base—
That's pep!
Friendly smile on an honest face—
That's pep!
The spirit that helps when another's down,
That knows how to scatter the blackest
frown,
That loves its neighbor, and loves its
town—
That's pep!

To say "I will"—for you know you can—
That's pep!
To look for the best in every man—
That's pep!
To meet each thundering knockout blow,
And come back with a laugh, because you
know
You'll get the best of the whole darned
show—
That's pep!

DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

By Haniel Long

They say that dead men tell no tales!

Except of barges with red sails,
And sailors mad for nightingales;

Except of jongleurs stretched at ease
Beside old highways through the trees;

Except of dying moons that break
The hearts of lads who lie awake;

Except of fortresses in shade,
And heroes crumbled and betrayed.

But dead men tell no tales, they say!

Except old tales that burn away
The stifling tapestries of day:

Old tales of life, of love and hate
Of time and space, and will and fate.

MY PIPE

By N. C. Key

Most friends don't stick, yet some few do,
And those you trust may prove untrue;
But one I know that don't back-bite,
Is one I call my Old Briar Pipe.

His blue smoke curls and floats overhead,
(And yet they say my pipe is dead!)
When I read or think, or play at chess,
And my pipe is there I do my best.

At first 'twas trouble to break him in,
Getting acquainted, we say of a friend,
But now he's mine and for me alone,
My pipe, my friend, together we roam.

He seems to me above the rest,
When doubts arise or I'm in distress,
A companion he is I know on sight;
Ah, what can beat my Old Briar Pipe!

VOWS

By Leonard Cline

When lovers in the spring contend
Which one the fairest vows can say,
Speak bravely, lad, and in the end
Let each the score with kisses pay.
It is a game one could not choose
Whether 'twere best to win or lose.

Till no star shines that's shining now,
My dear, my dear, my troth I plight,
A lass may say; and a lad may vow
Till the dark prairie of the night
Blossoms no more at dawn with blue,
My dear, my dear, I will love you.

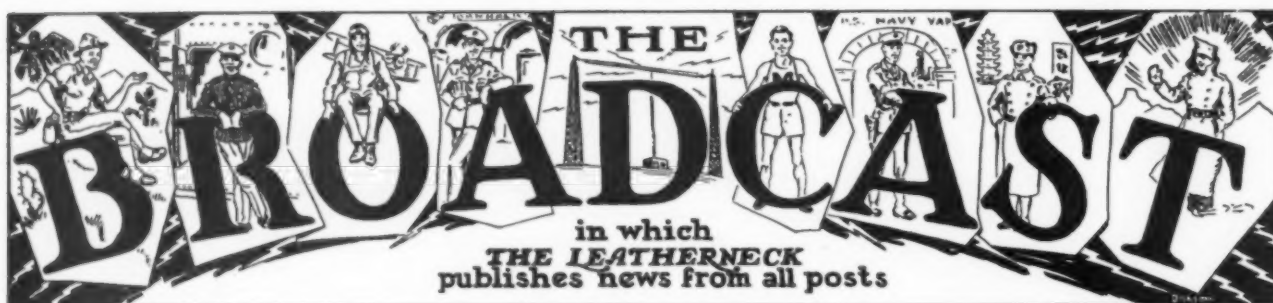
But if she sigh upon that thought,
As my love did, let playing cease;
Be silent then as I was not
And pledge no more eternities,
Lad, lad! nor put your heart at stake,
As I did mine, lest it should break.

PROLOG

By Heinrich Heine

Good-Fortune is a giddy maid,
Fickle and restless as a fawn;
She smoothes your hair; and then the jade
Kisses you quickly, and is gone.

But Madame Sorrow scorns all this,
She shows no eagerness for flitting;
But with a long and fervent kiss
Sits by your bed—and brings her knit-
ting.



Sea-Going Log

CHICAGO RACKETEERS

By G. P. B.

March 20th was the day and what a day—all hands held their breath, the suspense was terrible, and the event awe-inspiring all over the simple fact that the *Chicago* was getting under way, the first time, by the way, in over five months. It didn't take long before we were turned about and headed down stream for the Golden Gate. The Lightship next came in view from which we checked our compasses, then nosed our bow for "Good Old Long Beach." A day and a half of this and that and there we were, San Pedro, Breakwater and all (by the word "All" we mean that perfumed fragrance that is so noticeable in and around the San Pedro area—no not orange blossoms).

This was Sunday afternoon and hardly had the old proverbial "hook" found its temporary resting place than the rush was on. Hatfield, Mills, Abernathy and yours truly all hit for the ladder at the same time and of course the latter three mentioned having a certain respect for old age, let Hatfield be first on deck.

The following day (Monday) Rear Admiral Simons—Chief of Staff for Vice Admiral Lanning—returned with the Staff after a five-month stay on the *Chester*, thus returning the *Chi* to her old status, Commander Cruisers. Rear Admiral Simons put the *Chicago* in commission as captain, and all hands are mighty glad to see him go up a notch.

Sergeant Hatfield's letter finally came back approved and away he goes to lead the life of the "Survival of the Fittest." Anyway, Glen, here is lots of luck to you in anything you decide to do. A new sergeant's warrant hasn't been put out as yet, but we are going to take a chance and congratulate Corporal Tommilson. Tommy has worked hard and well deserves the extra stripe—so here's looking at you.

First Sergeant Borek has been in his glory for the past week (and not the halo kind which calls for the blushing one in question to get a niche in the temple of fame), just taking the guard over the beach and drilling them for two hours per diem. The subject named man is looking for someone with a 41-plate battery. Please forward.

Gunny Stagg was able to take enough time off from his leave to come aboard and receive money for further subsistence. Methinks the trip south will do him much good in the way of recuperation.

With the return of the flag also came six Marines, or should it be said that with the return of six Marines also came the flag? Kurtz, Hice and Hensey plus three new men. Hice decides that a much-needed rest should be taken and so while in the mood takes a few days off in sick bay. Oh, well, it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all or something like that. This goes ditto for friend DeGruchy.

First Lieutenant Withers has been busy for the last few days giving Lieutenant Bigler his examination. And from the looks of profound cogitation given out by both officers it must have been some exam.

Stumpy (Ace) Rose is much elated over the 5 per cent increase among us high



CAPTAIN'S ORDERLIES, USS.
CHICAGO

Seated: Capt. H. E. Kays and Comdr. W. D. Brereton, Jr. Standing, left to right: Rush, Coho, Jordon, Groshong, Bascom, Venesk.

salaried men. It will be enough, according to Rose, to buy (though his present policy, that is to say in taking advantage of the much-advertised nothing down and Rose claims that the contours of his face are honest—which seems to be all that is necessary) one new typewriter plus imported Portuguese (Stenchless? Polecat) Cigars.

Cartwright and the erstwhile Keene have been spoken of as mariners of some repute. The first being a grand climacteric decrepit and in his second childhood, the second a married patriarch with one bambino to his credit and still the manager of a certain place points to that well known sign, "No service to minors."

From the looks of things our company clerk, Nahroy, plans to tackle the outside of the OCC camps, as he has bought himself all of three civilian shirts. He has figured it out on paper that be-

fore he leaves he should have added to his already started wardrobe two ties, five stocks, two suits of underwear (he has four of the drawers knee type) and one suit.

PRUNE BARGE REPORTS

By Al Marley

First Sergeant Tillman, a well known stern gentleman from Keyport, Washington, has reported aboard the USS *California* as relief for 1st Sgt. J. F. Harris, who took ill and was sent to Mare Island Hospital for treatment.

Corporal Carney, a very well-liked man aboard, and a good sea going soldier, was transferred to Mare Island, having completed his two years' sea duty. All Carney's friends who came aboard with him two years ago are in M. I. so he will be happy, unless that draft for China gets him.

It is rumored throughout the ship that Robert F. Lowe, retired pug of the *California* Marine Guard, is breaking back into training now that he is on the beach in M. I. Whether or not this transfer to China will affect Lowe, makes little difference to him; he has announced his engagement to little Marion Collier of Gardena, and expects to fight to the finish.

Corporal Ralph Gilb, popular San Diego football star, was transferred aboard the *California* last month for duty. Corporal Gilb and Capt. Harry Liversedge, Guard Commander, are old football pals, so next year's season should go right for the "BARGE."

Among the oddities of the month, was the smiling face of Sgt. John Kirby, ex-police sergeant from the La Jolla Rifle Ranges. Every man in the Marine Corps, at least the new men, should know John. Kirby isn't much on the football, but he's right there in rugby, having played 'bout three years in China and the States.

The *California* boasts an almost entirely new complement aboard now. After all replacements were made, there were twelve old timers left, so they were all promoted to the rank of private first class.

HOUSTON HIGHLIGHTS

By W. D. B.

Having been in the Far East, little has been heard from the Marine Detachment of the good ship *Houston*. But now that we are back, we will give you other sea-going Gyrenes something to shoot at. This is not Captain Jimmy Bones' Devil Dogs, this outfit, but Captain Donald Curtis' Leathernecks, and the record they hung up with a five-inch twenty-five-caliber sky gun. Captain Curtis came aboard from the Fourth Regiment at Shanghai, relieving First Lieutenant Harold C. Roberts. Having been roughly whipped into shape by Lieutenant Roberts, a practically inexperienced crew went to work and beat the

port battery (Navy) at their own game. After a four-year struggle the port battery finally vanquished the Marines on the starboard side, and while the Navy ran up a higher total score than did the Marines, Gun Number Three, manned by trusty Devil Dogs, established an all-time Navy record. While it is not permissible to publish that record, we will state that if any other detachment manning sky guns think they are good, they will have to get down to brass tacks and do a lot of practicing, and after the smoke clears, we will let the Navy Department decide on the winner.

The Detachment is now commanded by First Lieutenant William W. Benson, with Second Lieutenant Forest C. Thompson as junior officer. They are determined to continue the good work and all hands are equally determined to bend every effort in their behalf. We shall not fail.

We believe that Gun Number Three has set a record that will stand for many years to come. Four short range battle practices have been fired, and not one miss has been scored against it.

The Marines won the Margaret Sterrit prize money in 1931-1932 for high gun. During the 1932-1933 season, eight hits were scored, but excessive eagerness to beat the previous record was the cause of time losses and consequent failure to win the coveted E. The last practice, however, is one which will linger long in the memory of gun crews. Eight shots scored eight hits—but regulations forbid our stating the time.

IDAHO SPUDS

By High-Hat

Back again with our Winchelling. The small bore rifle matches seem to hold the limelight this month—two of them with the victories divided. We won the first to the tune of 481 to 477, with Ying-

ling firing 99 out of a possible 100, but the return match left us on the small end of a 491 to 495 score. Good sportsmen, those Norfolk clubmen, and good shots, too, for Robertson, one of their team, made a possible 100x100.

Little Ike has been promoted to the grade of gentleman. It seems that some of the boys saw him cavorting in such a manner that his appointment was practically automatic.

Curly Martin has been seen wearing his shoes thin by daily jaunts to Port Norfolk—love is grand—but McDermitt is treading on his heels in his (Mac's) eagerness to catch his little one.

Corporal Gould's dog died the other night. Now perhaps the boys will have plenty of chow. What else? Oh, yes—

"Sergeant" Jones must be studying tailoring, for he and the needles are becoming good friends of late—

"Lil from Louisville" has been comparing "Red" Waggoner with a well-known flower—you know—and meanwhile "Red" has been burnishing his bucket in to a mass of silver flame—and the sergeant's, too. Must be a vacancy somewhere.

Cado, our new YMCA Sheik, has been receiving excellent tutelage from our man of experience—McDermitt.

Garvin is afflicted with sleeping-sickness. To find him, look for any level spot large enough to sleep on.

Sergeant Coates has been consuming a great amount of mouthwash lately. Some "enemy" must have told him.

Stringer and Wester are soon to return to our festive board, and Copeland is now free to visit his old flame, now that Pender has gone to the Wyoming. Best shut this stream of hot air off—getting stale. So long, gang.

MISSISSIPPI MUD

By Bill Parham

Fellow Marines and gentlemen, I take the greatest of pleasure in placing before the avid public the dirt and mud of the Mississippi this month. I also wish to announce that we do our very best to serve that public.

First of all, allow me to present the serious, sensible things—things that happen to you and you and you, every day. Then let me place before you the dirt—the scandal. I can do it. It is only my becoming modesty that causes me to withhold the information that I have been appointed understudy to W. W. in the matter of Sea-going dirt.

I might say (and I believe that I shall—there's nothing in my contract that says I might not) that the Missy has just completed a most successful season of gunnery practice, and she is now ready to join the fleet. For the last few months we have been in Cuban waters, touching Port au Prince, Haiti and Puerto Rico, and very shortly we are to get under way for Panama, where we shall stay for a few months more. After that, New York City.

And thus are concluded the formalities, and we can present the dirt (not for the kiddies):

The public is hereby informed that Johnny Hilburn has taken up the gentle art of mess-cooking (appropriate, these sea-going expressions). Johnny wishes to say to his fans: "This is the only work I have ever did. I hope my girl back home is proud of me." Thank you, Johnnie.

Private Shanks, one of the outstanding young men of the guard, announces that he has set himself up in business under



the title of Compartment Cleaner Extraordinary, and is ready to serve the guard as they have never been served before!

Private Ferguson has "just came back from Guantanamo City," where he has been standing the female contingent upon their respective ears! My-o-my-o-my, Fergy!

Rabbit Adams, recently promoted to the exalted rank of High Class Private, much to the disgust of this scribe, has an announcement to make. Rabbit says, "Crime don't pay. I have been punished severely for a minor offense. What woulda happened if I had a did something?" Sorry, Rabbit. That beats us. We have nothing to say.

Believe it or not, we have with us no less than two alleged musics, namely, Drummer Holcomb and Trumpeter Nicholson, who need publicity of the proper sort—and I intend to see that they get it. It

is rumored that neither of them could sound attention on a bet. I hereby verify that rumor.

The non-coms of the guard have been rather cagey lately. I haven't been able to get any dirt on them—although I have my suspicions. But who am I to lay myself open to a slander suit?

A number of the salty old timers have extended their sea-going time. Why?

Peeffeee Hammond tanks he go home now.

De Luxe Privates Bill Parham and Newsome have the following announcement to make: "To the ladies of New York City and vicinity: While we realize that there are likely to be many serious disappointments, we want it made known that we are but two, and therefore are forced to confine our attentions to only the elite, so no others need apply. Forgive

us, and try to remember that there are others who are almost as desirable as we. We sympathize."

One of our juniors has just reported, adding a bit of last-minute scandal to our hoppers.

FLASH—Gunnery Private Hales has written Earl Liederman for a book on muscular development. Private Hart has just received an offer to sell garden seeds. He says, "You may quote me as having said that it is my honest belief that the future of the seed business has merely been guessed at." Private Mann says that he thinks he'll get married, now that the five per cent has been returned, and he will consider any reasonable offer.

And there, my friends, you have the Mississippi mud in a nutshell. Goom-bye now. More next month we're afraid.

(Continued on page 47)



THE CROSS-ROAD OF THE MARINE CORPS

By The Earl of Quantico

In this whirligig world many things happen. One night recently we saw Sgt. Francis McCloskey taking a little dog for a walk from the Recreation Center. Owner of the dog? *Quien sabe*. Your guess is as good as mine.

From Haiti comes criticism of my remarks by none other than 1st Sgt. "Curley" Carleton. In the beginning he does not like the title "Earl of Quantico" stating that he knew me when I was just a rotten first sergeant standing in the rain outside of the "Sugar Bowl" trying to catch the eye of some other man's girl. For his information, the last time I caught another man's girl's eye was in a cabaret in Panama City several years ago and as a reward I have a scar over my right eye, as the escort, being a temperamental Latin, decided some wine (enclosed in a bottle) would do me a lot of good.

"Curley" also took me to task about his banishment to Haiti. He informs me that his transfer to that country was for good military reason as the Haitians are in need of association with those from whom they can learn the fine arts of moral and spiritual well-being.

First Sgt. "Swede" Carlson, recently of Nicaragua, Panama, the Special Service Squadron, the Cuban Fraecas and other points south, arrived at Quantico in time to relieve First Sergeant "Don" Otto Roos and thus make another tour south with the Fleet Marine Force. Don Otto is now on re-enlistment furlough with orders to proceed to China, via Haiti, upon his return to duty.

With the departure of the Fleet Marine Force for duty with the Fleet, Quantico seems empty. Something seems missing,—the tramping of marching feet, commands and perfect rymth of marching columns at drill. They are a good organization and made a commendable picture in their drills and exercises. We are all sure that they

will do equally as well while with the Fleet and we all look forward to their return "home" to Quantico.

Sgt. Baxter Vann, of Post Headquarters, has become a "director." We caught him one Sunday morning recently directing a carload of beautiful girls about the post.

We visit the Correspondence Classes Department of the Marine Corps Schools and find Staff Sergeant Merl Smith and his limited office force struggling with an ever increasing volume of enrollments and lesson papers in the courses offered. The majority of these enrollments are for the Non-Commissioned Officers' Course which has become very popular among the enlisted men. The course is most interesting and instructive and is highly recommended for any enlisted man who is interested in bettering himself in the Corps and who is willing to put forth a little hard studying. The value of this course is not yet thoroughly understood in the Marine Corps. The only trouble that I can see with it at present is that when its real value is discovered the limited personnel of the School will be unable to handle this important work.

Corporal Patterson of Post Headquarters has some great opinion of himself as a swimmer. He recently made the statement that he didn't know for sure but he thought he could swim from the Marine Corps Base at San Diego over to Mare Island. Inquiry, however, developed the fact that his knowledge of California would shock the "native sons." He was laboring under the impression that Mare Island was just across the bay from San Diego. Another record breaker of the past month is Sgt. Hubert Graves (who is, by the way, taking a poke at me these days). Graves recently shocked medical scientists by a test run on him at the local hospital. He broke a world's record according to reports.

"Blacky" Gaddis' contribution of the month came when he opened a magazine and saw an advertisement reading "Dickens' Works for Eight Dollars." After

considerable thought "Blacky" came forth with, "Who is this guy Dickens and why does he work for Eight Dollars?"

At the present writing Cpl. Silvio F. Baldassare,—better known as "Mr. Baldi" in certain Washington circles,—is still the mess sergeant of the Post Service Battalion mess.

Staff Sgt. "Wally" Kerr, late of the Post Pay Office and now on temporary duty with the Fleet Marine Force, is seeking a billet at San Diego. He craves the California sunshine where, according to Will Rogers, the sun is just a little rounder.

One of the recent outstanding events at Quantico was the promotion of Jiggs II to the rank of Sergeant-Major. His warrant,—reading "Regular Bulldog Warrant for duty as Mascot,"—was sent to Quantico by Headquarters Marine Corps upon recommendation of his superiors at Quantico. I am sure that Mr. Gene Tunney will be pleased to learn that his friend is doing so well with the Marines.

Seeing in THE LEATHERNECK that Sgt. N. E. Blunck was a drill sergeant recalls to mind the first watch I ever stood as Corporal of the Guard. Blunck and Jeff Daniels (later sports writer for THE LEATHERNECK) were the other Corporals of the Guard and also doing their first watches as such. To make the thing complete we had a Second Lieutenant just out of the Basic School as Officer of the Day, a Sergeant just back to the line after ten years of recruiting for sergeant of the guard, and a raw recruit company for the guard. How we escaped life imprisonment I don't yet know. Capt. John H. Parker was acting as Commanding Officer of the Main Station at Parris Island and when "Jeff" went on watch I asked him if he knew the Captain. He replied that he did not. I then described Captain Parker to the best of my limited ability, even stressing on the point of the angle at which the Captain wore his cap. Jeff got his signals mixed up somehow though and failed

(Continued on page 49)



Second Platoon, San Diego; Instructed by Sergeant Palmer, Corporals Gray and Soaic

MARINE CORPS BASE, SAN DIEGO

GENERAL BRADMAN TURNS COMMAND OF BASE OVER TO COLONEL WALLACE

At ten A. M. Saturday, March 24th, ceremonies in honor of Brigadier General Frederick L. Bradman were held on his detachment from command of the Marine Corps Base. A battalion under the command of Major John A. Gray, consisting of three companies, the Post Band, the color guard and bearers, rendered honors. A detail from the First Separate Battery fired a perfectly timed salute.

The ceremonies were held in front of the administration building. The General's staff and other officers assembled for a farewell with General Bradman. Also, before leaving, General Bradman came by the Sgt. Major's office and extended a hearty handshake to Sgt. Major Riee and the other members of the office force. On March 23rd the officers and their families

held a farewell meeting for the General and Mrs. Bradman.

General Bradman was very much pleased after his inspection of the entire command, a few days prior to his departure. Everyone had his equipment and clothing in the best possible condition, so that no one could help noticing that there had been lots of preparation for the occasion. The packs and leggings showed up well because the same color blanco had been used on all.

General Bradman and his family sailed from Los Angeles aboard the *President Polk* on 26th March for Shanghai, China.

Colonel Rush R. Wallace is now commanding the Marine Corps Base. Colonel Wallace appointed Major Clyde H. Metcalf as his chief of staff.

MD, USS *Astoria*, Formed at Base

A Marine Detachment for the new cruiser USS *Astoria* was organized at the Marine Base and transferred on 29 March to that ship, now at Puget Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Washington. Two officers and forty enlisted men were taken from the Base to form this detachment. 1st Lieutenant Paul B. Watson (CO) and 2nd Lieutenant George R. Shell are the officers assigned to the MD, USS *Astoria*. 1st Sgt. G. L. Fitzgerald and Gy. Sgt. Carl A. Nelson are the two staff NCO's assigned to the detachment. Sgt. G. K. Acker and Sgt. R. C. White and Cpls. G. Alaxander, L. W. Brunelle and P. W.

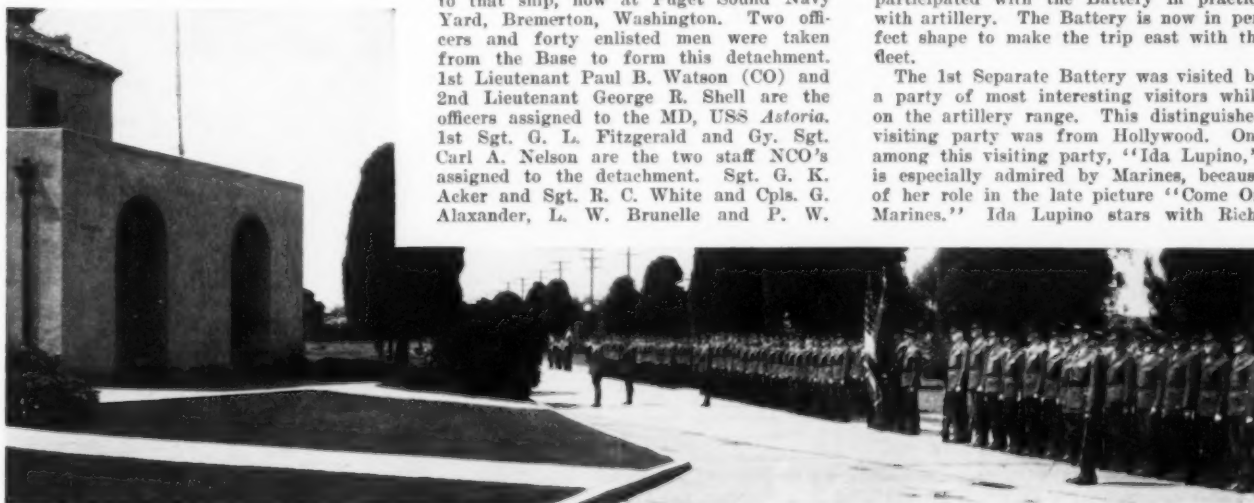
Stark are also serving with the new detachment. A large number of the privates serving with the detachment have just recently finished Boot and Sea School training. Due to the fact that no government transportation was available, the MD, USS *Astoria*, had the pleasure of traveling to Bremerton via the Sante Fe Railroad.

The funeral of the late Captain Orrell A. Inman, USMC, who died at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Mare Island, Calif., was held at the Base Auditorium at 10:00 A. M., Wednesday, March 14th. Captain Inman was given a complete joint Military-Masonic funeral. Many officers and enlisted men of the Base attended the funeral.

The First Separate Battery Makes a Hit

The 1st Separate Battery under the command of Captain C. W. Legette had a most successful three weeks' training period out on the Camp Kearny artillery range. The Marine Aviation from North Island also participated with the Battery in practice with artillery. The Battery is now in perfect shape to make the trip east with the fleet.

The 1st Separate Battery was visited by a party of most interesting visitors while on the artillery range. This distinguished visiting party was from Hollywood. One among this visiting party, "Ida Lupino," is especially admired by Marines, because of her role in the late picture "Come On Marines." Ida Lupino stars with Rich-



Three Companies Honor General Bradman Just Prior to His Departure from the Base

ard Arlen in the cinemaflicker. Colonel Wallace and Major Rockey from the Base accompanied the visitors out to the Camp Kearney Artillery Range. The party had lunch under the tent covered mess hall and remained about three hours watching the Battery at target practice.

Then in the evening of the same day Ida Lupino made a personal appearance on the stage at the California Theater. The picture "Come On Marines" was being played at the California Theater at the same time. Ida Lupino stated on the stage that, "I just came down to see the Marines; I think Marines are just grand." Of course San Diego sailors didn't like that remark much, but they had to take it. The picture went over big in San Diego and there is no doubt that it will be a big hit everywhere it is played. No one can see this picture without saying "The Marines really kept the 'situation well in hand.'"

So Long, Fleet

The city of San Diego realizes the financial loss that will be felt after the fleet goes east. There is no doubt that numerous places of business will be compelled to close their doors until the return of the fleet. Numerous cafes, beer parlors, dancing halls survive almost solely by patronage from the fleet and those places will be hardest hit by the big move east. The two famous night clubs "The Hauf Brau" and "The College Inn" will also feel the loss.

On Friday evening, April 6th, the city of San Diego and Chamber of Commerce gave a Bon Voyage Dance, at the Municipal Pier, for the enlisted men aboard all

ships based at San Diego. The dance was a big success. Refreshments were served and everyone had a jolly good time. The men aboard ships in San Diego will leave with the self assurance that their presence is wanted back in San Diego on the earliest possible date.

The 5th Battalion (reinforced), Fleet Marine Force, will also go east with the fleet. Major Keller E. Rockey, commanding, and his clerical staff will be the only members of the 5th Battalion to remain at the Marine Corps Base.

There are times when it seems to be a little hard to get a transfer, but it is hard to avoid a transfer detail here at the Base at present. It seems that all posts and ships are in need of men. The *Chau-mont* is scheduled to take just about all men from the Base who have enough time for Asiatic duty. Extensions on enlistments are also being encouraged in order to have more men available for transfer.

MARE ISLAND NEWS

On the first of the month we welcomed back into our fold forty-six men who, as members of the Machine Gun Platoon, 5th Battalion, FMF, participated in the maneuvers held at San Diego in February. Upon arrival here aboard the USS *Cincinnati* the Machine Gun Platoon was disbanded and the men assigned to their former companies. Lt. M. F. Schneider who was in command of the platoon during the maneuvers resumed his duties as Company Commander of the Guard Company.

During the month the following named men were discharged upon expiration of

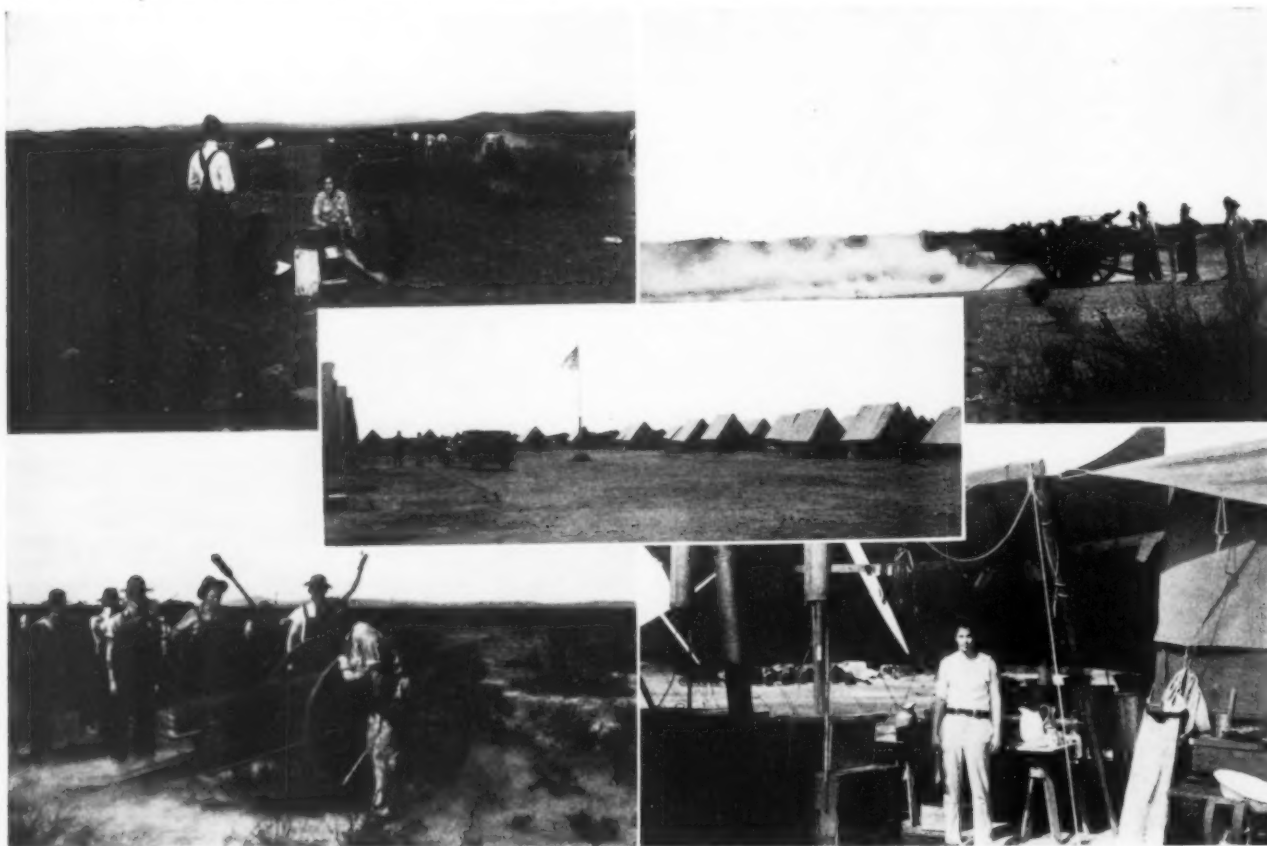
enlistment and on the day following discharge immediately reenlisted for another four years: MT-Sgt. Frank Orthober, Sgt. Charles E. Douglas, Cpls. Robert F. Ryan, Frank Murnin, and James D. Cook. Ryan and Cook, upon expiration of reenlistment furlough will depart from these shores for a tour of duty on the Asiatic Station. Master Technical Sergeant Orthober and Sergeant Douglas did not avail themselves of reenlistment furloughs and requested no new station, it being their desire to carry on at this post.

The USS *Nitro* departed from this Navy Yard on the 26th, and included in troop passengers bound for the East Coast were 1st Sgt. Austin J. (Derby) Ross, former 1st Sgt. of Hdqrs. Det., and 1st Sgt. Jack Salesky, former top-kick of Casual Co. Both tops upon arrival at Norfolk will further proceed to Quantico for duty.

First Sergeant Morris Goode took over the reins of Headquarters Detachment upon Derby's transfer, and there being no first sergeant available to fill the vacancy in Casual Company caused by Salesky's transfer, Sgt. Jim Oldridge eased his big frame behind the first sergeant's desk and will act in that capacity until such a time there is a first sergeant available to relieve him.

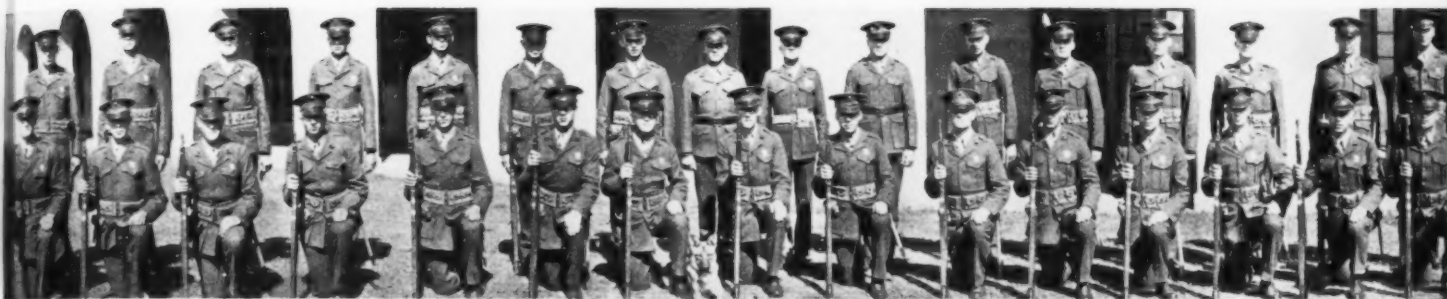
During the month the strength of the command was increased by the joining of men from ships' detachments. They were heartily welcomed by the old hands who turned to and helped the new men to get their equipment in shape in order that the "day on and day off" duty might be changed to "day on and two off."

On the 15th of the month Cpl. Dick Har-



"THE CANNONEERS HAVE HAIRY EARS"

The First Separate Battery goes into Action on the Camp Kearney Artillery Range



First Platoon, San Diego; Instructed by Corporals E. D. Smith, Gunnoe, and Dietz

nett was transferred to the Fleet Marine Reserve, having completed twenty years' service in the Marine Corps. The majority of Dick's service was spent in the Philippines and he will soon leave for Manila where he will make his future residence.

Captain Shaler Ladd and 1st Lt. Chester B. Graham joined the command during the month. Captain Ladd came from the USS *Maryland* and was assigned to duty as Company Commander of Casual Company. Lieutenant Graham's last place of duty was with the Marine Detachment, USS *Northampton*, and he was assigned to duty with Headquarters Detachment, as company officer.

With the arrival of spring the Rifle Range was opened. At the present writing three details, each consisting of eleven men, have fired the rifle for record. Out of the thirty-three men only two of them obtained the high score of 315 in order that they may wear the crossed rifles and incidentally boost the monthly pay check. These two men were 1st Sgt. Morris Goode, and Cpl. Ben C. Key. 2nd Lt. Karl K. Louthier, after only one day's practice, fired the rifle for record and chalked up the score of 326, which "Leatherneckally" speaking, is SOMETHING TO SHOOT AT.

Other than what has already been stated nothing of particular interest happened this month. However from the highest ranking Non-Com to the last private all agree that it was a long time between paydays.

AIRCRAFT TWO, F. M. F.

By Private O. D. Schert

The flying field is out of commission until such time as we can fill up the fox holes that were dug when the German cruiser *Karlsruhe* came in the harbor firing salutes. Almost everyone dug in except Gagyi and Harkey, who hid in the hangar basement and didn't come out for three days and a butt. Dick Richards dug the deepest hole. Found he was headed for China, and the homing instinct got the better of him.

Fleming, the Service Co. scrivener, is getting short. Going back to Colorado. He's in the market for a big jackass and a small pick. Already has the dying prospector's map of the lost mine of the Padres.

Bodanski is short, too, but is going to ship over since the carpenter shop started using them store-bought nails.

The bombing squadron had a couple of planes in a collision; Woodruff flying one and a Navy pilot the other. The Navy man bailed out, but Woodruff brought his in. Knew he'd have to repack his parachute if he used it. Aside from all baloney, though, he brought it in with the

end of a wing broken off and set it down with the precision of a watchmaker. Verily, brothers, there is a pilot.

Ouellet, the aircraft tailor, got a specialist rating and asked Mac, the quartermaster, for some gold-brick insignia. Mack handed him a handful of gunnery sergeant stripes.

And Shorty Warren got a letter from Nicaragua. We thought all the Marines were out of there. But maybe it was from a business firm. Lots of business letters are addressed in feminine writing.

McGrath says that any man who uses any tool other than a hammer on an engine is a dad-burn dude mechanic and is no good to himself or anybody else.

Recently one of the junior engine mechanics tried to draw a typewriter from the pay office. The paymaster doesn't is-

sue typewriters; the chaplain's office doesn't sell Coopenhagen snoose, and the sergeant major ain't got no keys for no flagpole.

Al Adkinson is in the hospital, getting his eyes worked over. He passed three nickels on the sidewalk, didn't see any of them.

We hear that George Cole came to blows with a merchant up town. George went in the store to buy a gallus, but the consarn city feller wouldn't sell him less than a pair. Said they was made that way. Si Mann says that a man who would use anything but a piece of rope to hold up his britches is just plain no-count. Herb White rejects both for his ancestral kilt; Knapp and Parrick hold out for the buckskin breech-clout the Lord intended us to wear—but it could go on forever.

Philadelphia News

TUG-OF-WAR TEAM FROM DEPOT ENTERS LOCAL PULLING EVENT

By Bill Sparks

Primed with hope and enthusiasm, a tug-of-war team has been organized at the Depot of Supplies, and entered in the Inter-State championship competitions, which are scheduled to take place at the local Arena on April 24, 25, 26, and 28.

Under the able and enthusiastic leadership of Edward Gallagher, of the Cost Accounting department, a well balanced unit has been formed and is working out on the premises here every day, in an effort to annex one of the three prizes which are being offered to the contestants. Sweet charity also figures in the gate receipts to the tune of some 80 per cent, with one of the local hospitals as the recipient.

Tug-of-war teams in the Marine Corps are, of course, commonplace, but a statewide event of this kind has stirred up an abundance of interest in staid old Philly, and, the sponsors hope, a few cash customers.

Under the able skates of Sergeant Thomas Laviano, the Depot was catapulted into the limelight when the local wizard won the city skating championship of Philadelphia, and it only remains for Gallagher's lads to pull us onto the front page of the sports section.

Just to be different, we'll start this team off by naming the anchor man, who is Sgt. John J. Wood, who is brawny enough to substitute as a capstan in an emergency. Sgt. Wood tips the beam at 238 pounds, and coupled with this weight

he has had considerable experience with tug and grunt teams, having captained an outfit on the West Coast that practically cleaned up all competition in the land of oranges.

Switching to the pull-off man, we have Ed. Wentzel, an instructor in motor transport department. Ed. is a hefty young tigger, weighing about 185, and should hold up his end of the line in great style.

Weighting down the opposite end of the line we have Francis Healy, matching Wood's 238 pounds with 200-odd pounds, and built in the right proportions for a secondary anchor man.

Joe Courter, in charge of the garage and a staff sergeant who played football with the West Coast Marines way back when, is one of the pullers.

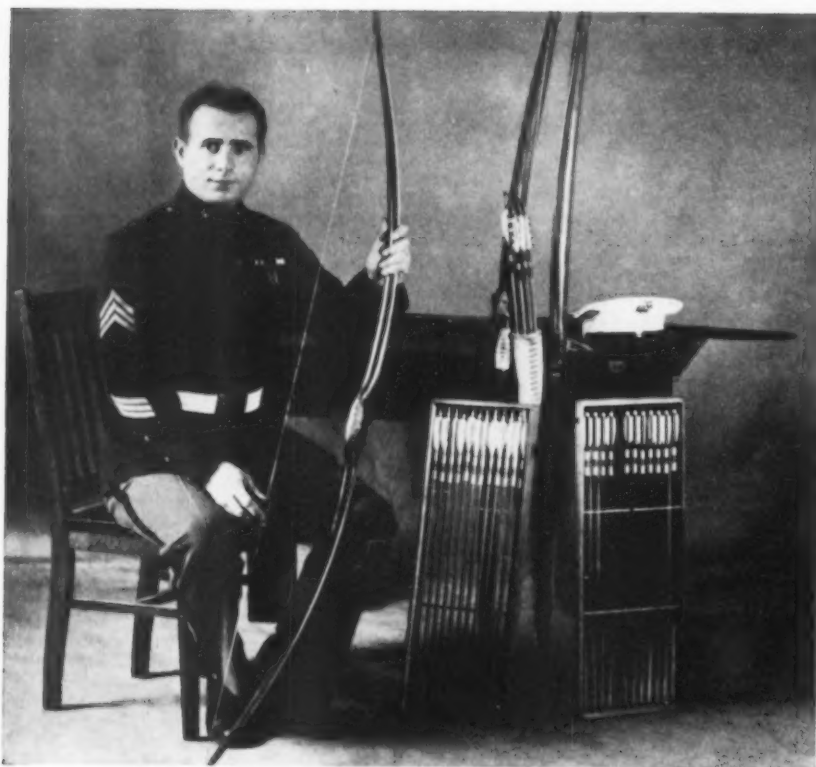
With Erio Nori, John Acker, Steven Schultz and Arthur McWhinney, who centered the All-Marine team in 1929, making up the remainder of the aggregation, the Depot should have a team which will give a good account of itself in the forthcoming trials.

At present the team weighs 1,392 out of a possible poundage of 1,400, or 22,400 ounces, in case you like your reading in fine print.

DEPOT WINS SAFETY TROPHY

By P. A. Webb

That it is better to be safe than sorry has been so well exemplified by the Marine Corps Depot of Supplies, at Philadelphia, they have been awarded the Department Safety Trophy for Group 11 for the calendar year 1933. During the year



NO! THIS ISN'T BACK IN THE OLD MARINE CORPS
Sgt. Thomas Laviano, Philadelphia, exhibits his archery collection, the product of his own handiwork

the Depot compiled a perfect record, no person being absent from his work or incapacitated in any way as the result of an accident.

Group 11, of which the Depot is a part, also includes the following units: Torpedo Station, Newport, R. I.; Naval Clothing Factory, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Aircraft Factory, Philadelphia; Naval Powder Factory, Indian Head, Md.; Naval Academy, Annapolis; Naval Operating Base, Hampton Roads; and the Air Stations at Pensacola, Fla., and San Diego, Calif.

Figures relative to hours of labor, and accidents, if any, are carefully compiled and forwarded to the Navy Department from month to month. These figures permit the Department to check carefully the records of each of the units concerned and to make its final report. The figures shown in these reports determine the winner of the trophy.

Naturally the men and women attached to the Depot are somewhat proud of their safety record. While they must encounter the ordinary hazards of persons similarly employed and have no particular advantage in this respect, their success shows that no unreasonable risks were taken. It also shows that a proper regard for the rules of safety have been observed.

But the Depot is not content to rest on its laurels for the past calendar year and is determined, if possible, to duplicate its record during 1934. Here and there throughout the building are safety signs, varying in type and design, which are bound to attract attention. They are so placed that their messages are virtu-

ally certain to reach all of the employees at some time during the day.

Many of these signs are illustrated and show graphically how certain types of accidents can happen through carelessness, while they often point out the grave consequences of such mishaps. Modern psychology has found nothing better to stimulate caution on the part of workers.

Following the winning of the award, the Depot received the congratulations of Assistant Secretary of the Navy Henry L. Roosevelt, Major General John H. Russell, and Brigadier General Hugh Matthews. Colonel Seth Williams, the Depot Quartermaster, added his congratulations to those of the other officials and encouraged employees of the Depot to maintain the high standard they have achieved.

While sending his congratulations the

Assistant Secretary wrote in part: "The accident prevention record made by the Depot of Supplies was not marred by loss of a life or by a serious injury and is unexcelled by any Group 2 station for any year since records have been kept. The Department safety trophy will be forwarded to you and will be suitably displayed at the Depot of Supplies until the winner of the competition for 1934 is announced."

DEPOT OF SUPPLIES MARINE STARS IN SKATING EVENTS

By Bill Sparks

Philadelphia, Pa.—Flashing by a large local contingent of figure skaters, Sergeant Thomas Laviano, a clerk at the Depot of Supplies, this city, skated into third place in the Novice event of the National Figure Skating Carnival recently concluded here.

This versatile Marine sergeant possesses a well-balanced skating routine, and had he not run afoul of the time limit, it is highly probable that he would have placed higher. Under the able tutelage of Mr. Carl de Bergen, the eminent St. Moritz skating master, Sergeant Laviano hopes to swing into big time in a few more seasons.

In 1933 he won the first prize for men in a competition sponsored by the International Figure Skating Club of Philadelphia, and he recently entered a tournament which is under the auspices of the Philadelphia Skating Club, one of the oldest clubs of its kind in the United States.

Not only has Sergeant Laviano made a commendable showing in National skating circles, but he also belongs to the Philadelphia Archery Club. At this difficult sport he has proven himself very adept, having scored high in local events.

One of the important points in archery is the equipment, and Sergeant Laviano has a collection of bows and arrows that would do justice to a collector, all the efforts of his own handiwork.

Special woods are procured for the making of bows and arrows and then comes hours of hand labor in fashioning and weighing. The tipping and inserting of the feather guides is done with precision . . . for balance is necessary in making V's with an arrow.

While Laviano undoubtedly thought of his ability to do the unusual, just as a hobby, it is very evident now that his skating will become a vocation should he continue to improve in the future as he has in the past.

When speaking of hobbyists, "ADD LAVIANO."

Detachments

THE MOSCOW LEGATION GUARD

Once again the Marines have journeyed afield to establish a new outpost in a new country. A small detachment left the Marine Barracks in Washington, D. C., on February 13, 1934, for Moscow, U. S. S. R., via liner to France, and thence, by rail, to the Capital of the Soviet Union.

Until construction of an embassy can be completed, the men of the detail are

living at the Savoy Hotel in Moscow, where they seem to be standing up under the rigors of the Soviet winter with remarkable fortitude, as the first broadcast from the detachment, printed herewith, indicates.

In order for our readers to keep up with their friends in foreign countries, we present a brief biography of each of the Marines on the detail:

The Commanding Officer (who has, since his departure, been appointed Naval At-

tache to the embassy) is Captain David Rowan Nimmer. Captain Nimmer enlisted as a private in 1912. During the World War he was commissioned, and soon received the rank of captain. Upon his return from France after the War he resigned from the service to engage in civil pursuits. In 1921, he reentered the Marine Corps in the same grade held by him upon his resignation—that of captain.

Captain Nimmer, in addition to his service in France, has seen duty in the Philippines, China, and Manchuria, and has served aboard the USS *Mississippi* and the USS *Pittsburgh*, as commanding officer of the Marine detachments. He holds the Victory Medal with France clasp and the Yangtze Service Medal.

Gunnery Sergeant Philip Theodore Odien first enlisted in the Marine Corps in 1917, and is now serving his sixth enlistment. He has seen service in France and on board the USS *Vermont*, the USS *Rochester*, and the USS *Houston*, as well as at several posts in the United States. He has been awarded the Expeditionary Medal for service in China, the Second Nicaraguan Campaign Medal, and the Victory Medal with four clasps.

Sergeant Joshua Kelley enlisted at Parris Island, in 1926. Besides serving in several posts in this country, he has seen service at Cavite, P. I., and at sea aboard the USS *Asheville*, the USS *Sacramento*, and the USS *Chester*. He assisted in the evacuation of American citizens at Sak Kwan, Sai Chuen, Mei Wa Kong, and Tungshan, during the Canton uprising in China. He holds the Yangtze Service Medal and the Second Nicaraguan Campaign Medal.

Sergeant William K. Savage enlisted at San Diego, in 1925. He has served at sea aboard the USS *California*, as well as ashore in the United States, and in Nicaragua. He holds the Second Nicaraguan Campaign Medal, and has been awarded the Medal of Merit by the Nicaraguan Government.

Sergeant Charles Sorenson enlisted at Pittsburgh, in 1922, since which time he has seen service in the United States and Haiti. He was awarded the Haitian Distinguished Service Medal and Certificate of Merit by the Haitian President. He also holds the Expeditionary Medal.

Sergeant Allan Reed Freeman enlisted in the Corps in 1929. He is an excellent rifle shot and a good coach on the range. He has done excellent work in several courses which he has completed in the Marine Corps Institute. He has served at Parris Island, The Marine Barracks at Washington, D. C., and Marine Corps Headquarters.

MUSCOVITE MARINES

One ring brings the garçon to fetch breakfast or other refreshments to one's suite (bedroom and living room for each Marine); two pushes on the button brings the *femme de chambre* to give you a cute little bow and ask what your pleasure may be; and three rings brings the *valet de chambre* who will shine your shoes, take your laundry, clean your room, and take care of that thing that they keep under the beds of all European hotels.

Such is and will continue to be the arduous life of one Marine captain, one gunnery sergeant, five sergeants, and two navy men (a chief pharmacist's mate and a first class electrician) at the Savoy Hotel in Moscow, U. S. S. R. These conditions should continue for the next three months or so, until the temporary embassy

is completed. But our stay at the Savoy may terminate abruptly, however, for a Marine's allowance doesn't go very far in a first class hotel. We are quite accustomed now to having a salon orchestra play in the dining room, drowning out the noise we make in eating the unfamiliar borsch and other similar concoctions.

The weather is cold and double windows are needed to keep it out of the rooms. Cracks are sealed with putty. A small panel up above opened an inch or two for a few minutes each day is considered sufficient for ventilation.

The Russian women are robust and plentiful (we now understand why only single men were taken on the detail). The Red soldiers, with their pointed woolen caps, long, sweeping coats, and snub-nosed automobiles are seen everywhere. Like the Marines, they usually have some fair maiden clinging to an arm.

Only twenty-three cents' worth of gold ruble are needed to buy a pint of high-powered vodka. It burns in your stomach for hours after you have drunk it. Much doesn't have to be inhaled before one is frantically reaching for the nearest hitching post to keep from falling off the street, not on it. A quart of old, strong red wine can be had for twenty-five cents' worth of Soviet money, while a quart of cognac is but fifty cents. Imported articles, however, are expensive.

The crowd, Gunnery Sergeant Odien, Sergeants Freeman, Kelley, Savage, Sorenson, and Ziegler, want to know what the score is back in the U. S., and if the same game is still being played. THE LEATHERNECK will be welcomed heartily.

THE RECEIVING SHIP AT NEW YORK

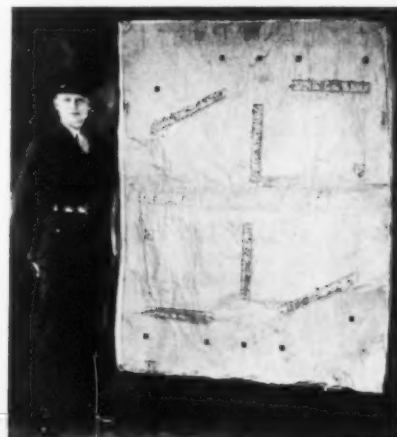
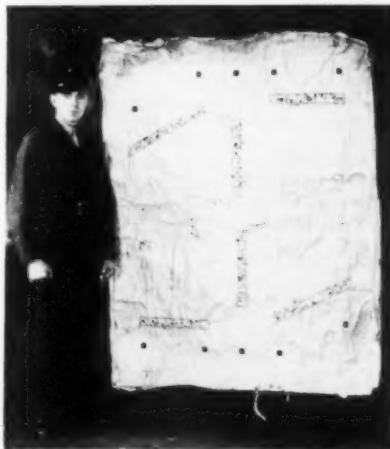
By The Ole Maestro

Last month the Ole Maestro was incommunicado . . . but with the sales of THE LEATHERNECK dropping off . . . it's either write . . . or stop smoking . . . and I like to smoke . . . but if youse guys that become annoyed at my idle chattering would lay enough cigarettes on the line . . . then the necessity of my writing would cease . . . so-o-o . . . my fate is in your hands.

When the Mail Orderly staggered in with my bag of fan mail the other morning . . . I was glad to find amongst the letters from lonesome chorus girls and such . . . a let-

ter from Ex-Private Birx . . . an alumnus of Building No. 215 . . . But was I covered with disappointment!! . . . He didn't even know who the Ole Maestro was! . . . Such popularity must be deserved . . . (ugh) . . . He blamed it onto Duck Hartman . . . and poor Ducky has been a lost soul for almost a year now! . . . Birx is now a member of the Marine Corps League in Newark, N. J., and he guarantees a free chow to any one who pays him a visit . . . (What a chance for some of you chow-hounds!) . . . But he brought a tear to mine eyes when he asked how The Brant was making out . . . Little did he know that Building No. 215 has been in mourning since the 1st of March when Brant left us to go down to the sea in ships . . . And just when The Brant was about to do a Spanish tango down the aisle! . . . Pvt. Champion also left us this month . . . but he was floated out of New York on the wave of tears that were shed over his departure . . . (Come home at once . . . all is fo-given!) . . . The Langworthy made his annual trip to Prospect Park last month . . . and now the Park is officially opened to the Marines. . . . This month's award goes to Private White . . . who set an all time record by staying in the telephone booth forty-nine minutes and six seconds . . . whilst he crooned love songs to the fair maiden on the other end of the line! . . . Boy . . . I'll bet that slays 'em! . . . Maybe that's the secret of Davidson's success? . . . Perhaps if some of you wall-flowers would take up crooning . . . the Marines from the Naval Hospital wouldn't have such a monopoly on Prospect Park . . . Picture of the month: Looie Schardt and his three stooges singing "She'll be coming 'round the Mountain" . . . (A talking picture) . . . Laugh of the month: The CWA workers who built the frames for the screens . . . in dormitory . . . and then couldn't get them out through the door . . . And at \$11.20 per day! . . . I know I'm going on the outside now! . . . How about some of you sleuths putting on your gum-shoes and finding out who is putting the slugs in the telephone in the Ship's Service!! . . . It's either that or else!

After all these years I finally saw the bath room "that was heard around the Marine Corps" . . . and it sure is a work of art! . . . The thing that slayed me the most was the signal flags . . . but the pictures on the wall are clevah . . . verra clevah . . . And didja see the "First Aid Box"? . . . Nothing but the bestest of the



SOMETHING TO SHOOT AT

On the 1,000-inch range, Philadelphia Navy Yard, Pvt. Walter A. Ramsay (left), scored 357, and Pfc. Harold M. Tupper chalked up 343 on the machine gun course, "B" modified.

besta! . . . And is she a nice girl? . . . But don't be jealous boys . . . I was only paying a social call . . . And that's my story and I'll stick to it! . . . Since "Tammany" Jones got his hair cut to "one inch bone" . . . he cawn't take his hat off in the house! . . . His wife is afraid he'll scare the children! . . . And Private Mare burns up when anyone calls him Dick Tracy! . . . So don't ever do that!

If anyone needs evidence to the fact that the chow here is par excellence . . . just take the case of Stoppani versus Stoppani . . . He ate himself right into the hospital and earned the title of "Sea-Pig" . . . all within the short time of one month! . . . And although he denies it . . . rumors persist that Tripp the Butcher cut Tammany Jones' hair with the bread knife! . . . The theme song of the Brig has been changed from "When the Guard of the Day meets the Gould of the nite," to "Who's afraid of the Big Bad Wolf" . . . and are the boys singing it!

The only thing I ever got from telephone operators was the wrong number . . . but Lonnie Adams seems to have got the right one . . . FLASH: The Lang is expecting another cut soon . . . and I don't mean in pay! . . . Hank Geisler will ranch in the dormitory until he stops getting deuces in the hole . . . And Tiger Bear actually bought me a beer! . . . (I'll be back with a flash in a flash) . . . After listening to McIntosh's funny (f) stories for almost a year . . . I've arrived at the assumption that he knows more old jokes than the editor of "Skimmed from the Scuttle-butt" . . . and that's saying something! . . . But I must take my hat off to the editor of S.F.T.S.B. for that one about the Indian and the cough syrup and the hot-cakes . . . It's the only joke I ever read in THE LEATHERNECK that made me laugh out loud . . . I even laughed when I heard Mac tell it the third time! . . . Sergeant Smulski is giving Glass some stiff competition for the title of "The Best Dressed Sergeant" . . . but until he develops that Jimmie Walkerish tilt of the hat . . . the Glass's laurels are safe . . . Doggy Wilson couldn't resist the lure of spring . . . At the first crack of the bat . . . Doggy kicked over his wheel chair . . . threw away his crutches and hobbled out to the baseball field . . . Then proceeded to slap four nice drives into deep left field . . . Which means that Doggy will be back at third base this summer . . . At least two people are rejoicing over Private White's transfer to Boston . . . Hank Geisler . . . because now he can play first base again . . . And Captain Oliver . . . because White won't be breaking all the windows on the Seattle with home-runs! . . . I attended a couple meetings of the "Scullery Club" . . . but if Corporal Smith didn't have the floor . . . Cretara did . . . And between the two I couldn't get a word in Chinese (cross-ways) . . . so I left in a huff . . . but not before noticing that if you tied Cretara's hands behind his back . . . he'd choke to death! . . . And if you must tell the de-

tails of your love affair . . . tell them to Bing Colbert . . . He'll listen! . . . The big love bird! FLASH . . . FLASH: Who was that hungry looking girl holding Patrizi's hand in a gloomy door-way the other nite? . . . is it another love affair? . . . And don't forget the cigars Houghton! . . . So-o-o-o . . . until next month . . . Nerts to you!

PENSACOLA PABULUM

By Key

'Tis passing strange that no old-timer seems to be interested in puzzles hereabout to the extent of trying to dope out just why one of the oldest (look it up—the date is 1825) Marine Barracks is seldom, if ever, represented in THE LEATHERNECK. To the men who ship over for this old home and then growl, I would suggest an immediate phrenological examination.

Speaking of the heads of the lads here reminds me of the time Quartermaster Sergeant Jackson tried to shoot pool with an egg-shaped cue-ball that was sent here a few days ago!

In several respects the Marines here have been (and still are) trying to uphold the traditions of the Corps. First mention is made of the fact that part of our history shows expert use of small arms, both in the field and in competitions. Our news now has to do with the latter.

The HMS, *Danae's* Royal Marines paid us a visit on March 21. The men of this command turned out and really spared no effort to show our cousin Marines a good time. Various sights and points of interest were shown them, and in the recreation room, games were played. After half a day of fun, we found a particularly swell chow waiting for us. There's no use telling what we had to eat; why should we make you men at other posts feel bad? But the fact remains that the Royal Marines all took a second glance into the galley before leaving. After the entertainment and the feed, we took our visitors to the pistol range, where all friendship ceased. Both teams fired both the Colt .45 and the English service revolver. Investigation of the final team scores showed that we had won, with 1,889 to 1,487. Private First Class E. V. Ross (who is not from Chicago) was high man, with a score of 262.

The spring weather here in Florida is certainly taking the Marines out on the open water and to the docks and beaches. Fishing is the name for the mania, but all that has been forthcoming to date is that inevitable fish story. It is true that they must hook something from time to time, because Private Miller came in with a broken rod, and Gore requisitioned another spool of line.

Corporal Gore was one of our favorite MP's until a few days ago, when he happened to a very painful accident.

It seems that he had the misfortune to be in a tie in a race between his motorcycle and a yard worker's car. At this writing we learn that he is doing well in the hospital, although he is still confined to his bunk. Best of luck, old boy; may you be back to duty soon.

Two new additions have been made to the commissioned personnel of this post, namely, Second Lieutenants Edgar O. Price and Harlan C. Cooper. The enlisted men wish them a pleasant tour of duty.

With the baseball season about to get under way here it may not be amiss to mention that Privates First Class Mullins and Shaw, and Private Richards will represent the Marines on the Naval Station team. That outfit is slated for a tough practice game in the near future with the Washington Senators at their Biloxi, Mississippi, camp. Give 'em the works, fellahs!

Now—just in case some of you readers would care for a bit of fiction, we call upon Private Winders. The story is something about a sentry on duty about midnight. Along came two cars at top speed, the occupants of which are busy taking pot-shots at one another, seemingly unaware of the fact that they are entering a Naval Station. Well, to make a short story interesting or something, persons who have altercations with John Law shouldn't run into a nest of Leathernecks to escape. Someone always lands in the hoosegow—and it's not a Marine!

There are some who are interested, and others who are merely curious—but the fact remains that Sergeant Aikens did sell that car while it was still sellable.

Our commanding officer, Major Wynn, is making every effort to keep the place here looking like the lawn back home, so more flowers and shrubbery are being planted about the barracks. Let's go, men, and help the C. O. It will mean a prize from the Naval Station if ours is the best looking hereabouts, as well as proving to the major that we appreciate his efforts in our behalf. We live here, spring is here—and where is the man who will deny that he is not interested in seed catalogues at this season?

NEWPORT NEWS

By Kid Scoop

It has been some time since we last put in our oar, and things have been happening. Guess it's about time for another broadcast.

First off, our erstwhile commanding officer, Major W. G. Emory, has been detached to Quantico, and has been relieved by Major John Dixon. The detachment heartily welcomes Major Dixon, and hopes he will enjoy his tour of duty here with us. To Major Emory the detachment extends its best wishes at his new



post. Captain G. D. Hatfield is our post exchange officer and quartermaster; First Lieutenant R. O. Bare is our company commander, and Second Lieutenant J. G. Smith is post morale and athletic officer, and Second Lieutenant Charles Popp is on his way here from Quantico.

Sergeant Sullivan has left us for his old wigwam in Hingham, and Sergeant Shelby, a newcomer, has hied himself hence for life on the briny deep via Norfolk Sea School. Sergeants Chuck O'Connor and Pete Pettigrew are the latest additions to the ranks—both stout fellows and good non-coms. The changes in corporals, peefcees and privates are too numerous to attempt to mention.

It has been some winter up here. For the first time since "the winter of seventeen" the bay has been frozen over and transportation has been at a standstill. This circumstance was rather disastrous in view of the fact that the Torpedo Station is out in the middle of the bay. But not for long were our liberty hounds nonplussed. With characteristic nonchalance, they walked ashore!

Our esteemed Sergeant Lynch (The Timothy) is still going about with downcast eyes and hat in hand. Someone mentioned cigars, but we don't think so.

"Whattaman" Pallange and "Little Compton" Spaulding have turned in their cues since the women discovered that Chuck O'Connor is in town. Even Ritchie and "Stinky" Davis are becoming worried. Private Scott does not wish to be quoted in this matter. It appears that he also ran.

Private Allen is perturbed because he can't go West, and Corporal Carter is still pursuing Private First Class Schroeder all over town in hope of getting back his derby. It has become an obsession with him, and he declares that before summer he will have the savage satisfaction of hearing it crunch beneath his heel.

On the night of March 10th we gave a highly successful turkey supper and beer party for our departing top soldier, W. A. Armstrong. Captain Hatfield and Lieutenant Smith were guests of honor, and they contributed more than their share of stories and jokes. Corporal McAleavey, an Irishman with a thick brogue, after a few beers, appointed himself master of ceremonies, with the full approval of the entire gathering. His introductions of the various speakers were alone worth attending to hear. Jack Riley, of Brockton, was our pianist. Captain Hatfield, Lieutenant Smith, Quartermaster Sergeant Scott, First Sergeant Armstrong and his relief, First Sergeant Shambough, were the principal speakers, though every one managed to make himself heard before the evening was over. Just before the supper, and, with beer mugs at the ready, joined in the "Marines' Hymn." By the time that was over, McAleavey was primed and ready for a speech, after which he introduced Captain Hatfield and the other speakers, making his talk longer in each case than did the speakers. Quartermaster Sergeant Scott saved the day by slowly rising from his chair, clearing his throat, and saying in a loud voice, "Mac, sit down and let us eat!"

It is our belief that the most outstanding incident of the evening (with all due respect to the turkey and excellent beer) was the departure of the "Top," and the

installation of a new one. Both made short speeches, and when Armstrong turned to go, the eyes of every man there glistened with tears. He was with us only about a year, but in that time every man in the outfit had a good reason for having a soft spot in his heart for the "Top." Always ready to help a man when he was down, one of his first moves when he came here was to contact the police department, and, as a result, more than one man who had imbibed well but not wisely was talked out of a cell and into his bunk in barracks—with the incident forgotten. Everything from advising the lovelorn to boosting a man's stock with the C. O. when up for office hours was capably handled by him. He was a swell fellow from the word go.

We shall always remember our "Top," and we hope that when he goes out in June "on twenty" he will be able to find in his hills of Oregon the rest and peace he so richly deserves.



BROOKLYN BRIEFS

Pvt. John R. Sauders recently impersonated Diogenes, who became famous for blundering around hither and thither, with a lantern, looking for an honest man. John was posted as a sentry on post number 10, when the lamp department of the navy yard was not holding the situation as well as could be expected. He inadvertently appropriated the red lanterns used to keep people from pitching their tents in excavations, and placed them at advantageous positions within the confines of his post. Whether John was seeking an honest man on or near the vicinity of his post or was simply marking the location of same for the benefit of the Sergeant of the Guard is a moot question. John is rather modest in his explanations. However, he states that in the future the red lanterns, wherever left by the lamp department of the navy yard, will remain unmolested in their locations as far as he is personally concerned.

Gunnery Sgt. Leland (Jack) Diamond was recently transferred to the Marine Barracks, Naval Operating Base, Norfolk, for further transfer to Cavite, while 1st Sgt. John Slezak left us after a very brief stay, for Quantico, for duty with the post on the banks of the Potomac, according to 1st Sgt. Otto Roos, a recent visitor, who gave us the low down on

Quantico. Otto is at present spending a furlough in New York; upon the expiration thereof, he is embarking on a semi-around the world trip, first to Haiti to assist in the evacuation early in November, thence to China, where his services will be tendered in a like capacity in the event it is decided to evacuate Shanghai.

Sgt. Charles Klein, formerly with the Garde d'Haiti, forsook the Marine Barracks for sea duty and is at present located with the Marine Detachment on the USS *New Orleans*.

Cpl. Christopher Rasmussen, our "Fire Chief," was recently discharged and immediately took on for another four years and is again back on the job at the yard fire house. Chris is also one of Engesser's best customers at the post exchange bar. Pvt. George W. Howell, able assistant of Rasmussen, was also recently discharged and is at present residing in New Jersey, although he states that in the event the climate of New Jersey does not appeal to him he will migrate to Arizona and engage in prospecting.

Sgt. Maj. Nathan Rothstein recently with the Aviation Section at Port au Prince, Haiti, is at present spending a furlough in Brooklyn prior to reporting at these barracks for duty as the relief of Sgt. Maj. James A. McFellin, who is to retire after thirty years' service soon after the reporting of Sgt. Major Rothstein.

Pfe. Edgar Jefferson Jones has evidently decided to walk in the straight and narrow paths in the future. It is reported that he has purchased himself a bible.

Sgt. Samuel L. Slocum recently shipped over for another tour of four years and continued on the job of supervising the police of the barracks, with additional duty with the rifle and pistol team who do their daily turn at the indoor range in building number 6.

Pfe. Juan Marrero, our friend from Puerto Rico, welcomes the advent of the spring weather as this will remove the impulse to pour hot coffee in his shoes for the purpose of warming his feet while walking post on the extreme cold nights that were a matter of routine during this past winter. Juan had a good idea, but the scheme did not turn out so well as he anticipated.

HINGHAM SALVOS

Spring is certainly in the air judging from all the Marines going to town in a gala array of new spring finery. Lendo went one better in the way of a new Ford "V-8" roadster, with a one-man top, provided, you haven't the other eight to help you. Drew decided that he couldn't ride Conge's bicycle to Cohasset during the April showers so he bought a Model "T." With Sullivan due for discharge on the 16th it looks like another name will be added to the present list of car-owners. I hope Moon is taking note of all these cars since transportation will be needed to and from Northampton race track this summer.

Bridgers reports a bit of good news in the way of seeing Gethins returning from Boston via N. Y. N. H. & H. R. R. at 2 A. M., and also Lawson returning at 7 A. M. First of all, Bridgers should explain to the "Boss" just what he was doing out at that hour. As for Gethins,

(Continued on page 45)

**BROADCAST FOR THE JUNE
NUMBER SHOULD REACH
THE LEATHERNECK BEFORE
MAY 10.**



BOWEN FIELD

By S. J. Toranich

The status of this squadron has been changed a few days ago, at least on paper, and is now a part of the Fleet Marine Force on detached duty with the First Brigade Marines.

Many rumors pass about here as to where this Aviation unit is headed for—be it Quantico, Parris Island or Miami! But like all rumors they have to be confirmed before a person can say, "I told you so!" In our humble opinion, take it for what it is worth, we believe that in joining the Fleet Marine Force, this squadron will fly from here to Hampton Roads, Virginia, and go aboard the USS *Ranger* for duty after that airplane carrier goes into commission.

The gunnery season was closed on the 25th of March when this squadron fired its last practice in the Single Aircraft Battle Practice. Everything went off smoothly during the whole gunnery season and it was a merry bunch of pilots that came around the office after an ordeal of five months. Chief Marine Gunner Harold Ogden, who has charge of the armament section, in addition to his many other duties, and personally responsible for the proper working of all the guns, lost his usual buoyancy of spirit during the past month due to the strain of gunnery. However, he was ably assisted by Staff Sergeant Staph and Sergeant Straba, both excellent ordnance men, and Private First Class O'Neill, who joined the armament section a few months ago.

Sgt. Major and Mrs. N. Rothstein with their children left for New York on the 29th via the S.S. *Pastoreo*. On leaving Haiti, Sergeant Major Rothstein completes about 28 years' service and more than half of that time has been spent under tropical skies. He leaves Aviation, where he had been serving since 1925, for the Brooklyn Navy Yard, the place where he first learned of the old Marine Corps Spirit after doing a cruise in the Army. The Marines who have served with him will long remember his kindly deeds and fatherly advice and will always carry a warm spot in their hearts for him.

It seems that only a few lucky Marines—those who have only a few months to do on their cruise—can say that they are short-timers in Haiti, for the order has come out that everyone will remain in Haiti until the occupation leaves in October. With the poet we ask, are their any "Cheerful hearts now broken?" There must have been about twenty Marines singing "There's no place like home," but have now changed the tune to "If I had a talking picture of you-u-u-u!" And what a wail they put on that one little word that means "Three little words."

However, it appears from listening in on the conversation that most of the Marines here would like it better if they could stay here for a few more years. With a half day routine, from 7:00 a.m. to 11:45 a.m., with a few guards thrown in every few days, not to mention a little overtime work in the afternoons, it isn't a bad place to duty after all.

Corporal Knapp is just biding his time when he can tell Private Dahl that it is now 9:30 p.m. and time for all youngsters to get to bed. Since Myron made Corporal he wants it understood that during working hours he is Corporal Knapp to all, but after that time he is just one of the boys trying to get along.

The author of "Black Bagdad" in one of his fanciful flights into the upper air, as "Hurricane" Britten would so aptly put it, wrote about his entrance into the harbor of Port au Prince that he felt a sense of mystery and beauty that hung over the city as the boat slowly nosed her way to the dock. Such seemed to be the sentiments of Private Burlie, our tourist boat sheik, as he hung over the rail of the giant tourist boat that rode at anchor in the bay and looked at the white buildings that came under his vision as if for the first time. What thoughts of mystery and romance must have passed through his mind at that time, no one will ever tell, but there was no sense of the mysterious or puzzling when he turned away from the rail with a little quizzical smile. He knew; he had walked the streets of the city for over a year and lived among these people; to the stranger it was fascinating, to him it was an open book.

Private Lockhart, who sprang into the limelight because of his "Bon soir" beer, and better known among us as "King Kong," made the remark with that lazy drawl of his that "Lionel Barrymore won't have a chance when he gets to Hollywood after he is paid off." Trumpeter Childers says that they are looking for men like him out there to keep the depression from failing.

Private Sullivan has been seen lately circling the hangar not once but all morning long. Finally he was asked by an inquisitive young man why he circled the hangar? Sully, who seldom says much, looked at him with a baneful stare and at the same time holding up a wrench he was carrying around said, "I've been looking around for something that this wrench will fit."

Private Dillman, the Sergeant Major's new clerk, had an embarrassing moment a few days ago when he told Lieutenant Hopkins that Private Ballast was going to take a ride with him to Cape Haitien instead of some other passenger that was scheduled. It is wondered whether he has heard of Signor Solo who is fre-

quently reported on various flights by Sergeant Sleght.

Corporal "Nigger" Mann began to take up a correspondence course in running, and we have a nice big race track for just such training for the Aviation Meet to be held soon, but he remarked that he was giving it up as the hollow of his foot was poking a large hole in the ground.

Stars in any game are emotional and hard to handle. Private Bourque, our star pitcher of last year, wishes it to be known that he was invited out to play baseball this year but that he did not volunteer. Ye shades of barking devil dogs! Same difference, but then who cares?

Pvt. Harold Sargent has been waiting for a certain corner bunk for over a year and a half with admirable fortitude and patience. We happen to know if he had his way, that party would have returned to the States long before his time was up. Harold is always alluding to a "Red Rose" and we wonder what he means. Give us the lowdown sometime on this thing, pal.

In addition to his other duties, Pvt. Norman E. Curtis, of Poynette, Wisconsin, has been appointed Caddy Master at the Golf Club and is ably assisting QM-Sergeant Reppenhausen who has been appointed Secretary-Treasurer.

The favorite game around the barracks with "King Kong" Lockhart, "Walter Winchell" Walton, Childers (the "i" as in chill, if you please) and Witkow "Ski" seems to be "Set-back" and argue. "Ski" happened to be on the losing side and asked Corporal White in a stage whisper "If dem guys had signs." "Ski" comes from Joisey City so you will have to excuse his Bowery accent.

It has been reported that Private Dent was overheard to say that if the Grand Hotel at the Second Marines was not painted up, he would cease to patronize the place. He probably would like to have an interior decorator to go over the rooms.

The boys have been out "Apple-knock-ing" on the Garde range for the past two weeks and alibis are more plentiful than they have been in years with the different qualifications raised as they are at present. Private Hembree remarked that if he had made a 46 at off-hand, he would have made expert rifleman. Well, who knows better than he?

The oft-repeated phrase "Live and Let Live" has permeated everything that went into the make-up of this column for THE LEATHERNECK. We have always picked out those things about the Marines here which we thought would make enjoyable reading for our readers and

maybe bring out a little smile now and then.

We would feel ungrateful if we did not mention our thanks to those who have given out the news about the various happenings on our Post and we hope that their interest in THE LEATHERNECK will continue in the future as it has in the past.

It may interest the Gunnery Sergeant on the West Coast who made the remark that all one reads in THE LEATHERNECK is "Bowen Field!—Bowen Field!" that this correspondent is leaving for the States in the near future, but even though he leaves, Bowen Field will continue to be represented in these columns.

When this issue goes out to the various Posts, we shall have passed the Statue of Liberty, docked at the wharf and perhaps be taking in the sights of Broadway after an absence of several years. Au revoir!

THE SECOND MARINES' BAND

By "Doc" Foreman

Sometime ago we promised to let our buddies hear from us occasionally so they won't entirely forget us down here in Haiti.

Several changes have taken place since you last heard from us; Gunnery Sergeant Wood left us to go to Parris Island and was relieved by First Sergeant "Pop" Dahlgren. Gunnery Sergeant Greear, who was formerly bandmaster at Cape Haitien, is assistant leader with Bill Presson demonstrating his "military carriage" as drum-major.

Last month we lost Charlie Davis, James "Largo" Kester, Otto Geisberger, Ingles, Miceli, McLauren, and Matson via transfer. We regretted losing these men and wish them an enjoyable tour of duty in the states. Incidentally, we recently learned that Kester is expecting a "blessed event." Congratulations!

The band has several pugilists among its ranks—M. O. Bennette (the Pride of Higginsville), after having won two bouts in previous smokers, met defeat at the hands of Antonio Camarda—one of the principal clarinetists of the band—in the smoker held March ninth. Bennette has sworn that he is going to quit training at the Service Club and we are hoping that he will be able to confine his training to the gym and make a "come-back" at the next smoker.

Willie Brock recently purchased a set of magical apparatus from Captain Bertrol, Garde d' Haiti, and has been mystifying us with his conjuring illusions.

Eddie Sowers, who hails from Palo Alto, California, is cultivating a western pompadour; you know—"wide, open spaces."

Beecher, our versatile flute, piccolo, saxophone, clarinet and cymbal player, is thinking of leaving the service and settling down in South Carolina.

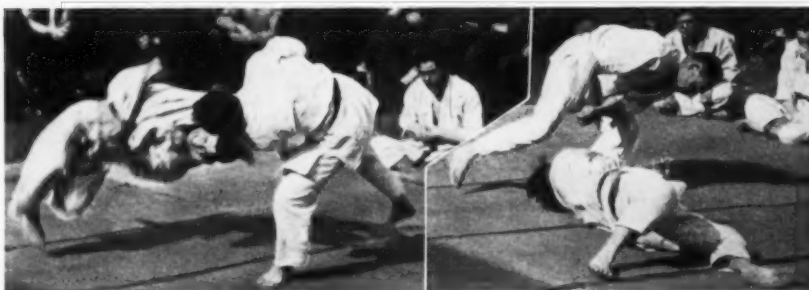
Bensted, not content with being cribbage champion of the band, has taken up tennis.

Next month we expect to lose Herman F. Robinson, who is scheduled to compete in the West Indies matches at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, and then in the East Coast Divisional matches at Quantico, Va.

Lynn Bonds and "Pee-Wee" Meyers are dividing their time between the Service Club and the Depression Bar. Meyers took time out to win the Regimental tennis singles, last month.

Bill Reis continues to keep all the feminine hearts a-flutter with his crooning.

Ed Wynn, the Texaco fire chief, hasn't anything on Grady Townsel.



Exhibition of Jiu-Jitsu Given by Japanese Members of the Shanghai Municipal Police for the 4th Marines

Second Lieutenant W. B. McKean, Regimental Adjutant and Band Officer, is making the band "the best organization in Haiti."

This is all the news for this month so, until you hear from us again, we will say "au revoir."

GOLF NOTES

By Tony

When the first of March rolled around, a new Secretary-Treasurer took over the reins of managing the Golf Club of Port au Prince. Quartermaster Sergeant Edwin C. Reppenhagen succeeded Sgt. Maj. Nathan Rothstein who resigned because of the completion of his tour of duty here and who sailed for the States on the 29th to do duty at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

All the golfers have only high praise for "Nate," as he was familiarly called, and many are missing those congenial sessions they used to have on the Golf Club veranda. Everyone wishes "Nate" and his family a pleasant voyage and hopes that he will not forget his many friends in Port au Prince.

Lieutenant Willis, a familiar figure on the golf course, has left for the States on a thirty-day leave. Many speculations are rife as to why he has taken off for South Carolina in such a hurry. Your

guess is as good as mine, but you can't blame a person for wanting to get back among white folk once more.

Dr. Young, the flight surgeon, also went on leave to Pensacola and announces that he is a proud father of a baby boy.

Mr. Matthie, of the Financial Advisers office, asked us out for a round of golf. With par at 34 for 9 holes, he turned in a card of 38. Mr. Matthie is small and thin and doesn't knock the ball 200 yards down the fairway, but we marveled at his drives straight for the pin, his faultless approaching and his accurate putting.

The bankers seemed to have cornered even the prizes on the golf course when Mr. "Bank" Williams, Mr. Van Waterschoot and Mr. Kieffer took 1st, 2nd and 3rd places respectively in the tournament on the 24th. Other consistent winners in these weekly tournaments are Dr. Sparkman, Dr. Weer and Captain Swink.

Strong winds blowing across the golf course makes playing unenjoyable to most golfers, and coupled with the heavy rains flooding the fairways, the going is made miserable and only a few golfers are seen dotting the course.

It has been rumored about that Captain Pollard (MC), USN., will pay us a visit shortly while on a vacation through the tropics. Captain Pollard was one time the Club champion.

SHANGHAI, CHINA

SECOND BATTALION CHAPTER

By "Pagliacci"

It was the original intention of the writer to "corner" each of the three Majors, at the present time attached to the Second Battalion, and start a "Prevaricator's Contest," for the purpose of this article, but since this is "humiliation day," and since there has been a lot of prevaricating to be done by the writer in other matters, it was deemed better not to bother the officers. In lieu of their own statements, we will simply extend to Lt. Colonel Wilcox, our new Commanding Officer, our greetings. We have not had the pleasure of serving with the Colonel, but we have a feeling that he will see in us of the Second Battalion a great deal of that good old Marine Corps Spirit.

One of our "Buddies" presented us the other day with an advertisement from some matrimonial bureau, listing among those eligibles a "Pretty red head, young, owns her own home, and has her own Cadillac." To us who go to cabarets and cavort with Bomb-heavers and when the mex gives out, repair to Pete's Vodka-torium to sign chits in the name of Alexis

Pseudonymski for the good old spud, the sight of a real State-side red head would be a real treat. But should we marry the gal? How would she like a Mah Jong-playing, bridge-kibitzing, book-reviewing Marine? Well, there are such persons in this man's town. Witness the Recreation Room in our billet since George Butcher assumed his duties as Battalion Librarian. The struggle for space in his department is tremendous since he and the "boy" cleaned up the deck and made it shine like new.

There is another new type of Marine here in Shanghai. Due entirely to the excellent personal interest, and thoroughly man-like attitude of its secretaries, the Navy Y. M. C. A. has become more and more popular with the Fourth Regiment in general and the Second Battalion in particular. Mr. B. W. Smith should have been a Marine, one of those lovable sergeants who are martinets when the occasion demands, but who at the same time can come off their dignity and be one of the gang. He has built up an organization to which his superiors can justly "point with pride." He is the first of his kind we have ever met in the world.

The good old "Hendy Maru" took off with her a lot of good copy, in the persons of "Hank" Swank, "Buddy" Hoskinson, "Dutch" Sauer and "Abe" Krantz. They are all going to the land of 3½ per cent "or better" and we envy them their destination but not their journey. This same "Hendy Maru" brought with her a detachment of new men, direct from P. I. and their numbers are welcome to our midst. How their Club Books have swollen in the past two weeks, before they discovered the value of one mex. They are all good men, and we like them. It gives some of the rest of us a bit more rank (ourselves being scarcely two year olds).

All of which reminds us that the baseball season begins in about another week or so, and to prepare for the events of the summer, the Officers and the N. C. O.'s of the first three grades have been limbering up their skill. Joe Vitek and Sy Young have been out and what a creaking of joints when they come in. But Joe says he can take 'em; continues to exercise his hefty right.

GUANTANAMO GOSSIP

By Stowers

Since our column last appeared in THE LEATHERNECK, quite a few changes have been made in the personnel here. Lieutenant Colonel E. A. Ostermann relieved Lieutenant Colonel F. A. Gardener as Commanding Officer, and Pay Clerk D. R. Porter relieved Chief Pay Clerk J. J. Darlington as Post Paymaster. Numerous new faces have appeared in the ranks of the enlisted personnel.

Major Galliford returned to duty as Post Quartermaster and Executive Officer after a leave of absence of thirty days in the United States. He reports a pleasant leave.

Our days are well filled with drills, school, guard duty, police work, and sports. Every evening we have motion pictures at our open-air theater, and we usually play to a capacity house from the Cable Station and visiting ships' parties.

Competition for the selection of representatives for the West Indies rifle and



M. B. Guantanamo Bay, Cuba

pistol competitions has begun, and some of the men are showing real form on the range. We hope to have our post well represented at Quantico this year, and from all appearances, we shall.

The most popular sports at this time are baseball, basketball, tennis, and bowling. There are four or five bowling teams including those from the Naval Station and the civilian bowlers of the station, and there has been some lively competition among these teams in the tournaments. The baseball team made its spring debut in Guantanamo City, where they played the Hatuey team from Santiago. The players are highly enthusiastic over plans which are being formulated to send both the baseball and the basketball teams to Santiago in the very near future. A tennis tournament was held in February, which created much interest. We have two splendid courts, and another is under construction, so that all followers of the game can be accommodated. The courts are almost always filled.

Corporal "Bring 'Em Back Alive" Shelton is the mounted patrol, in addition to

his other duties as company clown, and any evening at sunset his silhouette and that of his steed can be seen loping over the surrounding mountain crests in search of possible brig tenants. He sometimes regrets giving up his old position as official cat exterminator, even though he did make what was nearly a fatal error once. He shot Mess Sergeant Jacoby's pet galley feline, and had to take his meals "on the lam" for several weeks. Fortunately, Jacoby's is a forgiving nature, and Shelton is now back in regular mess formation. Shelton claims that, at the height of his career, he could shoot either ear designated off a galloping cat at one hundred yards.

Since the Cubans have paused in their revolutions, our liberty parties to Caimanera and Guantanamo have been resumed. A boat leaves each evening at five o'clock for Caimanera, and returns at ten-thirty. Well-loaded liberty boats attest to the fact that good times wait across the bay. Bachand and Quesada, not to mention "Taxi" King, are doing two on and one off to Caimanera. It is the general opinion that a trio of señoritas have entwined themselves about the heartstrings of the lads.

Our back alley sextet, composed of Corporal Ward, Corporal "Caesar" Hamilton, Corporal "Flash" Hyman (who, incidentally, is one of our favorite baseballers and who reaches a high fly as easily as high C), Private First Class Gillespie (of basketball fame), and DeLuxe Private O'Connor, accompanied on the guitar and the banjo by Music Lister and Private Stowers, have been working out lately, much to the consternation of their bunkies, who don't care for the old tunes rendered as they rend them.

Even 'way down here we occasionally have a promotion or three. Recent elevations to ranker positions include the following: To Corporal, Layne G. E. Jackson and Albert A. Romano; and to Private First Class, Schroeder, Leisten, Faby, Henderson, Canfield, and Christopher.

A number of old timers are about to leave for greener pastures with the coming of spring. Among them we have the well-known Maddox, G. E., who has succumbed to the fatal Oriental fever and is awaiting the next transport to China. The boys seem a bit reluctant to leave this paradise to face the icy blasts of the cruel northern winter, so most are waiting for spring before they "shove."

We shall try to be with you lads in LEATHERNECK Land again in the very near future; so, until we "see" you again, hasta luego.



Exhibition of Japanese Sword Fighting Given by Japanese Members of the Shanghai Municipal Police



Company 7, Parris Island; Instructed by Sergeant McClaren

PEARL HARBOR NEWS AND NOTES

By Good

Another month has rolled by and we have contributed \$3.15 more to the NRA, and \$17.65 to the boys with the good hands, lucky dice, or otherwise.

On February 15 the reliable USAT *Grant* docked at pier 5A Honolulu, T. H., bringing Supply Sgt. Herman L. Snellings as relief for QM-Sgt. Clyde H. Long. No orders have been received directing the transfer of Long, however, he is hopeful of being transferred to Parris Island for duty. Being as how Clyde is a native of North Carolina he desires to be in a good old dry state or either to get next to that old Carolina "White Mule." Personally, I'm of the opinion that it is the latter.

John F. Sullivan, the lad of the pugilistic proclivities, also accomplishments, recently joined this station from Marine Barracks, Naval Ammunition Depot, Oahu, T. H.

The end of the Sector-Navy basketball season finds the post team in second place, with Luke Field taking the lead. The league was composed of several strong teams and considering such competition the barracks team did exceptionally well this season. The following constituted the post cagers: 1st Lieutenant Thompson, athletic officer and coach; Woods, Gregory, Bakalarzek, C. E. Brown, Murphy, Wilson, Rawlinson, Owen, Donaldson, Billingsley, Hebert, and Whytock. "Hobo" Stricklen rates honorable mention due to his excellent performance of the duties of trainer.

A dance was held in the post gymnasium on March 16, and from all reports and comments this was one of the most successful dances ever held on the island of Oahu.

The untiring efforts of Bert Turner, Jerry Cole, and Leon Konesky contributed largely to the success of the hop. It is understood that in the future a dance will be held approximately every two months.

The following is a tentative list of men who are to be transferred to the United States via the *Henderson*, sailing from Honolulu, T. H., on or about April 5: Sergeants Carver, Hartel, Harris, Kiesewski, and Mathes; Corporals V. Anderson, Bridges, Bronk, Crapser, Frazier, and Joosten; Privates First Class Blanchard,

Crain, Dunphy, Koughton, and Wiertzema; Trumpeter Peters; Privates D. J. Adams, Anderson, Baker, Burden, Case, Casebier, Corey, Creator, Hebert, Holcombe, C. Hooper, Martin, Outland, Pierce, F. D. Pierson, Spaulding, Tongish, and Guzik.

Aloha, boys. Carver, be sure to return to the islands if they run short of beer in the U. S.

Bert Rigler, the lad from Scranton, Pa. (International Correspondence Schools), has acquired the habit of not acquiring the habit of winding the office clocks. Don't suppose Waikiki Dance Pavilion has anything to do with it, huh?

John Welborn and Oscar Barton, laundrymen de luxe, are still trying to see which one can accumulate the most clothing. Don't tell me small guys aren't lucky, as both Welborn and Barton are heavies, thanks to "Poi."

It's getting serious when a sergeant major and a sergeant in the Marine Corps

start flying kites. Use your discretion as to the identity of the guilty parties.

It is understood that "Wink" Guldage, beer baron plus, has purchased an interest in a taxi dance hall down in Honolulu.

Sergeant Jouanillou, Mess Sgt., is the most liked man in the barracks. John feeds as they did back in the old 1929 Marine Corps.

What corporal dives for the sick bay when he finds his name on the guard roster? What motorcycle orderly tells civilians that he is the Commandant's personal body guard? What sergeant was elected mayor of Watertown? What PFC fell from the QM department to the mess hall? What private is endeavoring to learn to speak Japanese in order that he may converse with his girl friend? What private wears a tuxedo five nights a week? Who is going to read this!!!! Aloha Nui.

Parris Island News

Greetings, Mothers, everywhere! This column salutes you. Not only this month, because May 13 has been officially designated as Mother's Day, but every month. Many of you are mothers of sons who have only recently enlisted in the Marine Corps, and you are reading this column because you are hoping that it will bring you some news of the post where your son received, or is still receiving his military training. Perhaps you haven't heard from him for some time, but he hasn't forgotten you. He has been extremely busy—very much so—learning so many things about his new profession, receiving so many new impressions, that he probably can't begin to make up his mind even how to begin to tell you about them all. So he has sent you a year's subscription to *THE LEATHERNECK*; not so much for the meager and sometimes fantastic news it may tell about Parris Island, as for the news it contains about the Marine Corps in general. Parris Island may be the place where the recruits receive their first military training, but it is quite evident from the caliber of the men who are being taken into the Corps that they have already received commendable training under the

most careful and painstaking instructor any man has ever had—his Mother.

And now let us depart from the sublime to tell about the linen shower which was held in the Lyceum here on March 8. It was originally scheduled as a series of boxing bouts between the Federal Transit Camp of Savannah, Ga., and the Marines of Parris Island. But so many Transit towels made their way into the ring during the course of the evening that the affair had the appearance of a linen shower more than anything else we can think of at the moment.

It wasn't that the Transit boys weren't game. Some of them showed laudable gameness and sportsmanship. But they seemed too young and inexperienced for their opponents. Which, as Andy says, "puts the whole thing in a couple of nut shells." Their trainers realized this, and tossed in the towels to keep their men from being battered up with small hope of their winning their bouts.

Pvt. J. R. Lindsay won the first bout by a towel over a rather scared-looking opponent who had a slightly shorter reach, and who sought to save himself by remaining always in a low, crouching position.



Company 8, Parris Island; Instructed by Sergeant Frucci and Corporal Leek

The second bout was a draw. A lanky little music named M. E. Lee put up a game fight against an older and huskier opponent. At the end of the third round, Lee looked rather worried. The men in his platoon gave him a cheer, and when Lee looked gratefully over his shoulder at them, they all put up their right hands in token of support. That put new life into the lad, and he was able in the next and final round to stand off his opponent to win the decision.

Pvt. J. J. Cook won the third bout over a slightly heavier opponent by a knockout. Pvt. Mickey Dice, who is tall and lanky, fought the fourth bout with an opponent who was shorter and more compactly built, though their weights were about the same. He handed out some rather stiff wallops, but his opponent was one of those lads who always comes back grinning. Just as the bout was becoming really interesting, the Transit trainer tossed the towel into the ring, and that was that.

Pvt. J. F. Thomas won the fifth and final bout of the evening by knocking out a slightly lighter and considerably less experienced opponent before anyone had time to toss a towel in.

The referee was Gy-Sgt. John Hamas; the judges were 1st Lt. E. E. Larson and Mr. F. D. J. Cappleman; the announcer was QM-Sgt. Verner A. Wilson, and the timekeeper was Mr. Earl Chadwick.

Old Man Stork has changed his brand again. But he didn't do much business here this month. The only home to be visited was that of Sergeant and Mrs. Joseph J. Pifel, where he left a husky little baby boy named Bruce Albert Pifel. Congratulations! And goodbye to Daddy's mustachio if Bruce Albert gets a grip on it!

Speaking of infants, there was a recruit named Infante who was discharged last week because he was under age.

A sergeant's wife here adopted the novel plan of removing from her newly-acquired pet cat of fleas by bathing it in kerosene. It did remove the fleas—and part of the cat, too!

And that reminds us of the sergeant who wouldn't stop the car and get out to gather dogwood for his wife because he was afraid it might be flea-infested, too.

An amendment to the Post Regulations brings a word of cheer to certain fellows who have expressed the fear that they might pass the remainder of their lives on

P. I. Of course the amendment doesn't keep them from dying here, but it does prohibit their being buried on the Island. The latter privilege is reserved for colored persons only. Marines who have passed away, but whose deaths are known only to themselves and suspected by others will very likely be allowed to remain.

We all have heard of tonsillitis, laryngitis, and the like. But have you and you ever heard of neckitis? An epidemic of cataclysmic proportions is prevalent here. The neck becomes elongated, twisted, and unbelievably elastic. The condition is particularly prevalent among movie-goers, and is believed to be caused by attempting to watch the movie through, around, or over the thick head and broad shoulders of some giant sitting directly in front of one. In some instances it may be caused by sitting behind an enamoured couple, or two women with their heads together in deep conversation, though such cases are rare, because the offending couple are usually taken out and shot before a serious case of neckitis has had a chance to develop. It may be of interest to the world at large to know that the insidious disease has been checked. In fact it is on the wane. Some genius with the welfare of the human race at heart hit upon the idea of raising the screen. No new cases have been reported.

Parris Island is in the throes of getting ready for the Southeastern Pistol and Rifle Competitions, which are to be held on the post on June 18, and for the Marine Corps Competitions and the Elliott trophy match at Quantico. We have been assigned a quota of 39 riflemen and 17 pistolers, and the list of the names of the men trying out for places on the team has just been published.

QM-Sgt. Lewis C. Miller is slated for transfer to the Marine Corps Reserve on May 1, having had more than 20 years of service. Two other first-grade men who will probably go out "on twenty" some time in the not-so-distant future are Paymaster Sgt. Edward A. Loben and QM-Sgt. Verner A. Wilson. The Comptroller General made such transfer to the Reserve more to be desired when he announced that Reservists' pay was not subject to the suspension of longevity pay increase imposed by law last year. So now the men who have over twenty years of service behind them can go out into the Reserve and know that their retainer pay will be based

on over twenty years of service, instead of on over sixteen.

Our newly-appointed Post Council of Administration is composed of the following members: Maj. Edward L. Reno, Capt. William H. Hollingsworth, and Chief QM-Clk. Ray W. Jeter.

First Lt. W. R. Hughes has taken over the duties of Post Communication Officer, and has assumed command of the Signal Platoon in addition to his other duties. Lt. Ben F. Kaiser, his predecessor, has been transferred to Asiatic Station.

Among the new arrivals on the post are Marine Gunner Johnnie G. Vaughan, from Guam, and Gy-Sgt. John Hamas, from Portsmouth, N. H. They are doing duty on the Rifle Range. Staff Sgts. Clarence D. Slayton and Lucian J. Bowman have recently arrived from Quantico, the first noted as a singer and song leader and the latter as a telephone expert.

Gy-Sgt. James P. Drummond is on temporary detached duty with the FMF, aboard the U.S.S. *Antares*.

QM-Clk. Landreville Ledoux is slated for transfer to Quantico next month, and will be relieved by Chief QM-Clk. Harry S. Young, from Marine Corps Headquarters. Mr. Ledoux and his very able assistant, Staff Sgt. "Pop" Cain, have been running the Post Farm very creditably with cheap civilian labor since it ceased to be the Prison Farm something over a year ago. Mr. Ledoux is also Assistant Post Adjutant and Secretary and Treasurer of the local chapter of the Navy Relief Society. Other jobs he has held here include those of Post Communication Officer and Post Police Officer. His sojourn with us has been a busy one, but still he has had time to make many friends, who wish him luck wherever he goes.

First Sgt. Clyde T. Brannon of the Recruit Depot has been transferred to Yorktown. Gy-Sgt. W. E. Anderson and Drummer Wilburn E. Holt have been transferred to China. Gy-Sgt. Ora C. Harter has been transferred to Norfolk Navy Yard, and Cpl. Harold A. Sours, Pfc. Frank E. Williams, and Pvt. Owen Manning are on their way to Haiti.

Two of our Dental Officers, Commander M. W. Mangold and Lt. Commander E. K. Patton, are slated for transfer to the Navy Yard at Philadelphia and the U.S.S. *California*, respectively. Two Dental Officers

(Continued on page 49)

Miscellany

MARINE HEROES WIN BELATED RECOGNITION

By J. R. P. Wilson

On March 9, 1934, Secretary of the Navy C. A. Swanson wrote letters of commendation to two Marines, one a member of the Marine Corps Reserve, and one long since discharged, complimenting them upon their gallant conduct in an engagement which was fought over thirty years ago in Bloody Samar.

In November of the year 1901, a small detachment of Marines was dispatched into the Sohoton region of Samar, in the Philippines, to attack the fortified positions held by the enemy in that district. The men of that detachment underwent untold hardships before reaching their goal, penetrating country where no white man had ever been before them. When finally they contacted the enemy, he had withdrawn to what was thought to be an impregnable position, in the fortification of which a number of years had been spent.

On November 17, 1901, the attack was made. A number of the peculiar native guns made of bamboo, heavily reinforced, were encountered, captured, and passed. The insurgents were driven from their position, across a river, and into caves in a cliff which had been fortified. The Marines scaled the cliff in the face of two withering volleys fired by the terrified enemy, who then fled, leaving the stronghold to the destruction of the Marines.

An official communication describing the engagement tells of the difficulties encountered, chief among which was the scaling of the cliff to the caves. The region of Sohoton is of volcanic origin, and the cliff in question was of a substance similar to coarse pumice, which literally cut the shoes from the feet of the men, leaving them to walk unshod over terrain like broken glass.

First Sergeant Harry Glenn, a member of the detachment, distinguished himself in the encounter with the bamboo guns. One, which confronted the Marines, commanded their approach. Its fuse had been lighted, and the group were in imminent danger of annihilation. Without thought of self, First Sergeant Glenn rushed forward and pulled the fuse from the gun.

Later, in the very face of the enemy, Corporal Robert Lindsay Leekie swam the river and secured the bancas (dugout canoes) of the enemy to provide a means for the Marines to cross the river in pursuit.

To First Sergeant Harry Glenn and Corporal Leekie the letters of commendation were written, that they might know that their heroism had not passed unrecognized by the country they had served.

PA. STATE BONUS

The State of Pennsylvania has passed a Bonus Bill.

Individuals who were legal residents of Pennsylvania at the time of their entry into the service and served from April 21, 1898 to August 13, 1898; or "China Relief Expedition," April 21, 1898 to July 4, 1902; or "World War," April 6, 1917 to November 11, 1918; are eligible.

Compensation is payable to the veteran

who had at least sixty days' service, which began prior to, or during, the periods listed, at the rate of ten dollars every month and major fraction thereof of active service—but no veteran shall be entitled to receive more than two hundred dollars.

Application blanks may be procured by writing to THE LEATHERNECK.

HIGH PRAISE FOR NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS' COURSE, MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS, QUANTICO

The value of training received from the Non-Commissioned Officers' Course in the correspondence class, Marine Corps Schools, can never be over-emphasized. The following is one of the many letters received as a testimony:

"Registrar:

"I have just finished the last sub-course of the Non-Commissioned Officers' Course, and I have nothing but the highest praise for the course. I think that

Marine Corps Order No. 70
Headquarters U. S. Marine Corps,
Washington, April 5, 1934.

1. The President, having appointed me Major General Commandant of the Marine Corps, I have this day assumed the duties of that office.

2. I feel deeply the honor that has been conferred upon me and during my term of office shall bend every effort to promote the interest and efficiency of the Marine Corps. In this endeavor I rely upon the loyal support of all officers and men and shall expect them to uphold the highest traditions of the Corps by their exemplary conduct, bearing, and performance of duty.

JOHN H. RUSSELL,
Major General Commandant.

it is one of the most forward steps that the Corps has taken for the betterment of its non-commissioned officers. In my particular case, it has accomplished its purpose; i.e., instruction in basic Marine Corps subjects, and preparation for a more advanced study of Infantry Tactics. It has given me more valuable knowledge in three and one-half months than I had been able to gather in thirteen years of service. It has shown me the reason for a lot of what I thought was useless drill and instruction (Nomenclature, functioning, parades, etc.). It has standardized the instruction of the non-commissioned officers of the Marine Corps in basic instruction. Any enlisted man who spends a few spare hours studying this splendid course cannot help but be a better Marine. I sincerely hope that in the near future, completion of this course will be one of the requirements for promotion to the grade of sergeant, or at least to the grades in the line above that rank.

"My present commanding officer, Capt. Wm. T. Clement, is very much interested in the progress of the men at this post in that very excellent course.

"The sub-course on Administration is one of the most comprehensive courses on that subject that I have ever seen. A non-commissioned officer who completes that excellent sub-course will acquire a good basic knowledge of Marine Corps company office work. On the other sub-courses I am not well enough qualified to comment, except that they have given me more real military knowledge in three and one-half months than I had been able to gain in thirteen years of line duty.

"In your letter to me of January 17, 1934, you said that the success of the course depended upon the good-will of the students. I will do my best to promote that good-will wherever I go.

"(signed) T. O. Kelly,
1st Sgt."

Full information regarding this course can be obtained by writing to the Registrar, Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, Va. This subject is offered by the Marine Corps Schools at Quantico and is not part of the Marine Corps Institute.

OLD TIMERS

Occasionally some old timer writes in to Marine Corps Headquarters for his record, for information about service benefits, or perhaps a certificate in lieu of his lost discharge paper.

To those handling such cases there is always a sort of fascination in looking over the old records, where the enlistment contract was worded differently, the offenses outlined in a manner at variance with present day custom, etc.

Where the inquiry is made by a surviving dependent the subject has not the same interest as where the veteran is still living and writes for himself.

The different forms of discharge certificates used is also interesting to note, and have on different occasions evoked the question as to who is the oldest living Marine. Do you know?

A letter recently received at Headquarters transmitted a well-worn but readable document, formidable in size, about 14x18 inches, which turned out to be the original discharge issued to William H. Justice, for his service in the Marine Corps from August 16, 1869, to February 16, 1874. This certificate was a curiosity and a photostat copy was made of it, for preservation in the files.

However, of still more interest was the fact that this document, now sixty years old, was sent in by the original owner, who not only is still living but seems to be in active life, a public officer in fact, as testified by the letterhead which bears his name and title of city assessor for the city of Wildwood Crest, N. J.

Just think, an ex-Marine for 60 years, after 4½ years of honorable service, and still an active servant of the public. Incidentally his signature of today possesses more strength and regularity than that signed by him upon his enlistment, at which time he was 25 years old.

Well may we congratulate Mr. Justice and wish him many more years of successful and happy life.

Which reminds us of another interesting incident. While returning from the tropics aboard the Panama Railway Steamship *Cristobal*. One of the waiters aboard ship, whose name has slipped our mind, turned out to be an ex-Marine, who was discharged as a corporal in 1865. He gave us his name, dates of enlistment

(Continued on page 44)

SPORTS

TENTH MARINES QUANTICO CHAMPIONS

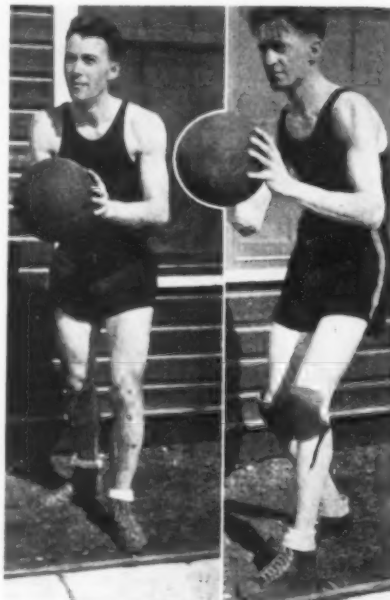
Picture the Hatfields and the McCoys bringing each other down out of the scrub pines of Kentucky hills and you have a picture of the basketball feud between the Tenth and the Seventh Marines which ended here at Quantico on March 28, with a 42 to 40 victory for the Tenth.

Although the Tenth won four of the five games played with the Seventh, this lopsided superiority was gained only through a series of nip and tuck battles which were undecided up to the final whistle. The victory was an emotional orgy which Quantico will long remember. Carrington and Barnett, the Tenth's veteran goal snipers, who were closely guarded throughout, registered from long range with amazing accuracy, and it was their shooting which decided the outcome of the game. The Tenth led at half time with a score of 24 to 17, but the Seventh closed the lead, and with less than a handful of minutes to go the score stood 40 to 39 in favor of the Tenth. The Seventh's belated drive was finally checked, and fouls thrown by Brown and Barnett gave the Tenth the victory, after Umbenhower had scored one from the free throw line for his team.

Two weeks previously, the Seventh, smarting from three consecutive set-backs handed them by a physically smaller team, played superlative ball, and held down Carrington and Barnett to a surprisingly small number of goals. Moody, Muth, and Aldridge each scored ten points for the Seventh, and it was this well-balanced bit of scoring that decided the game. The Seventh led at half time by a score of 18 to 8, and maintained their lead throughout the second half to win by a final score of 33 to 28.

In their first encounter of the present championship series, the Tenth won by a score of 24 to 32, which was the closest the Seventh had come to victory during the season. At the end of a bitterly fought first half, the Tenth was leading by a tally of 22 to 19. Each point scored by either team from that point on was figuratively written in blood. The Seventh forged ahead near the end of the game, but Kissane, the Tenth's snappy little guard, scored twice from the field and pulled a one-man rescue act for his team.

The 42 to 40 victory, which was the last game to be played in Quantico this season, won for the Tenth Marines the championship trophy. The champions were coached by Barnett, who was captain as well, and who was a former All-Marine star. Other teams might have had better material from which to select,



Carrington

Barnett

but no coach in the league made better use of his available material than did Barnett.

The statistics of the games follow:

10TH REGT. (42)			7TH REGT. (40)				
FG.FT.TL.			FG.FT.TL.				
Barnett, f.	6	5	17	Aldridge, f.	4	3	11
Brown, f.	2	2	6	Bailey, f.	0	0	0
Rust, c.	1	0	2	Um'war, g.	3	2	8
Car'ton, f.	7	0	14	Muth, c.	6	2	14
Kissane, g.	1	0	2	Lewis, c.	0	0	0
Diaz, g.	0	1	1	Williams, g.	0	0	0
	—	—	—	Martin, g.	0	0	0
	17	8	42	Brooks, g.	3	1	7
					16	8	40

7TH REGT. (33)				10TH REGT. (28)			
FG.FT.TL.				FG.FT.TL.			
Aldridge, f.	5	0	10	Barnett, f.	4	2	10
Moody, f.....	5	0	10	Car'on, f.....	2	3	7
Muth, c.....	4	2	10	Brown, f.....	1	1	3
Brooks, g.....	0	0	2	Rust, c.....	0	0	0
Bailey, g.....	0	1	1	Kissane, g.....	2	2	4
<hr/>				Diaz, g.....	0	0	0
15 3 33				Jacobs, g.....	1	0	2

10TH REGT. (34)				7TH REGT. (32)			
FG.FT.TL.				FG.FT.TL.			
Barnett, f.	5	2	12	Aldridge, f.	4	0	8
Car'on, f.	4	1	9	Moody, f.	4	0	8
Brown, f.	0	0	0	Um'war, g.	0	0	0
Rust, c.	0	4	4	Muth, c.	4	1	9
Kissane, g.	4	1	9	Dean, g.	2	1	5
Diaz, g.	0	0	0	Brooks, g.	4	1	2
	13	8	34		15	2	32

FINAL LEAGUE STANDING

Tenth Marines	6	1	.857
Seventh Marines	5	2	.714
Post Ser. Bn.	2	4	.333
M. C. Schools	0	6	.000

ADALAC - JOHNSON BOUT FEATURES FIRST BRIGADE BOXING PROGRAM

By H. Grady Spencer

Fighting in a downpour of warm tropical rain, Steve Adalac, welterweight champ, stepped out of his weight to gain a decision in six rounds over Hilberg A. Johnson, middleweight top-notch, in the main bout of the boxing program of the First Brigade Smoker held at the Second Marines compound in Port au Prince on Friday, March 9. Five preliminary bouts and a semi-final preceded the main event to complete the best arranged and best matched series of fights yet held in Haiti.

Just as the bell sounded to start the main bout, the rain came down in waves but "the fight must go on"—and did. Both men were placed at a decided disadvantage because of the slippery footing, yet each gave a most creditable account of his style of fighting. Adalac used a two-handed, "step-in-and-hit and step-out-again" style that proved effective to gain the decision. Johnson seemed to play a waiting game, using all the tricks in the bag to entice Adalac into laying himself open for a knockout punch that never materialized. But for a rally in the fifth round, Adalac held the upper hand throughout because of Johnson's crouching, waiting type of fight.

Both men were from the Second Marines. The result of this bout enabled Adalac to keep clean his boxing record in Haiti even though he has fought two draws and one no-decision bout.

In the semi-final, Gene "Duke" Harrington of Brigade met a worthy opponent in Buster Jones from the First Battalion at Cape Haitien. Harrington piled up points throughout each of the four rounds so there was little question at the end who was the winner, yet he disappointed his many fans who expected him to K. O. or at least floor Jones. Jones was the aggressor from the start but failed to land effectively, most of his blows landing on elbows and shoulders. Harrington would land clean, sharp blows on Jones but they did not seem to have any particular effect except to pile up points.

In the first preliminary bout, Al English of the Second Marines outgamed Jerry Mayhew of VO 9M Squadron for a decision in three rounds. They were welterweights and new to the ring, but English was in the better condition.

The second bout was the best of the evening for good, clean slugging. Billy Blanton, popular Brigade jockey-fighter, and Benny Medlock of Signal Company went at each other from the opening gong until the final bell like a pair of Haitian gamecocks. Arms and gloved fists flew about like the flails of a wind-



CPL. S. A. (CHAMP) ADALAC
Welterweight Champion of the First
Brigade, Haiti.

mill and the cheering audience saw the first blood of the evening. Blanton got in the last blow and got the decision.

Two lightweights, Tony Frederico of Signal and Ray Kennedy of VO-9M Squadron, furnished the fireworks in the third prelim. This was an interesting bout as both men were clean, smooth-working fighters. There was almost as much action as the previous bout, but the two boys slowed up near the finish. Frederico was awarded the decision.

The fourth bout brought together two fighting hands from the Second Marines in which the better condition of one overcame the superior ring experience of the other. Mo Bennette, southpaw puncher, suffered his first setback at the hands of Tony Camarda, hard hitting son of Italy who serenaded the boys at the last Smoker with his clarinet. Bennette fired away at long range at Camarda but once Tony would get inside his adversary's reach, he would beat a tattoo that won the day.

The real upset of the evening occurred in the final preliminary bout. Luke Untz, hard-punching middleweight fighter from Brigade, met unexpected opposition in the person of Jerry Smith from Cape Haitien. Untz seemed to be a bit overtrained and perhaps a wee bit overconfident from the way he tore into Smith in the first round as though he meant to put an early finish to the match. However, after a slow start, Smith began beating Untz to the punch and that was that. He took all Untz dished out and kept coming in. Evidently this discouraged his opponent. In the third round, after an opening burst of speed, Untz slowed down to a walk, so that Smith jabbed his way to the decision. This bout was voted the best of the evening by the judges.

The officials were: Referee—Tom Henry,

ex-Marine and Haitian Brewery Baron;
Judges: Major Alfred H. Noble, USMC,
Mr. W. K. Horton, Jr., and Capt. Kenneth A. Inman, USMC; Timekeeper: Ed

English, PhM1C1, USN; Announcer: Sgt. Soloman Davis, USMC.

The Band of the Second Marines furnished the musical entertainment.

PHILADELPHIA SMALL-BORE

It would appear that the Philadelphia Navy Yard small-bore rifle team is well on its way to some sort of record. In the period from March 9 to March 24, the Marines at that post engaged in six matches, of which only one was lost, to the excel-

lent squad of Georgetown University, in Washington, D. C. The Georgetown men won this match by the narrow margin of five points.

The scores of the six matches are presented herewith:

PHILADELPHIA MARINES				
Name	Prone	Kneeling	Standing	Total
Cpl. R. E. Schneeman.....	99	94	90	283
Cpl. R. D. Chaney.....	99	93	85	277
Sgt. O. A. Guilmet.....	98	97	82	277
Cpl. S. Pederson.....	100	96	76	272
1st Lt. J. D. Blanchard.....	98	88	84	270

Total 1,379

CARNEGIE TECH				
Name	Prone	Kneeling	Standing	Total
Dervaes.....	96	96	88	280
Mellinger.....	98	92	89	279
Merriman.....	100	93	84	277
Miller.....	100	91	83	274
Blackwood.....	97	82	88	267

Total 1,377

PHILADELPHIA MARINES				
Name	All	Prone		Total
Cpl. R. D. Chaney.....	100	100	100	97
Cpl. S. Pederson.....	99	97	100	99
Cpl. R. E. Schneeman.....	97	98	100	99
Pvt. H. A. Barrett.....	97	99	99	99
Sgt. O. A. Guilmet.....	96	100	98	99

Total 1,973

BORDENTOWN MILITARY INSTITUTE				
Name	All	Prone		Total
Pauli.....	99	95	100	96
Cooper.....	96	96	97	99
Styer.....	92	100	98	98
Wise.....	96	94	98	98
Thoms.....	98	97	92	96

Total 1,935

PHILADELPHIA MARINES				
Name	Prone	Kneeling	Standing	Total
2nd Lt. D. S. McDougal.....	100	96	87	283
Cpl. R. D. Chaney.....	97	90	89	276
Sgt. O. A. Guilmet.....	99	94	81	274
Cpl. R. E. Schneeman.....	99	92	78	269
Pvt. H. A. Barrett.....	99	91	76	266

Total 1,368

DREXEL INSTITUTE TEAM				
Name	Prone	Kneeling	Standing	Total
DiStephano.....	100	92	86	278
Miller.....	99	86	82	267
Lowe.....	97	92	78	267
Compton.....	97	86	82	265
Cherksey.....	96	90	71	257

Total 1,334

PHILADELPHIA MARINES				
Name	Prone	Kneeling	Standing	Total
Cpl. R. D. Chaney.....	99	100	90	289
2nd Lt. D. S. McDougal.....	100	97	89	286
Sgt. O. A. Guilmet.....	98	94	87	279
Pvt. H. A. Barrett.....	100	92	87	279
1st Sgt. E. J. Snell.....	99	96	82	277

Total 1,410

WILMINGTON RIFLE AND PISTOL CLUB

Name	Prone	Kneeling	Standing	Total
Cann	97	95	77	269
Feeney	98	94	73	265
Kirk	97	96	72	265
Goldberger	94	81	82	257
McAllister	99	92	59	250
Total				1,306

PHILADELPHIA MARINES

Name	Prone	Sitting	Kneeling	Standing	Total
Cpl. R. D. Chaney	97	97	95	89	378
Sgt. O. A. Guilmet	98	99	93	84	374
1st Sgt. E. J. Snell	98	99	92	84	373
Cpl. R. E. Schneeman	100	95	89	84	368
Cpl. S. Pederson	98	92	88	80	358
Total					1,851

111TH INFANTRY, P. N. G.

Name	Prone	Sitting	Kneeling	Standing	Total
Carbone	97	89	85	82	353
Omanzi	97	94	86	74	351
Schork	94	87	82	72	335
Worrell	94	92	79	68	333
Haagan	100	95	58	79	332
Total					1,704

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY

Name	Prone	Kneeling	Standing	Total
Collins	100	95	84	279
Ainsa	100	90	87	277
Hall	98	95	84	277
Barrera	98	91	85	274
Kunz	97	88	85	270
Total				1,377

PHILADELPHIA MARINES

Name	Prone	Kneeling	Standing	Total
2nd Lt. D. S. McDougal	100	99	87	286
Cpl. R. D. Chaney	98	92	86	276
Sgt. O. A. Guilmet	98	92	84	274
Cpl. R. E. Schneeman	97	93	79	269
Pvt. H. A. Barrett	98	88	81	267
Total				1,372



PHILLY SMALL-BORE RIFLEMEN, BUT BIG BORES TO OPPONENTS

Left to Right, Sitting: Cpl. Robert E. Schneeman, Capt. Franklin T. Steele, 1st Lt. John D. Blanchard, 1st Sgt. Evard J. Snell, and Cpl. John J. Locke. Standing: Drummer Clatus V. Wentzel, Sgt. Oliver A. Guilmet, Pvt. Harold A. Barrett and Cpl. Raymond B. Chaney.

FOURTH MARINES
BASKETBALL

After dropping the final game of the Foreign Y. M. C. A. Invitation League to the Buccaneers, the Fourth Marines basketballers made a grand comeback in the City League sponsored by the China National Amateur Athletic Federation to capture premier honors.

The Regimental squad waltzed through their division of the league, winning easily from Tun Chi by 52 to 17; Chih Tze by 72 to 7; Dah Doong by 95 to 15; Chang Hwa by 74 to 51; Tsing Kwang by 47 to 20; Foreign "Y" Braves by 37 to 27; and Chien Hwa by 102 to 23 (this last game established a city record for high scoring this season).

As their perennial rivals, the Buccaneers, also swept through the other division with a clean slate, the final series found the Marines and the Buccaneers again pitted against each other, this time for the highest honors of the season. A best two out of three series was arranged to decide the championship. The Fourth Marines entered the play-off the underdogs in most circles.

The first game was close all the way through, as first one team, then the other, would flash into the lead. However, with only a few minutes of the second half to play, Kenton dropped four long shots in the hoop to give the Marines their first victory over the opponents by a score of 46 to 35. The second game found the situation reversed, as the reserve strength of the Marines made them highly favored to sweep the series in straight games—and they did not disappoint their supporters. Lock and Berecz flashed the prettiest basketball of the season to give the Marines the city championship by the score of 47 to 32. The Marines were in no danger at any time and held the lead from the start.

In Shanghai the climax of the basketball season is the International series played at the Pavilion between the pick of each country's representatives. As a result of their splendid showing, the Regimental squad has been picked to represent America in this series. The Buccaneers have combined with the Marines and together the teams make up the strongest squad ever to play for America in this city. In the men's division, only China, present titleholders, and America have placed entries; while the ladies' division is composed of England, reigning champions, America, China, and the Continentals.

Murray, Roy, Berecz, and Kenton will be at the forward berths for the major part of the series. These four are equal in ability and have alternated during the season with unusual success. Murray is one of the leading scorers on the team and is the fastest man on the court in most of the games. Roy's floorwork and handling of the ball enables him to team with Murray excellently. The other pair operate in the same manner with Berecz scoring consistently while Kenton's passing has been responsible for most of their points.

Lock, star pivot man, is too well known in Marine basketball circles to have to go into detail. He is the key man of the offense and is playing a bang-up defensive game. However, he will be unable to play in the forthcoming series as he was stricken with the mumps on the eve of the play. Gimber, whose playing is almost on a par with Lock's will fill in for him. Although not so tall, Gimber is fast and a

good shot with the ability to play a great floor game.

Bishop and Holliday compose the greatest guard combination in Shanghai today. The former, who is captain of the team, is a flashy, speedy guard who combines offensive ability with his defensive work. Holliday is a great money player. The tougher the going, the better he likes it. Despite the fact that he has been a member of the squad for two seasons prior to this, he flashed into prominence during the present season and is considered one of the best guards in the city. These seven men will combine with three members of the Buccaneers in the attempt to bring the international crown back to America this year.

Concurrently with the play in the men's division, the ladies are fighting for their country in the hoop series. The Marine Ladies have placed four members of their squad on the international team and much is expected of them. Although the team has not been able to win consistently, they have the best defensive unit in the city; and their star forward, Miss Taylor ranks with the best. The latter, with the three guards, Mrs. Games, Mrs. Boaz, and Kennedy are the Fourth Marines' contribution to the team.

The American Ladies are being coached by a Marine, Cpl. H. S. Griffin, who has been at the helm of the Marine Ladies during the season, in conjunction with Len Bright. Although the team has been thrown together rather hastily, the chances of America recapturing the honors in ladies' play are excellent. At this point, it is interesting to note that the Fourth Marines are well represented in the coaching field this year with Pvt. A. M. Ballard coaching the Continental team for International play, and the Telephone Girls in the league play; and also that Marines are officiating during the biggest competition of the year.

BREMERTON MARINE WINS NATIONAL BOWLING CUP

High individual single bowling honors in the National Army-Navy-YMCA bowl-



Two Fourth Marines go to the Mat for the Entertainment of their Buddies



FOURTH MARINES BASKETBALL TEAM, CITY CHAMPIONS, WINNERS OF THE SHANGHAI OPEN BASKETBALL LEAGUE, 1933-1934

Front Row, Left to Right: Col. John C. Beaumont, Commanding Marines; 2nd Lt. S. G. Taxis, Assistant Athletic Officer; Irwin, Holliday, Bishop, Roy, Gimber, 1st Lt. A. H. Butler, Coach, and Capt. E. W. Skinner, Athletic Officer. Second Row, Left to Right: Kenton, Mooneyham, Downing (trainer), Berecz, and Driscoll.

ing tournament go to Cpl. I. J. "Pa-poose" Gray, stationed at the Marine Barracks, Puget Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Wash., who led the Bremerton entry this year with a score of 26.

The Bremerton "Y" as a team finished second to Manila, P. I., in team honors among all the teams competing.

The performance of Corporal Gray repeats that of a fellow Marine, Cpl. H. J. "Abie" Levine, who last year won the high single game honors with a score of 244.

Last year Bremerton's team finished third in the team standing.

Corporal Gray thus becomes the second consecutive Bremerton Marine to earn the National High Score Medal in the 10-pin event.

Formal presentation of the medal will be made upon receipt of the decoration from the National Office in New York.

NEW MEXICO FIVE DOWNS FIRST BRIGADE TEAM, 41-36

By Henry G. Spencer

While the U.S.S. *New Mexico* was anchored out in the bay taking on supplies, her basketball team found time to come ashore and outplay a hastily organized team representing the First Marine Brigade by a score of 41-36 in the Second Marines gymnasium, on Monday night, March 19.

The excellent playing, shooting and generalship of Ensign Laughlin, ex-Naval Academy All-American guard, enabled the Navy team to edge out the Marines, who hadn't played basketball in more than a month. However, the Leatherneck team gave an excellent account of itself, as the score indicated, and even managed to score as many field goals as the victors but failed to make their foul shots count.

The *New Mexico* team with snappy passing and clever plays worked up an early lead of 10 points and finished the half with a 26-17 advantage. However, as the second half got under way the Marine team began to click and the third quarter found the score at a 28-28 tie at one time. The Navy five rang the goal with three fast baskets and eased in to win as the Marines tried desperately to put over a belated victory.

Laughlin was high-point man with 19 points for the winners, while Bannister of the Marines led his team with 10 points.

LEGATION LEATHERNECKS ANNEX HOCKEY HONORS

By Bill Sparks

From the hinterland of North China comes the word that the U. S. Marines attached to the American Legation at Peiping have taken up the art of puck chasing, or just plain ice hockey to the initiated fans of the game here in the States.

To the writer's mind there just "ain't" any tougher game than ice hockey. From the opening whistle to the final period it's



THE SUMMER PALACE GAZES DOWN ON A WINTER SPORT
A. N. Moore, Hockey Ace of the Shanghai Marines

a matter of the survival of the fittest, and even then the more hardy of the lot are apt to land in the hospital.

In any of the more popular body bruising games played among our people today, there are times when you can take it easy. But not ice hockey! You've got to be fast, fearless, tough and terrible, to be a referee, which says nothing of what your actions are like on the frozen water. That, of course, is no reflection on the player's gentlemanly actions off the ice.

One of the nicest chaps the writer ever swapped golf strokes with, was a guard on the Philadelphia Arrows, members of the Canadian-American Ice Hockey League. From the first tee to the 19th hole you'd think he was a professor of ancient languages at Vassar, but on Wednesday and Saturday nights, he acted like he'd been eating raw meat for a week.

In the *Legation Guard News*, of January, 1923, the writer saw a photo captioned, "ICE HOCKEY TEAM, 1922," and that was the only mention of hockey in the Marine Corps I had seen until this latest information came in from Peiping.

From all reports the Dowager Queen of the Manchus did the Leathernecks quite a favor, accidental as it may have been, when she insisted on having a collection of lakes and ponds around the ancestral summer seat, which is some eight miles from the ancient walled city.

For it is here that the walls of the summer palace resound the dull rumble of steel on ice, when the local hockey league gets into action, and I ask you, who has a more picturesque setting to offer?

Information received here shows that eleven men are participating in this palpitating pastime, with good results. Our Peiping recorder gives Corporal Albert

N. Moore, who stars at the pivot position, one of the high seats of honor. His work at center not only enabled Company "A" to run rough shod over their opponents to cop the Company trophy, but he was given the varsity berth on the Inter-Post team. The Inter-Post sextette skated through stiff competition to win the Worton Cup.

The following men are members of Company "A," winners of the company cup:

Pvt. John R. Luck, Cpl. Walter E. Balbaugh, Pvt. Robert J. Thomas, Pvt. Alvin S. Apfel and Albert N. Moore, who was mentioned above.

There should be another member of the team but your correspondent would have to hazard a guess as to who he is, which isn't in keeping with this department's idea of authenticity.

HARRISON CAPTURES TENNIS SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP OF FIRST MARINE BRIGADE

By H. Grady Spencer

Cpl. James P. Harrison of the Brigade Motor Transport Company captured the singles tennis championship of the First Marine Brigade by downing Ison of the Signal Company by a score of 6-1, 6-4, 6-3 in the finals on the Motor Transport courts. Wilfred H. Moore, 1933 champ, did not defend his title, having been transferred to the United States previous to the opening of the tourney.

The doubles team of Cpls. Charles R. Cram and the singles champ, Harrison, of Motor Transport gave the truck drivers a clean sweep by winning the doubles title from Easley and Harris of Aviation by a 4-6, 9-7, 9-7, 6-2 score.

Two singles entrants and two doubles teams were entered from each of the following organizations: Brigade Headquarters Company, Second Marines, Brigade Signal Company, Brigade Motor Transport Company, and the VO-9M Squadron.

MEYER WINS TENNIS SINGLES CROWN OF THE SECOND MARINES

The singles tennis championship of the Second Marines was captured by Pvt. Herbert O. Meyer of the Band in the annual spring tournament that was replete with upsets. He defeated Cpl. Norman R. Clark, Co. D, 6-1, 6-3, for the title.

The doubles crown was won by Pfc. Herman F. Robinson and Pvt. John A. Bucko, Hq. & Hq. Co., who downed the 1933 doubles championship team of Johnny Wallace and Herbert Meyer by a score of 6-3, 10-8.

Johnny Wallace, 1933 singles champ, was defeated in the first round by John A. Witt, 6-4, 8-6, for the first upset of the tourney. Other upsets were the loss in the second round of Frank A. Hart, singles champ one year in Nicaragua; the dropping by the wayside of Witt, heavy favorite, in the third round; and the defeat of Dave Dingwall, another favorite, in the fourth round.

Meyer won the title by defeating successively Aloysius W. Murphy 6-0, 6-0; Herman Robinson, 6-3, 6-4; Dingwall, 6-2, 6-1; and finally Clark. Robinson and Bucko downed Clark and Jackson, 6-1, 6-4, and Witt and Adalac, 6-4, 6-3, on their way to the finals.

The tournament as a whole furnished the best competition in several years, and, despite the upsets, the best men won.

(Sports continued on page 43)

The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

W. S. VAN DYKE COMMISSIONED IN RESERVE

On the 26th of February, 1934, Major A. B. Miller, U. S. Marine Corps, Inspector-Instructor First Battalion, 25th Reserve Marines, District of Los Angeles, Los Angeles, California, received a Commission to be presented to W. S. Van Dyke, of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

On this same date Major Miller administered the oath of commission with Lieutenant Commander C. A. Costello, (M. C.) U. S. Navy as witnessing officer, whereby Mr. Van Dyke became a full-fledged captain in the United States Marine Corps Reserve with rank from the fifth day of February, 1934.

Captain W. S. Van Dyke, director of "Trader Horn," "White Shadows of the South Seas," "Never the Twain Shall Meet," and other unusual and distinctive film "hits," has been connected with the stage and screen since his birth.

He was born in San Diego, California, March 26, 1887. His father was a superior court judge, his mother a well-known actress, Laura Winston. He is a cousin of Henry Van Dyke, famous philosopher and writer, and former U. S. Ambassador to the Hague. He is related to John G. Van Dyke, art critic, who wrote "Art for Art's Sake," and is now Professor of Archaeology at Rutledge College.

His first stage appearance was at the age of seven months under Fred Butler and Charles Nickols, at San Francisco. He has also been a miner, worked in the lumber business, done newspaper reporting and has written plays and original films. Among them are "Sins of the Parents" and "Madonna of the North."

He was playing on the stage when he became D. W. Griffith's assistant director in 1915. The picture was "Intolerance," in which he also acted.

We welcome you to the Marine Corps Reserve, Captain Van Dyke, and may your success in the Corps be equally as great as the fame you have achieved in the film industry. Your watch-word, "Semper Fidelis."

THE BUCKEYE MARINES

By Vic Taylor

The members of Company "F" 2nd Battalion, 24th Reserve Marines, Toledo, Ohio, are chafing at the bit and rarin' to go; thinking of camp already and making mental preparations and talking of what they'll do on liberty this year. The recruits, of course, are all excited about it and are drawing straws to see who will be the lucky one to ride the guard mount. Our supply of rifle zeros is rather depleted and we are already picking our candidate to take care of this.

We have within the past seven weeks, qualified 71 men with the caliber .22 rifle and will very shortly have the rest of the company through their paces.

A number of the old-timers have shipped over and made themselves eligible for membership in the Hash-Mark Club which has been organized with Sergeant Major Bothe at the helm. The first meeting was declared a huge success with committees appointed to draw up a constitution and by-laws, entertainment and contact committees, and was climaxed with a kangaroo court which dispensed true and impartial justice to all culprits who were indiscreet enough to apply for membership. After all sentences and fines had been collected, it was found possible to provide for a blow-out at the next meeting, so it is time for all good men to come to the aid of their, etc., and find new material upon which to lavish our wrath.

Sgt. Harold C. (Happy) Gors has accepted a Second Lieutenant's Commission in the Marine Corps Reserve and is assigned to us as Company Officer. Congratulations, Lieutenant.

Pvt. Harry J. Lawson, Jr., whom this column mentioned a while ago, is now at Parris Island doing his stuff as a regular.

Corporals Bliss and Taylor have been promoted to the rank of sergeant and spend most of their time polishing the brightwork on their chevrons.

The men are making a list of the places they missed last camp and the new ones in store at the Fair at Chicago, in view of the word that the 24th Reserves would

possibly train at Great Lakes again this year.

This company is looking forward to the time when it will be able to move into its new home, The Naval Armory, which is now being started under the CWA. Capt. Anthony F. Nicklett, USN, Lt. Comdr. Wallace Tomey, USNR, and Maj. Iven C. Stickney, commanding 2nd Battalion, 24th Reserve Marines, have been instrumental in getting this project sanctioned. When completed, it will boast a drill floor much larger than the one in our present home, squad and lecture rooms, club and locker rooms, galleys and a gymnasium.

The last word from our woodpeckers was that they intended staying another hitch; Cpl. James (Smoke) Young is supervising a dynamite crew in the mountains in California, Pvt. Melvin E. Christie is senior foreman in southern Ohio. Pvt. George Collins has returned from the West and is again doing his stuff with us every Thursday drill night. Pvt. Russell Zerkle who enlisted in Company "F" recently has told us he is a barber by trade, so it will be noticed by the other companies at camp this year that all members of Company "F" will be shorn and scraped to the last half inch.

Major Stickney, and First Lieutenant Churchill, our Company Commander, have recently completed an inspection tour of Company "E" of Detroit, Mich., and it is understood they are working like beavers to give us a run for our money; we have



Russell Ball Photo

CAPT. W. S. VAN DYKE RECEIVES HIS RESERVE COMMISSION

Left to Right: Capt. W. S. Van Dyke, USMCR.; Lt-Comdr. C. A. Costello (M.C.), USN.; Maj. A. B. Miller, USMC.; Sgt. M. C. Whiteside, USMC.

been anticipating this and will show everyone that Company "F" is still there with the goods.

Feeling that most of you who have read this far will think it about time for the end to be in sight, take a deep breath and wait for the next issue—as a certain radio commentator says, "Will be back in a flash with a flash."

THE LUCKY BAG

2nd Battalion, 19th Reserve Marines



Dr. Marc Angellio
Lieutenant, USNR

The 2nd Battalion reports progress. Headquarters is still located at 853 Broad Street, Newark, N. J., but will move into the Federal Building as soon as the same is completed. Headquarters is open Tuesday evenings from 8 P. M. on for examination of recruits.

Colonel Winterton, N. J. N. G., Com-

manding Officer of the 113th Infantry, has made the 113th Regiment Armory, Jay and Sussex Streets, Newark, available to Company G and Company H for drill and range practice on Thursday evenings.

Company F is drilling and having range practice aboard the USS *Newton*, foot of Washington Street, Jersey City, also on Thursday evenings. This is due to the courtesy of Commander William L. McDonald.

Company E has moved its Headquarters to the Federal Building at Elizabeth, and has been granted permission to drill on Wednesday evenings at the 114th Regiment Armory.

Doctor F. MacDonald of the U. S. N. R. has been most kind and generous in coming over to Newark week after week to examine recruits.

Captain Lessing conducts non-coms' school in real professional fashion and if the U. S. M. C. is in need of more instructors, we heartily recommend Captain Lessing.

B. M. McMahon, son of Doctor McMahon of Armstrong Road, Springbrook, Morristown, has been commissioned a second lieutenant in the M. C. Reserve and is attached to Company H to assist Captain Mason. Lt. McMahon is a graduate of Morristown High School and Rutgers University, 1933.

Captain Paul A. Sheely, 104 4th Street, Bremerton, Washington, writes that he shall appreciate hearing from his friends.

Sergeants McBee and Tenny, regular Marines attached to Regimental Headquarters, never pass up an opportunity to cooperate with our Battalion and we appreciate it.

Major Krulewitch has had the Battalion Cup lacquered and it looks grand. The company which wins it twice keeps it. The names on it now are 416 Company (no longer in the battalion) and Company "G." Captain Lessing says that "G" will take it for keeps this year.

Captain Fricke journeys down from Leonia weekly and keeps things on the go. We like him.

The New York Recruiting Office has been extremely obliging in supplying us with paraphernalia for recruiting.

Headquarters is really going to receive a new typewriter to replace the 14-year-old relic that has spoiled so many dispo-

sitions and befouled the atmosphere for so long a time. It is reported somewhere in transit. We offer thanks.

Doctor Marc Angellio, practicing physician of Newark, has been commissioned as a lieutenant junior grade in the U. S. N. R. and assigned to duty with the 2nd Battalion. We welcome Lt. Angellio and shall continue to do our best to keep him busy examining recruits.

We want to express our gratification for the drill pay authorized to begin July 1st. The men have been most loyal and many have found it a matter of real privation to use funds for transportation to drills in these hard times. We feel the money will secure full value. An army may move on its stomach but a Reservist has to move on his pocket-book.

This is a battalion article. Company articles come direct from the companies to THE LEATHERNECK—no battalion censorship.

NAVY YARD GUARD RESERVE DETACHMENT

Navy Yard, New York

Our basketball season has come to an end and the team has disbanded until next year. Nineteen games were played, of which seven were lost and twelve won. The team was green when first organized and most of its defeats were incurred in the early part of the season. Practice and experience brought them along in fine shape as is evidenced by the fact that they won their last seven games, defeating in return games in the latter part of the season the same teams that beat them in the first part. With a year of team play behind them the outlook is very rosy for next year. It is interesting to note that our team won every game played against other service teams except the "big" game with the regulars at the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, New York.

The fine results of the "freshmen" year are attributable to many causes: the splendid coaching by Lieutenant O'Connell and Corporal Bergman, the team captain; the particularly excellent playing by Pfc. "Mickey" Goldstein, who has been elected to captain the team next year; the marvelous progress of Cpl. Harry Karsh and the stellar guarding of Privates Brenner and Winegar. But most important of all was the team spirit—the great amount of time and energy given by the men on the squad to practice and playing. This meant a part of four days each week during the entire season. The squad deserves great credit for this unusual display of spirit, particularly the substitutes who did a great deal of work and got very little of the glory. Cpl. Anthony Bono and Pvt. Joseph Augusta did mighty fine work as manager and assistant manager, respectively.

Nor can we forget to mention our one-man cheering section—Sgt. Edward Anderson—who attended practically every game, and who by his whole-hearted support inspired the team to fight and win.

Incidentally, the uniforms which were mighty natty and which were the subject of such fine comment were designed by Lieutenant O'Connell.

The squad consisted of the following: Corporals Azud, Bergman, Friedberg and Karsh; Privates First Class Goldstein and Kilpatrick, and Privates Ashler, Balter, W. L. Brenner, Fabricant, O. Winegar, and M. Winegar.

It is planned next year to schedule

games exclusively with service teams if that happy circumstance can be arranged.

The men of the company, encouraged by the fine work of the basketball team, are now endeavoring to form a baseball team. If the necessary funds for uniforms can be raised we will be represented on the diamond this year.

A rifle team composed of 1st Sergeant Smith, Sergeants Anderson and Mayer, and Corporals Azud and Baade has been formed and practice on the range in the Navy Yard will commence sometime this month. These men will not only represent the company in competition but will also act as coaches for the other men of the company.

We are particularly pleased to have the men of VO 6 Aviation Squadron (Reserve) drill with us and to have their officers come down as they have been to watch the progress of the company. The talk on aviation delivered by Lieutenant Boyers at our last drill was one of the most interesting events of the many that we have had.

HIGH AND DRY

Company "B," 19th Reserve Marines,
New York Navy Yard

By A. C. W. S.

Sulphur and molasses, castor oil, robins and spring are upon us, and we are glad and rejoicing with exceeding joy. The advent of warm weather means that we shall be able to participate in the outdoor work necessitated by the nature of our activities. Of late the men have been complaining of a continual state of dizziness, which can only have been caused by too many consecutive columns right in our none-too-spacious quarters.

Concentration on the various phases of rifle range practice consumes the greater part of our time. Recruits, under the leadership of Sergeant "Casey Jones" Ranke, are being shown how "it was did in the Old Marine Corps." Actual firing has already commenced for those who have had the preliminary instruction and previous experience. We hope to increase the number of experts over last year's total.

Orchids to Captain Taylor Branson, leader of the Marine Band, and to Major H. C. Grafton, of Boston. To the former for his extremely enjoyable concerts to be heard via radio almost daily from Washington. To the latter for his presentation of medals to be awarded to the men who turn in highest scores on the rifle range in June. And orchids to the men who assisted in the renovation of the company headquarters and to the donor of the several cases of beer.

Private First Class Schmidt appears to have succumbed to a permanent case of heart trouble. Tsk, tsk. He was such a nice boy, too!

Most of the old-timers have donned their hash-marks, and are now gunning for more.

Who almost lost an ear (tin), while juggling a "pig-sticker!"

Corporal Farugia still maintains that the Landing Force Manual does not conform to his beliefs.

Our former C. O. is now in command of the service company.

We still wonder who that mysterious Mr. Snoop is who turned in that column which appeared in the April issue of THE LEATHERNECK.

(Continued on page 48)



MEETING OF THE NATIONAL STAFF

MEEETING of the national staff of the league was ordered by the national commandant to be held at Albany, N. Y., Sunday, April 8th, and as only the national commandant, senior vice commandant, chief of staff and adjutant were in attendance, no quorum was present, so only an informal meeting was held, with such business as came before the assembly to be submitted to all staff members for their decision at an early date. The national chief of staff presided, with the adjutant as secretary, and the following league officers and members being present: Jesse Rodgers, commandant of the State of New Jersey; Geo. O'Brien, chief of staff of New Jersey; past state commandant Ken Colings, of New Jersey; J. P. Manning, commandant of the Hackensack, N. J., Detachment; Chris J. Cunningham, adjutant of Hudson-Mohawk Detachment, of Albany, N. Y. The meeting was called for 10 A. M., and after opening of session, a communication from Denver, Col., was read which invited the Marine Corps League to hold their convention in 1934 at that city. This communication was from the detachment of that city, and was accompanied by invitations from the Governor of Colorado, Mayor of Denver and also the Denver Chamber of Commerce. Other than the wonderful opportunities of that city and the assured welcome awaiting the conventioners, if that city is chosen, no proposition was offered. The state of New Jersey, through the commandant of that state, Jesse Rodgers, extended an invitation, and this invitation was supplemented by remarks from past state commandant Colings, who pictured the advantages of choosing Asbury Park, N. J., as the site. The commandant of the Northeast Division, extended an invitation from the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment to hold the convention at Boston, Mass. Considerable discussion was held over this matter, but the matter was left to a final decision of the national staff. The months of June, July, August and September were suggested, with no date being set definitely at this time. Several of those in attendance offered criticism of the activity, or lack of it, on the part of the national commandant, adjutant and the chief of staff, and these officials showed that most of this criticism was undeserved and was due to lack of co-operation on the part of those offering this criticism, or their detachment officials. It was brought out that failure to receive buttons, etc., was due to failure to apply for

same, or on the part of the national supply officer to fill orders sent to him. Several complaints that they were not receiving proper cooperation from the chief of staff as copy for THE LEATHERNECK sent in by them was not published, and the national chief of staff desires at this time to emphasize this fact that ALL COPY RECEIVED BY HIM IN TIME FOR INSERTION IS USED. Several detachment and state officials submitted copy, or requested that a write-up be put in this issue regarding activities of their detachments, but due to lack of space, since the pages have already been arranged and FILLED, it will be impossible to follow out these requests. If this is lack of co-operation, then we plead guilty, but please

and get-together Saturday, April 7th, in the Albany Garage ball room, and a large attendance was on hand, with everyone having a wonderful time and avowing it was the "best ever." Through the kindness of comrade Steve Brown, manager of this large, modern garage (which is the largest in the country), the salesrooms were cleared out and the floor properly prepared for dancing, and all enjoying this floor to dance upon declared it was the best they ever danced on. Were we to talk of the many kindnesses of our worthy comrade, Steve Brown, we would be forced to utilize every page of our LEATHERNECK, and then have to omit much that he has done to make the success of our detachment possible. As the national chief of

staff said, "I wish to goodness we had a Steve Brown in every state, and I'd go out of office with the largest and best detachments the league ever had—he's a worker." Anything else that might be said of Steve would be superficial after the above. The entire detachment thanks our comrade Steve Brown, and through him, the directors of the Albany Garage for helping us to make our affair the huge social and financial success it was. The use of the ball room was donated free by this firm, as was also the free parking privilege to all attending. Three cheers and a tiger for Steve Brown and the Albany Garage Co., as well as those employees who attended and helped make arrangements.

Carlton A. Fisher, National Commandant, attended and was accompanied by B. O. Edwards, National Adjutant and Paymaster; Junior Division Vice Commandant of New York McCarthy, and several other Buffalo

Marines, whose names we missed. New Jersey State Commandant Rodgers was present, as were also the following New Jersey Marines: State Chief of Staff O'Brien, Past State Commandant Ken Colings, Commandant J. P. Manning, of Hackensack, and several others whose names have also slipped our memory. The New England division commandant, John F. Manning, came over from Methuen, Mass., and was accompanied by John Hinkley, division adjutant of the northeast division, and Miss Lillian Smith, of Dorchester, Mass. Many of the out-of-state Marines were accompanied by their wives. The hall was tastefully decorated and tables had been arranged in the gallery, where refreshments were available, and a large corps of "waiters" served the guests. Dancing was enjoyed from 10 P. M. until



STAFF OFFICERS, DEPARTMENT OF CALIFORNIA
Seated, left to right: T. H. Rogerson, State Vice Commandant; A. E. Gilbertson, State Commandant; R. B. Westlake, Judge Advocate.
Standing: C. E. Bartlett, Sgt. at Arms; H. Ruskofsky, Aide-de-Camp; W. W. Parsons, State Adjutant; J. E. Brock, Chief of Staff.

be assured that we are human, and have our limitations, and the 5th of each month IS the deadline, and we can not expect the editor of THE LEATHERNECK to give us more than our share of the magazine, and first come must be first served.

As space and time forbids further comment on this staff meeting, and as nothing definite was accomplished, we will leave the time and place of national convention for a later date, and for orders from the national commandant to announce.

JOHN F. MANNING,
National Chief of Staff.

HUDSON-MOHAWK DETACHMENT

Albany, Troy and Schnectady, N. Y.

This detachment held its annual dance

long after the midnight hour, and all adjourned to their several homes voting this the best ever. Space forbids mentioning the many attending, and anyway, your scribe's mind was taken up more with other matters than reportorial duties, so excuse us, please. You know how 'tis—we were enjoying ourselves, stew. The following committee made all arrangements and earned a vote of thanks for the masterful manner in which they fulfilled their duty: M. A. Ilch, chairman; Don Jacobs, Russ Cochran, John Mosall, Dan Conway, Art Tryon (and where wuz youse, Art?), Hal Brainard and Chris J. Cunningham, Newark, Jersey City, Paterson and Hackensack, N. J.; Buffalo, N. Y.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; Boston, Mass., and Methuen, Mass., were represented by Marines and their ladies. A few of the things we noticed: Don Jacobs, our commandant, serving as bartender, and being ably assisted by Russ Cochran, vice commandant, and Hal Brainard. The Boot-top doing his "kissing-specialty," and trying to trip the light fantastic, as well as his partner. Dan Conway, drinking his spring water. Joe O'Rourke singing his usual songs, with quartette accompaniment. The national staff table and the moisture thereon. Chris Cunningham acting as watch-dog of the treasury with his usual exactness. Maurie Ilch with his perpetual smile and greeting, as well as his humorous stories. The detachment extend their thanks and appreciation to all who in any way helped to make our dance the great success it was, and extend an invitation all to stand by, as we are returning with a bigger and better affair later, so complimenting the hustling and faithful committee that made this evening the possibility and success it was, we sign off as your official eye, The Peep.

H. M. DEE,
Acting Chief of Staff.

OAKLAND DETACHMENT

Oakland, Calif.

We hope to see our item in this issue for sure this time; unfortunately we cannot account for what happened with the last one. It is very possible that it has been the victim of foul play or unfortunate circumstances. However, we know it is not the fault of the National Chief of Staff, and even if it were, we would still forgive him very much. Our election of officers was held last meeting night. Those elected are J. A. Kohl, Commandant; Chas. De Costa, Senior Vice; H. J. Tice, Junior Vice; Ralph Westlake, Judge Advocate; yours truly, Chief of Staff; Carl Bartlett, Chaplain; H. A. Girard, Paymaster; Chas. Kraft, Adjutant, and Don E. Burford, Sergeant of Arms. Happy days are with us once again, members are joining us every meeting night, and it's great to see new faces and ideas come into the Detachment. One of the very latest and most important developments is the forming of a Drum and Bugle Corps. A good sized donation has been voluntarily taken up, and the boys are all worked up about it. Thirteen members of this Detachment paid a visit to the San Jose Detachment and found the gang there quite alive and on the job. State Commandant Gilbertson never misses anything, and can always be found on hand. The DEVIL DOG Degree, one of Bill Parsons' dreaded finals for the poor victim recruit, is making good headway, but looking at it from the poor victim's standpoint, well, we all

wish them well, if that will do any good. Members of this Detachment will take part in the dance to be given by the Marine Corps Reserve Aviation, at the Alameda Airport. The advance agent has it out that the boys are in for one real swell time, and that Chas. Kraft will be the brew master for the evening. That reminds me about the bull frog, but space will not permit me to tell this one on Charlie.

We end up by saying that everything here is better than it ever has been, and hope that all other Detachments throughout the country are as fortunate.

Hello and best regards to the BOOT TOP.

JOHN E. BROCK,
Chief of Staff.

THE BOOT-TOP UNLACES

Well, another month has gone into eternity, and your humble scribe is back into normalcy again, has forsaken the Ostermoor for his Graham Prosperity 6, and has started his tripping through the cracked-up and winter-torn roads. First to get him was the Cape Cod Detachment, who held a big get-together meeting, Thursday, April 5th, and as a full account of this meeting will be found in another column, we will say no more, except that we are pleased to note the enthusiasm displayed by this detachment, and those visiting gyrenes from the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment, the Frank Allen Bevers Detachment, and the Worcester Detachment. It sure is cheering to see that when the blood starts flowing freely again after the winter freeze, Marines just must get together and shoot the old game of "who won the guerre?" When leathernecks get together and talk of winning guerres, it takes a mathematical genius to tell which guerre is referred to, since this species of fighting man is winning guerres most every day—someplace.

In perusing the papers we note that even down under where Admiral Byrd is trying to pry the secrets of that frozen part of the world, a Marine is doing his bit and, as usual, successfully. Victor G. Czegka, Marine warrant officer, and a veteran of the first Byrd expedition to the Antarctic, is responsible for designing the base where Byrd will spend the next several months in solitude. (We wonder if Admiral Byrd will ponder on the time he served as chairman of the Economy League and what that organization brought upon his disabled buddies.) Anyway, Marines, here is some great publicity if you dig up data on Warrant Officer Czegka, and use it to promulgate Marine activity, etc. Go get it, gyrene; we need it. Would get it ourselves but so little of our publicity copy was used advantageously to the league that we see little sense in our going to expense of gathering, arranging and forwarding same to have it land in some waste basket; and maybe, if you wrote it yourself, you would be more anxious to see it in print.

We received copies of these new reports for adjutants and paymasters to fill out, and they are good stuff, and we hope you detachment officials will see that they are kept up to date. National is always willing to keep their records in shape, but how can they if no one sends in anything to record? Speaking of records, how about getting names and addresses of all detachment officers, dates of organization of detachment, membership total, prospects in view, and any other information that

properly belongs in the historical records of the national departmental records? Your scribe will soon be turning over his records to some worthy successor, and return to innocuous desuetude (a \$10 word, eh?), and he would like to leave some historical record for posterity to read, and think of him, maybe. We know we could get this from BO at Buffalo, but we want to see if any others can write or are interested, and "maybe" read this column.

We heard a swell poem on Marines last week, that was written by a member of the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment, and as soon as we can get a copy, we will have it printed in THE LEATHERNECK, so everyone can read it. Marines, it sure as hell is good. We aim to memorize it and recite before some 1st division or 26th Yankee Division soldate.

Our youthful (?) boot of 84 summers (and he claims he doesn't mind the winters as he lives in Florida), Jim Rikeman, national sergeant at arms, is cooking up some tale of the Corps when ships were wood and men were iron, and when we get it, it will be published herein, and we bet it will be interesting to all Marines. We'd love to get Jim Corbett and Jim Rikeman together, and we bet we'd learn what kind of a sailor Chris Columbus was, as these two babies (?) must have served with him, and both remember when J. Smedley was being taught to make faces—right, left and about faces. When we see these two old-timers, we wonder if we are born yet. Frank Lambert and Capt. Cannavan are recruits compared to these two hombres. They're so old they can't count up to their age. Still, we wish some of you younger Marines had half their enthusiasm or appreciation of WHAT THE LEAGUE MEANS.

Up at Albany, we learned that Bob Smith, of Hackensack, N. J., had shipped over and was doing another cruise under the good old Globe, Anchor and Eagle. How come, Bob; must one eat, or was it a case of your knowing that another little guerre was in the offing and you wanted to be in on the ground floor? Well, Bob, we wish you well and trust you receive the reward that faithful service merits, and if you serve the Corps (and we know you will) half as well as you did the Marine Corps League, both you and the Corps will be bettered by your membership, as has been your detachment and the league by your being one of us. Everybody up for Bob, and best of luck in everything.

George O'Brien, chief of staff of the State of New Jersey, gave us a nice story on the activities of his state and its several detachments, while we were up at Albany, and as our space is all filled, and we are all in from our trip over to Albany and not able to type it over, we are constrained to hold it up until next month. If this doesn't satisfy you, George (and please realize that you are one we believe a good, hustling Marine, and would like to accommodate), just say the word and send in a substitute story for June issue, but get it in before the 5th, and send to P. O. Box 537, Methuen, Mass. In case you, or any other claiming you sent us copy we did not use, want to be certain, send us a post card separate, and request acknowledgment of receipt of your copy. We have received all copy sent us up to this month, and your statement, George, as well as Brooks, of Oakland, Cal., that you sent copy we did not receive, was news to us. Send to correct address—even if only the town—and we will get it, and use it POS-

ITIVELY, if on time. Realize we are NOT mind readers, and we would rather use material sent us than have to write "ghost stories" for lazy chiefs of staff, and forgive us if the Boot-top is mentioned in these columns, and any time we hear of others doing something, we will cut mentioning the Boot-top so as to appease our admirers(?) who feel we over-publicize ourselves. Just a warning, New Jersey: if you find us mentioned next month, cut it out and send to us—unless we die, and then blame someone else.

THE BOOT-TOP.

CAPT. BURWELL H. CLARKE DETACHMENT

Newark, N. J.

Well, gang, here we are again this month. D'jer miss us last month? I, yea me, the dumb chief of staff of this ranchio, had a nice story for youse guys, and done went and mailed it to Admiral Byrd, at the South Pole, I guess, as I certainly mustn't have addressed it to the Boot-top, or he'd a put it in the magazine, so furgive muh, gang; furgive muh for being so dumb, and wish me better luck in addressing all mail in the future. This good old outfit survived the winter O. K., and while Commandant Kelly attended most of our recent meetings in felt boots, he has broken out the "skivvies," and is happy again. Spring is yere! Paymaster John Cogavin, who is also detachment grease-ball, throws out the beans to us at each meeting with no casualties, as yet—and most of us go back for seconds. We are doing our best, via the local press, to let the world know we are in existence, and a very active organization. Well, Marines, here's the month's big surprise: We, the Capt. Burwell H. Clarke Detachment, have gone and organized a Marine Corps League bugle and drum corps, and we think we are the first, but if we are wrong, correct us. (Editor's note: Stand corrected, Lou, you lousey roller-skating fiend. You "hain't" the first. Theodore Roosevelt Detachment had one and lost plenty, and we believe that the Hudson-Mohawk Detachment had one at one time, BUT, if we are wrong, Chris Cunningham WILL correct us.)

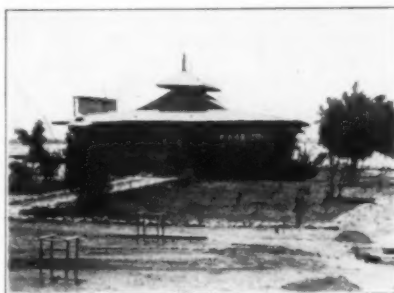
Our chaplain, Frank Serpico, is chairman of the bugle corps and is working hard to put it over, and all the gang are hustling to get into shape for Memorial Day. The whole detachment is behind Frank in his efforts. Oliver Kelly, our commandant is pinch-hitting for Roy Williams, as drum major temporarily, and believe you us, he twirls a mean baton. I think we have a band trio that is incomparable, with Kelly and Walsh on the bugles and Cogavin as drummer. Sweet music? Yea, like the bushmen of South Africa play. But, all jokes aside, we have a seventeen-piece band that will be hard to beat. "Ban-Joe" Eyes swings a nasty baas drum beater.

Since we obtained our own quarters we've had a big increase in attendance at our meetings, which are held the 1st and 3rd Fridays of each month. We are all pulling for the quick recovery of our popular national chief of staff, the Boot-top, and hope he soon returns to normalcy. Carry on, Boot-top; we are all with you! (Editor's note: Thanks, Lou; we are getting on O. K., and anyway, only the good die young, and we are doomed to stay on earth till ossification sets in, and someone has to feed the ossivorous germs.) John Cogavin has all the gals around town ask-

ing for him. John, it seems, had his photo in all the local papers recently, with a long account of the death of the Nicaraguan bandit chief, Sandino. John was down there with the other gyrenes while Sandino was doing his stuff. We wonder if John got a shot at him. Did jer, John? We have the honor of having an old-time Marine in our outfit, and we are proud to introduce to youse gals and youse lads the one and only Edgar Delahunt. Giv'm a hand, boys! He was there through it all, and our hats are off to him, and may he long be with us. Well, gang, we will ring off for this time, but don't go away—we'll be back, next month, unless we forward the letter to the dead-letter office, and will have a big surprise for you in regards to yours, Semper Fidelis

LOU S. PHILLIPS, JR.,
Chief of Staff.

(Editor's note: Say, gang, the writer of the above is quite some roller skater, and holds the outdoor championship—whatever that it. (We hope we ain't spoiling his surprise for next month.) Lou is planning to skate across the U. S. this summer, so if any of you detachment commandants desire to gain a helluva lot of good publicity for the league in your section of



the country, why not write Lou and frame up a big reception? His address is 512 Mulberry Street, Newark, N. J.)

PASSAIC COUNTY DETACHMENT

Paterson, N. J.

The Marines of Passaic County, State of New Jersey, wish to let the world that they are now officially in existence, and are here to stay. We organized November 4, 1933, and what we lack in size we make up for in noise. So far, our eldest member is Gunnery Sergeant Morris Rozell, who served from 1903 to 1912, at points in the Far East, including the Philippines. Our officers are Florin F. Dennis (better known as Jack), who served during the World War and had sense enough to ship over for another cruise in the Marines. Ross Lyle is senior vice commandant; Morris Rozell is junior vice, and he is just another gunnery sergeant. The judge advocate is Richard H. Lowe, and he has a ticklish job settling all disputes amongst Marines, and this is some assignment. Maybe he will need boxing gloves. The chaplain is Adolph Hoffman, and we recommend the acquisition of a "Praying Mantis" for the guidance of Adolph. Harry Krusman is adjutant and paymaster, and we are considering spending the contents of our treasury just so Harry won't have so much to worry over. The sergeant at arms is Uriah Smith, another

candidate for boxing gloves (and maybe a bayonet or two), just to keep the peace. We are holding our first annual Military Ball on May 26th, at Steubens Hall, and all Marines are cordially invited to "fall out" and see what the Passaic Marines have to offer in the way of a good time. We meet the 1st and 3rd Tuesday of each month at the Club Rooms, 215 Main Street, Paterson, N. J., and we hope that all Marines in this country who are eligible will visit us some night, and maybe sign up. Our social meetings are held the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month, and all Marines are welcome. "Come up and see us sometime" and be treated to the spectacle of seeing hard-boiled leathernecks playing contract bridge (and man, are they vulnerable?), ping-pong and bagatelle and what-not. So different from their games in the Corps a few years ago when they played cut-throat poker or black-jack, or threw bayonets at each other, to improve their marksmanship, or improve their ability to duck. Ducking is an old pastime of the service and we ducked everything but chow and caulking-off periods. Of thousands of Marines in service there were never over seven available when any detail that meant work was being filled, except the non-coms who had the job of digging out the detail. At that, none of us ever missed any calls for the age-old and universal duty commonly called "Bunk fatigue." In closing allow us to invite all Marines to attend our meetings, either the business or social nights, and thanks to our mess-sergeant, Flash Gradischer, we always have a goodly supply of coffee and AND, and more ANDS.

FLORIN F. (JACK) DENNIS,
Commandant.

(Editor's note: A nice story came from Chas. J. Huntington, who signed himself as "Acting commandant," on the Passaic County Detachment, but since he sent his copy to THE LEATHERNECK, instead of to us, and, like the message that came too late, we had already filled space for this detachment with above copy from the commandant, this story can not be used. Come on, Marines: settle who WILL write your story, and send direct to National Chief of Staff at P. O. Box 537, Methuen, Mass., and get it in BEFORE the FIFTH of the month.)

JAMES E. OWENS DETACHMENT Denver, Col.

The veterans' legislation bill has passed and is now law, and we take this opportunity to express our thanks and appreciation to the members of Congress who voted favorably on it, and gave their support also.

Gyrenes, our detachment is situated in a rare and healthful climate, so consequently, many of our buddies afflicted with "TB" and who suffer from the effects of gas abide here with a greater degree of comfort than they could do elsewhere. This detachment numbers many amongst its members who are suffering from tuberculosis, or gas, and when the Economy Bill became law, the majority of these men were given extreme reductions in compensation which placed them in dire need, and jeopardized their existence and brought about distress to them. Therefore, we join with all veterans' organizations in thanking those who fought for, and brought about, the passage of this bill so



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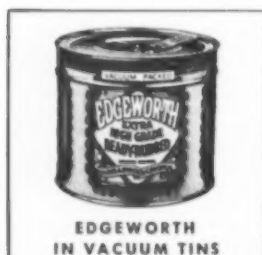
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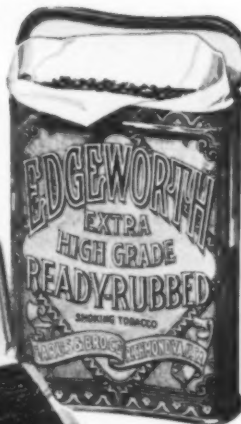
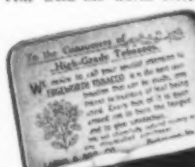
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that the sufferings of deserving veterans would be alleviated.

Dr. Harry W. Snyder, past national surgeon-general, V. F. W., a prominent leader of Denver, Col., veterans, addressed our detachment on veterans' legislation, and his speech was frank and inspiring, and showed what veterans' organizations can accomplish when they consolidate and work together. He concluded his remarks with a plea that more earnest and sincere consideration be given the disabled veterans. Many thanks, comrade Snyder.

We visited with Capt. and Mrs. F. W. DeFriess, at their home in Bear Creek Canyon, and they have a beautiful and entrancing location. Old fashioned marine chow was in order—as were, also, the drinks. We listened to Straecke and DeFriess and several others relate humorous incidents of their service in the Corps. The Melodious Four, Endrezzi, Straecke, Smale and Kemmerling, entertained with vocal selections, including the Marines' Hymn, "On the Road to Mandalay," and others. A very enjoyable and pleasant afternoon and evening were spent by all who attended. Many thanks, Capt. and Mrs. DeFriess, for the beans and unique entertainment. A dance committee composed of go-getters was appointed at our last meeting, and we will conduct this dance during May. Our detachment is slowly but surely progressing, and with new faces appearing at each meeting, interest is high, and as soon as the majority of Marines are employed, our number will be doubled—if not tripled. Fellow chiefs of staff, drop me a line and let's get acquainted with each other, and maybe we can do something for the good of the league. Address us at 2326 Cleveland Place, Denver, Col.

C. E. GAW,
Chief of Staff.

HUDSON COUNTY DETACHMENT

Jersey City, N. J.

In the near future the heading above this column will read "The Homer A. Harkness Detachment," and this change will be made to honor the memory of our late comrade and past national chief of staff. A fitting epithet, indeed, and it is the hope of yours truly that never a dull-witted column shall appear under that name, for that would make Homer turn over in his grave. Well do we remember the first column we had to knock off. We spent days and nights of worry trying to decide what to write about, and how to write it. Finally, in despair, we went to Homer for advice and suggestions, and you know the rest. He put a sheet of paper in his machine and ran off the story inside 15 minutes. He was answering 'phone calls with one hand and typed with the other, and when not on the 'phone he was wise-cracking with us. He then and there offered to write all the column during this writer's tenure in office, but preferred to write a "bad column" under his own name than shift the burden onto another; so that, my dear readers (mostly relatives), is why these columns have been so "phooey"—just because Homer didn't do them.

Many thanks to you, John F. Manning, national chief of staff, for your gracious compliment in April issue, but we really don't deserve it. Most of our blurbs are so poorly written it wouldn't surprise us to see all of them deleted, or cut out altogether.

The Military Exhibit is occupying the attention of many of the Marines these days. All veterans' outfits in this city collaborated with the Museum Association and donated all their war relics, souvenirs, etc., for the public to gaze upon, and think twice before rushing headlong into another war. Our detachment contributed plenty of trophies in the way of guns, citations, helmets, etc., dating from Revolutionary War days, and the exhibit already looks like a success. A good idea for all other cities to follow. Boost it up, gyrenes.

GEORGE E. WARING,
Chief of Staff.

RICHLAND DETACHMENT Mansfield, Ohio

Our regular meeting was held in the American Legion post rooms on March 1st, and thirteen Marines were present. The diversion was penny-ante and black-jack, with time out for "bottoms-up" sessions between hands. Our adjutant and paymaster took advantage of the invitation from the Lucien P. Waldron Detachment, of Akron, Ohio, and visited them at their meeting of March 17th. This meeting was the first of an annual affair, and comradeship of the Devil Dogs prevailed throughout the Portage Hotel, where the meeting was held, due to the large attendance from nearby cities. Cleveland, Youngstown, Onville, Akron and Mansfield were represented by enthusiastic Marines. One of our most pleasant evenings was our reward due to comradeship displayed by this detachment. An invitation for all present to visit the Richland Detachment was extended by your scribe. On March 29th, Commandant Ziegler served on the welcoming committee for National Commander Hayes, of the American Legion. National Commander Hayes spoke on the activities over the veterans' questions at Washington, D. C. Among the guests present were Gen. Henderson, Ohio National Guard; Commanding General Benson W. Hough, O. N. G.; Governor White and all department and state commanders of the American Legion. The Elyria Drum Corps, composed of 60 men, furnished the music. There were over 5,000 visitors in the city for this occasion. On April 5th, we will hold a membership meeting in the Legion rooms, and the commandant has promised the adjutant and paymaster extra duty if he doesn't exceed last year's quota, and we don't want it—we mean the EXTRA DUTY.

J. M. BUCHANAN,
Adjutant.

LUCIEN P. WALDRON DETACHMENT Akron, Ohio

Well, here are a few stretches from the Rubber City, and the Lucien P. Waldron Detachment reports with 80 Marines on their rolls, and many more signing up every day. This detachment, under the able leadership of Commandant Don Gottwad and his competent staff, has quit bouncing around and now comes to the front to make its first appearance in these columns. These officers have destroyed the "jinx" which, for so long, dogged the footsteps of the outfit. The members are proud and grateful for the work they have done in reorganizing the detachment, as it has been a long time since the "Rubber City" has had as active a group of Marines as it has at this time. The members also must come in for a share of

the praise, as they have truly carried on the slogan of the Corps—"Once a Marine, always a Marine," and by their regular attendance at meetings have given a heartening aid and encouragement to the staff. One example of this is the patrol organized under the leadership of Patrol Captain Thigpen. The regular drills were augmented on March 17th by a special get-together meeting at the Portage Hotel, at which time we had delegations from Cleveland, Mansfield, Orrville, Holmesville, and Barbertown, and the affair was such a success, that it will be an annual affair. On March 25th, the detachment furnished an escort to meet the train bearing the body of Marine Wiland, who passed away of tuberculosis at San Fernando, Cal., and on March 28th, a full military funeral was given this Marine. The funeral detail consisted of a firing squad of eight men, two musics and six pall-bearers. Comrade Wiland died of disease contracted while serving in China.

The detachment meets on the 2nd Sunday of each month at the Ohio National Guard Armory, at 2 P. M., and we invite all Marines who may be visiting at Akron on this day to call and see some of their old buddies. It will be a pleasure to entertain any Marine, either of the active service or members of the league. We would like to thank Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, and especially Lt. Col. Puryear and the post exchange officer at Quantico, Major Conachy; the league headquarters and the Mansfield, Ohio, Detachment and all others who contributed in any way towards our reorganization, and we wish it known that we stand ready to reciprocate at any time and in any way we can. We intend shortly to send in a detachment photo and maybe you will recognize some old buddy.

DON RENNIE (THE RUNT),
Assistant Chief of Staff.

(Editor's note: An invitation was enclosed for the national staff of the M. C. L. to visit the above detachment, and they better start gathering their liquor and ladies as the Boot-top may (?) pass through their fair city this summer.)

NIAGARA-FRONTIER DETACHMENT Buffalo, N. Y.

There isn't much this month, and about all we are doing is standing by, waiting for April 21st to roll round, as that is the date for our National Commandant's Dinner, and it's a case of "all ashore," and what a liberty party that will be. Our sergeant at arms, Johnny Johnson, has cornered the bromo-seltzer market here at Buffalo, so visiting Marines will be SOL the morning after—unless they bring their own. We take this means of thanking Comrade Johnnie Weber for his kind offer of a suite of rooms for a club room, so hereafter "office call" will sound the 2nd Friday of each month at 258 Broadway, this city. Thanks, B. O., for use of your office to hold our meetings previously.

Some things we would like to know are: Why did our adjutant miss the last two meetings? Where does the "mighty" Dempsey (Joe), spend his evenings? Will our paymaster ever visit Batavia again? Were YOU at the last meeting, and if not, whereinnell were you? And, last, but not the least, WILL YOU be at the National commandant's dinner? More anon.

EDWARD FOODY,
Chief of Staff.

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CAPE COD DETACHMENT Quincy, Mass.

Well, they got started again and boy, what a meeting they held. There were many visitors in attendance, with the national chief of staff and division commd., John F. Manning, and state commd. S. L. Spottswood, with their suites, attending to represent the league officials, and a Mr. Lane, of Quincy, who spoke in behalf of the Quincy Chamber of Commerce. Commd. Anderson, of Theodore Roosevelt det., Adj. Sargent, of same det., Vice commd. of the N. E. div., Jim Corbett, Div. Adj. Hinckley, and Div. Sgt. at Arms Morel attended and all spoke and they certainly created a helluva lot of pep. Good old "Tippy" Cayan, of the fine old Cayans of Raising-

cain fame, who made men out of more Marines than any other top-kick the Corps ever had, was in the presiding officer's chair (as he is senior vice commd. of this detachment), and the commandant, "Two-gun" Baker, was off on a furlough (?) some place. There was more pep displayed at this meeting than ever was shown by a bunch of boots getting their introduction to pajamas and the quarantine camp at P. I. After a short business session, the speakers were called on and all the above visitors spoke, as also did Lieutenants Sweetzer, Andrews and Creaser. The first two spoke on aviation, of which branch of the service they are in at the present time, and Lieutenant Creaser, representing the dance committee of the TR det., boosted their affair. The Mr. Lane, local C of C speaker, spoke on "Mobilization for Prosperity," and he boosted Quincy so highly he almost had your scribe packing up his few duds to move down on the cape. There was so much doing that we missed most of it, so in fear of omitting some, we will mention no more.

THE MCL MASCOT, (?),
Pinch-hitter for C of S.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT DETACHMENT Boston, Mass.

We got a great kick out of the Boot-top at a recent meeting of our detachment when he referred to us as the "OC," and we wondered if he meant we were a laxative, until he clarified the air by telling us he meant "critical comrade." Now, John, old friend, we are not able to understand music as we would like to be able to do, but we DO know good from bad, and when a quartette is organized in the detachment, we would like to have it a good one, and fearing the ability was not there at this time, we tried to discourage such an outfit at this time. Much of our time is devoted to listening to some of the great operas like "Pagliacci," "Faust," "Carmen," "Aida," and "Lohengrin," as well as the Wagnerian dramas like "Gotterdammerung," "Tannhauser" and "Die Walkure." That's how we "got that way, John F."

Now, as far as news goes this month, it's the same old story. We can not state that Corbett has had his hirsute adornment abbreviated since it still hangs down to his knees—almost, but we can say, and emphatically, that the detachment has taken on a new lease of life. The meetings are peppy, and entertainment is furnished after each one, and our social meetings at which our ladies supply the food for the inner man, are bringing out large attendances. We are conducting a big dance and entertainment at the American House, April 11th, and it is bound to be a huge success, due to the efforts of our hustling committee, under the leadership of Division Chaplain Creaser and his associates. The intention of this party is to bring in those Marines who not as yet signed up, and also to attract back those who have drifted

away, and from appearance, we will have a membership that would merit the holding of the 1934 National Convention in our fair city. Remember how we entertained the American Legion when they visited us here. We sincerely wish that more of the local Marines had the pep and enthusiasm of the old Boot-top, and we know we could make a go of everything we undertake.

As far as our personal efforts to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of our predecessor, we think we are a great "cheese" of staff, but since we have subscribed to THE LEATHERNECK, we feel we can get sufficient tips to write as other subscribers to these columns do. We are attending the meeting of the Cape Cod detachment this evening, April 5th, in company with quite a few other members of this detachment. This detachment meets the 2nd Tuesday of each month at the Sailors and Soldiers' Club, Lafayette Street, Boston, for social meeting, with the auxiliary, and on the 4th Tuesday for business meetings. Nominations and elections will be held within the next month, so it looks like new "clothes" for our detachment.

LOUIS S. BERGSTROM,
Chief of Staff.

FRANK ALLEN BEEVERS DETACHMENT Lawrence, Mass.

Well, here are the Lawrence Marines sounding-off again, and while we have been absent from these columns, we haven't been inactive, as membership dues reported last month attests. Business hasn't got back to normalcy in this cloth-manufacturing center yet, but things look brighter, and we have many prospects ready to sign up when the dues are available. We heard from Sgt. Tim Lynch, of this city, who is stationed at the Naval Torpedo Station, at Newport, R. I., and he is sure full of enthusiasm for the league, and our hustling adjutant is after him, and we hope shortly to have him on our roster of Marines who haven't forgotten. Our detachment has been very active lately with having its officers visiting other veterans' organizations representing the league and preaching the Gospel of Marinedom. We have a series of whist parties under way, and these affairs will be held in the rooms of the Disabled American Veterans, at Lawrence, Mass. We are in hopes of replenishing our own, and the sadly depleted national treasuries with the profits from these whist parties. Our worthy junior vice commandant, Herve Morel, has been honored by appointment as division sergeant-at-arms by the division commandant, and if these two worthies can tear themselves away from the galloping ponies, they are going to be busy gyrenes visiting neighboring detachments. By the way, Herve and John F., how are the horses running for you two these days? We understand that the state troopers hit your bookies, and we wonder how hard you two were hit. Candidly, we think 50 bucks a helluva lot for an afternoon's pleasure. Guess John F. was lucky he was sick that afternoon. Well, we suppose "boys will be boys," and following the horses with a broom and shovel isn't so much fun, anyway. The FAB detachment meets weekly on Monday evenings at the DAV rooms, Lawrence, and any



time a Marine is near us, drop in and receive our welcome. Our meetings are peppy and you will be glad you called, if you "cum up en see us sumtime."

ROBERT W. CLARK,
Adjutant.

MORRIS COUNTY DETACHMENT

Morristown, N. J.

(Editor's Note: This copy came too late for last month's issue, and it has so much good sense in it, we are running it this month for the consideration of all Marines.)

At a recent meeting of the Morris County detachment, of Morristown, N. J., the following slogan was unanimously adopted:

"United Behind the President."

A most inspiring address was given by the commandant, Al Burns, the champion new-member-go-getter, and his subject was "Observation IS Education." He stated that if a Boy Scout were to walk through the woods with his eyes shut, he would observe nothing, but if he sat on a log after entering the woods, he would observe what the squirrels did; what the rabbits did, and, generally speaking, he would observe everything that was going on about him. The speaker also stated that we, as Marines, should observe in a similar way. We should SEE and APPRECIATE what the greatest President of them all is doing for us, and how good we should feel with him as an honorary member of our league. Adjutant Mooney spoke and compared the detachment to a near-by railroad that runs on rails of character and perseverance, and the foundation of which is ties of endurance and strength. Chief of Staff Carruthers, who is one of the leaders in Ford car sales, spoke and displayed on the screen, how a Ford is made. Paymaster Burke, when called upon to speak, stated that he was like Mark Anthony, when he entered Cleopatra's tent—he had not come to speak. Vice Commandant Germain, who, a bit late, rendered a sing in his beautiful tenor voice, and then passed out the Scotch, apple and beer, and a real good Gyrene time was enjoyed by all present.

J. J. MOONEY,
Adjutant.

SPORTS Shorts on Sports

(Continued from page 34)

Tommy Logan, lightweight, Salt Lake City, Inter-Mountain Champion, won from Rudy Benton, former Marine, Los Angeles, ten-round decision.

San Francisco, Calif., March 21. Danny Flanagan, of the Olympic Club, won the amateur light-heavyweight championship from Marine George Baldwin, N. A. S., Sunnyvale, Calif. Four rounds.

Charleston, S. C., March 22. Maxie Rosenbloom, light-heavyweight champion, won an unpopular decision over Leroy Brown, Charleston Marine, in a ten-round non-title bout. The decision was booed by a crowd of more than 3,000.

St. Louis, Mo. Jim Levy, former Marine, has been released to Hollywood. Levy,

one of the flashiest fielders in the major circuits, was farmed out to improve his offensive work with the stick.

U. S. REVOLVER TEAM VICTOR

A pistol team representing the Pensacola Naval Air Station and consisting of Lt. (jg) R. S. Clarke, USN, Ens. A. D. Fraser, USN, 1st Lt. P. A. Putnam, USMC, 2nd Lt. L. S. Hamel, USMC, and four enlisted men of the Marine barracks, defeated a pistol team from the British cruiser *Danae* on March 22 at the air station.

Both teams used the English service revolver and then the U. S. service Colt automatic. The air station won in both phases of the competition, the score being 1,889 to 1,487.

Private First Class Edgar V. Ross, USMC, made high score of the day, 262.

HINGHAM SHORTS ON SPORTS

Basketball season ended for the Hingham Marines with a season's record of thirty-three wins and six defeats. In the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard League the team captured the trophy for the winning team and will be honored at a banquet April 23, where medals for the winning team and individuals who won the Free Throw Contest, will be awarded.

Scores by individual players and final results of the league game were as follows:

Player	Games Played	Baskets	Fouls	Total Points
Brazke	37	266	36	578
Champagne ..	38	69	11	149
Gosselin	32	33	6	72
Lawson	39	139	14	292
Lendo	19	102	12	216
Phinney	39	60	23	143
Wallace	39	54	9	117

ARMY, NAVY, MARINE CORPS AND COAST GUARD BASKET BALL LEAGUE

Team	Won	Lost	Per Cent
Hingham Marines ..	15	0	1.000
Fort Banks (U.S.A.)	12	3	.800
Mojave (C.G.)	9	6	.660
Boston NYD Marines	7	8	.467
Army Base	6	9	.400
Cayuga	1	14	.067

RESULTS OF FREE THROW CONTEST UNDER AUSPICES OF ARMY AND NAVY Y. M. C. A.

Team	Place	Points
Hingham Marines	3	277
Fort Banks	1	318
Dupont (C.G.)	2	278
Navy Yard Marines (Boston)	4	254

PHILADELPHIA LEATHER- NECKS TRIM BROOKLYN COURT STARS

Philadelphia, Pa., March 17—In a fast and furious court game the local Receiving Station Marines sunk the Brooklyn courtstars to the tune of 42 to 28, before a St. Patrick's Day crowd at the local Navy Yard, to wind up their season and post season with 33 games safely tucked away in the win column.

From all appearance the Brooklyn Marines came to burst that bubble known as the Receiving Station Record, and at half time they were leading 18 to 17. And while a 1-point lead doesn't call for the



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autograph hounds, it will win any kind of game that the writer can think of off-hand.

And speaking of off-hand, it was the way the ball shot off the hands of one Levi, of the Brooklynites, that kept them just a jump ahead of the score-keeper in that Irish Day melee. With best wishes to the boys from DODGERLAND, it was the outstanding work of Levi that made it tough for the local contingent in the first and second half.

But winning has become a mania with the local Marine cagers, and when the last whistle was blown by that illustrious Marine pigskin carrier, Raymond (Bobby) Gotko, who acted in the capacity of referee, and very good acting he did too, the final tally was, as I have said before, 42 to 28.

Paul Rowan stole the thunder from McMichael, by scoring 20 points to win individual scoring honors, for the localites. After finishing up their season ONCE with 30 wins out of 34, they opened up a bargain basement, and took over three more opponents, two of whom were laboring under false hopes, as the final score showed.

IT SEEMS TO ME (with apologies to Mr. Brown)

By Bill Sparks

The writer is quite sure the following views, which he is going to set down with hope that the EDITOR OF THE LEATHERNECK will see fit to publish, are going to be rapped about, but it seems to me, someone should say something about the state into which Marine Corps sports have lapsed.

This reference to Marine sports does not, of course, refer to company, battalion or regimental activities, but specifically to the disbanding of the All-Marine football and baseball aggregations.

When your correspondent was mail editor for an international news syndicate in Ohio, with papers in the more important towns of the Buckeye State, and particularly in the vicinity of Cincinnati and Dayton, where the Leatherneck eleven tangled with St. Xavier and Dayton University, it was found that the Marines were one of the most popular outfits to play in that state, and it goes without writing, that they were far and away the most colorful.

But now the picture has become drab! Names which once splashed Marine action across the sports pages from early September until late November and early December, have nearly become legendary, and no new faces fill those empty spaces.

Surely every Marine is interested in a representative Marine team! And if economic conditions do not permit federal funds to be expended in sponsoring an All-Marine football team, surely there are other ways of bringing the Marine Corps back to the level it once occupied in the realm of sports.

If the various Post Exchanges are not able to contribute to the expenses of maintaining a team, why not do it by popular subscription? Or by selling shares throughout the Marine Corps, at 50 cents a share.

The writer believes there are plenty of men who would be willing to donate 50 cents or a dollar, for two or three months of excellent arguing material, if for no other reason.

Perhaps on the West Coast they may not be so keen on maintaining a team, that plays on the East Coast and vice versa. Then why not let the East and West Coast sponsor and develop a team of their own,

and when the President's Cup comes up, either let the team with the best record or the outstanding players of both teams be chosen as Cup representatives.

It goes without saying that there are football players in the Marine Corps comparable to the material on hand at any of our colleges today. And further, the Basie School at Philadelphia, is generally chuck full of officers fresh from the Naval Academy and other institutions of higher learning throughout the United States, who are probably aching to don moleskins or silk once more.

With our recruiting requirements demanding high school graduates, the enlisted ranks of the Marine Corps, make even a better field of choice than that possible at the bulk of the colleges and Universities in this country.

Aside from this new field, there are some of the finest football players in the country, stationed at various posts throughout the Marine Corps at the present time, who have proved their ability on the gridiron.

While there are many "ifs" and "buts" connected with the building-up of a good football eleven, it is possible in the Marine Corps, and it is a well known fact that football carries practically all the athletic programs maintained by our colleges and universities. And a good Marine team would do the same, as there are without doubt many teams in the East and Western sections of the country who would willingly sign a contract with the Leathernecks.

There must be enough sports lovers in 15,000 Marines who would be willing to help bring the All-Marine team back into existence, or at least IT SEEMS TO ME.

OLD TIMERS

(Continued from page 29)

and discharge and stations where he had served, without a moment of hesitation.

It so happened that this "youngster" celebrated his 82nd birthday during this voyage, but he was very much afraid his employers would find it out and discharge him because of his age, so all we could do was to congratulate him quietly. And while the sea was somewhat rough this old timer held his own, and served our table and others in splendid fashion.

On our return to Washington we checked up his record and found it to be exactly as stated by him, and we hope that this splendid gentleman, wherever he may now be, is still as able and healthy as he was three years ago. His accent smacked strongly of the other side of the Atlantic, but in heart he still was a United States Marine.

Of course, all old timers did not leave the Marine Corps in possession of an honorable discharge; this was especially the case when we go back about a century.

A vivid reminder of this comes to mind; a very distinguished lady presented herself at Marine Corps Headquarters with a list of five ex-Marines, who served during the period around 1812. She stated in a very lofty manner, that she wished the military record of these ex-Marines in strengthening some family tree, which apparently had a few weak branches.

All five names were correct, and their records were drawn from the files. After informing the inquiring party that the first man had deserted, her feelings became somewhat ruffled; similar informa-



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tion covering the second upset her considerably, and even more so the third, as each of these three soldiers of the Old Marine Corps had seen fit to desert, and none of them had been apprehended.

The file of the fourth Marine was opened, but before it could be perused for her benefit, the estimable lady was noted hastening down the hall, head held high, and looking neither right nor left, and that was that!!

DETACHMENTS

(Continued from page 23)

he returned alone; maybe he went to see the latest Marine picture, "Come-on Marines." Lawson tells me that he had a bit of ear trouble, so it looks as though the married men will have to wait awhile before he joins their ranks.

Hatch says he can't make a trip to Boston for supplies without some fair maiden inquiring about the boy with the wavy blond hair, namely Papalegis. What is this charm you have over the fair sex, Frank?

Brazke would like to know why it is that our dashing police sergeant takes his own letters to the postoffice. Better fess up, Al, because I'll find out sooner or later. Remember Hoss-face Annie in Philly? Is that where the M. O. is going?

The indoor baseball did not last very long when Brazke and Lawson connected with it. Brand new ball and they tore the cover off in the first game. Then, again, it may have been Whynaught and Conge's left-hand hitting. But, the question is,

who broke the bat? Don't worry, fellows, your skipper purchased two brand-new bats and a new ball. The following men turned out for the first game: Captain Adams, Sergeant Sullivan, Corporals Brazke, Conge, Lendo, Mucciaccio, Whynaught; Privates First Class Brady, Gosse, Isdell, Lee; Privates Lawson, Papalegis and Robinson. After the breaking of the bat, a game of volley ball was suggested. The teams were evenly matched and extra points were necessary to win each game. I am sure our top-kick can say these Marines are getting plenty of exercise in the afternoons.

What's wrong with Sullivan? No more trips to Wakefield. You know, Sully, Mucciaccio did have a girl in New Hampshire and you might induce him to take you as far as Wakefield, provided you revive the spark of old friendship.

Walter O'Keefe should send Don Bestor and his orchestra around to our Galley force to join in on "The Man on the Flying Trapeze." Faint echoes of the song can be heard at all hours.

Private First Class Dennis R. Hatch, our jack of all trades, will leave us on May 5th for the outside. Sorry to see you go, Denny; best of luck to you.

Private Lersch has taken over the duties of orderly to the Inspector of Ordnance, in addition to his duties as movie operator. Pfc. V. D. Burnham will take over the truck driving position upon Hatch's discharge.

Our new Inspector of Ordnance in Charge, Captain B. H. Green, U. S. N., inspected the Marine Barracks equipment, and complimented the entire command upon the appearance of the uniforms,

equipment, quarters and outside grounds. The Galley force came in for a good word on the neatness and orderly appearance of everything in general.

One promotion during the month in the name of Private Wyckoff to Private First Class. Congratulations, but where is my Coca Cola? Where's Malcolm?

Recent transfers were Private First Class Fidler to Navy Yard, New York, and Private Montplaisir to Portsmouth, N. H.

Discharges total one in the name of Private First Class Bendermeyer, now somewhere in Baltimore, Md.

Prunty received quite a compliment upon a recent funeral detail. The men presented a flashy appearance in being able to shed their overcoats for the occasion. Someone asked if the men had been sent from one of the battleships. To pay due credit to this detail the names were: Sgt. H. J. Prunty in charge; Corporal Morton, Private First Class Burnham, Privates Burns, Mitkus, Papalegis, Presely, Robinson and Trumpeter Fulmore.

Silverman had quite a busy day after the dog fight on the night of the 5th. Seemed as though every dog lost out in the battle. Which brings to memory that Silverman's great Dane "went to heaven" via the Weymouth Back Bay. Hatch finally gave his dog a bath. Next day he was offered four dollars for the pooch.

One of our horsemen, Shoemaker, was grounded for two days on account of boils, and Private Sutherland took over the reins and proved himself quite a horseman. Dube has taken to raising kittens or rather kittens to be. So far he says there will be three.



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The inside dope is that Robbins will be sporting a car again. Laundry business must be picking up.

Vastine seems to have changed his mind about Hingham. Since he has found the means of getting to and from Boston and doing his regular tour of duty out in the great open spaces he says he feels like a two-year-old.

Morton, Watson and Whynaught have been too quiet in their part of the squad room for anything to be remarked about them so I'll have to look into the matter for the next issue.

Eckhardt has been leading a quiet life since he joined the staff of the mess hall. Maybe Moon has taken him in hand and guided him in the straight and narrower path.

The latest news fresh from the weekend liberty rounds. "Goose" Gosselin has found ample transportation for his "48" liberties in the way of Silverman. Tell me, Silverman, what is the new attraction from that in Woonsocket, R. I.? Hartford, Conn., found a big change in the old school-gal and now it's Springfield, Mass.

Isdell and Wallace have improved their ways by attending Sunday morning church regularly.

Brazke is still cutting Wallace for heaving his shirt out the window. Not so much about the shirt as the contents of one of the pockets.

And now I'd better cut this off before I am thrown out the window bodily for exposing all this chatter. See you in June.

MARINE DETACHMENT, U. S. N. H., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

By C. B. C.

The really big "scoop" of this month is the unheralded rise of one George Wm. Morrison, L.L.D. (Lady Like Darling), National School of Beauty Culture and the Dance, to the rank of Private First Class. On \$17.65 the madam could buy enough Paris perfume to keep us away from the locker room, but on his present salary we'll probably have to live in the barn.

Private Conley, one of the detachment's old timers, left us recently via furlough transfer, for M. B., Washington, D. C. We'll always remember Conley for his way of getting 'em told in, and just outside of "Roth's."

As with light hearts and spring fever we greeted the return of spring, we were hit between the eyes with a new drill schedule. Not that we particularly mind a brisk walk in this invigorating atmosphere, but, after all, does everyone have to look for Dillinger?

"Schnozola" David, the detachment's "Wonder Boy," blossomed out in civilian clothes this spring. That transformation was somewhat like a snake's changing skins. First indications were seen when he began wearing civilian shoes and then a white shirt with his blues. The process thus completed itself, and recently the finishing touches were laid on when he bought a necktie. David is from Garrison Beach, on the outer edge of Brooklyn, where the only foreign language is the King's English.

Imagine members of this detachment at Grand Opera. Such is the surprising fact. A more surprising one is that they didn't get thrown out. Commander Wier arranged several passes for members of the staff of the hospital to attend the Hippodrome Opera House. Needless to say,

we got our share of the passes. Those of us who went really appreciated the high class entertainment all right. To quote Corporal Meredith, "That was the most comfortable seat I've ever sat in in a New York show house."

When this column goes to print (why should it?) the last dance of the season will have been held in the Corpsmen's Quarters. This dance is expected to be another really swell time sponsored by the Corpsmen and Marines of the staff for their guests. Thus far we've had six dances, and all have been successes.

It's past time for me to "sign off." I'll be getting another note from "Ye Editor" about limiting this prattle to 400 words.

IONA IOTAS

By A. G. Bradley

"Batter Up." "Twenty days' furlough, sir." "Wonder where that bathing suit of mine is." "How much are khaki trousers?" "What's wrong with me—I feel so lazy?" are all signs of Jack Frost's departure and the end of a long cold winter, but for the Detachment at Iona Island the beginning of a new set of sports.

Our baseball team is all set to go and have served notice on the many town teams in this vicinity. The Post Exchange again came to the front. This time with a complete outfit of uniforms and accessories. Corporal Cassel, the manager, predicts a very successful season.

What with the restoration of the 5 per cent of the pay cut, things do seem to be looking up. Yet "Cheerful Gus" Drummer Forbes says, "Things are sure bad. Why people are dying who never died before."

There were eleven joinings during the month of March. Of these six are 1934 editions and believe you me they were received with open arms. Private Rush, the big noise from Bombay, took a run-out powder for Coco Solo, C. Z. Rush was funny in his way but didn't weigh much.

Private "Lucky Bull" Durham hit the trail for home after a six-year hitch in the Corps. Durham, his bag of tricks and excellent dancing are missed by the fellows. Yes, Durham was an all around good fellow—nothing two-faced about him. If there was he wouldn't wear the one he has now. Private First Class Coup and Private Kreseski, of the Galley Crew, are hard at it. Kreseski opines, "None of the girls would kiss me until I found Listerine." Coup on the other hand, besides having five fingers, sez, "Me too, only my boon was Life Buoy." (These testimonials have not been paid for.)

If you don't think we are having fun ask Sergeant Burt. He just shipped over for Iona Island.

CHARLESTON, S. C., CLAMOR

By Hattaway

With the sound of tom-tom music in the far distance again, you-all up North will have an opportunity to read what goes on down here in the so-called sunny Southland, where, if we ever get that five per cent back into circulation, there will be an automobile for every filling station—almost. I might add that the Indians hereabouts are looking worried over the rumor that the present administration contemplates giving South Carolina back to them.

This month's list will give you some idea of how the personnel of this post fluctuates when it comes to transfers and joinings. The entire command regrets the departure of our commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel Frederick A. Gardener, to Quantico. A cordial welcome is extended our new C. O., with all the wishes for a pleasant tour of duty. Our post quartermaster, First Lieutenant Earle S. Davis, has been transferred to San Diego, for further transfer to the U. S. S. *New Orleans*. We wish him many happy rolls.

It is true that if a person wishes for a thing long enough, that thing will come to pass. First Sergeant Joseph York was finally transferred to sea school, for further transfer to sea duty. His relief is First Sergeant Harry Cohen, from P. I.

It gives us great pleasure to announce at this time that Plumber Rhoney is the proud paternal progenitor of a nine-pound son.

The Marine reservation is being all dressed up with new street lights, and Perkins has thrown away his old cigar for a new one, so the scenery and the air will probably be more enjoyable in the future.

Last Saturday we had a grand dance, well underway; but Babb just about disrupted the works about 10 o'clock with a special solo number.

Trumpeter Davenport, not to be outdone by the official pipe-bender, has become the daddy of a son, too.

The complement is shrinking with alarming rapidity, what with SO's and pay-offs. Price, Moody, Gillespie, Tillman, and Davis have left us, making the score five to nothing in favor of old man NoShipOver.

We have three cheerful faces in our midst, anyhow. Sergeant Vaughan, Corporal Roller, and Private First Class Brown have all just returned from re-enlistment furloughs, after having been back in the hills, playing the part of visiting foreign generals.

SEA-GOING LOG

(Continued from page 16)

AGUSTA BREEZES

As this is being penned the second coat of red lead is rapidly covering the first on the sides and bottom of the flagship of the Asiatic Fleet in drydock at Olongapo, P. I. The annual big clean-up is going to give Davy Jones' Locker and personnel therein something to admire when we slip out of Subie Bay on our last trip to Manila before setting course for Shanghai.

All hands on the Marine Detachment (except a half-dozen or so holding the fort at Maquinaya rifle range) have contributed something to the clean-up, as is evidenced by painted faces and rusty khaki contracted in the battle against the barnacles.

The detachment has just completed its 1934 visit to Maquinaya for individual rifle practice and training with rifle and bayonet and pistol and hand grenade—to say nothing of the BAR. The ordnance department of the detachment, supervised by Gunnery Sergeant E. J. Gire and his assistant, Gunnery Private L. A. Prowse, has enjoyed a stiff workout during the past three weeks, and has stood

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up under the demands of the severe schedule extremely well. Among the new and the "repeats" reaching the 315 mark this year are Gunnery Sergeant Gire, Sergeant Greer, Corporals Block, Martinez, Thompson, and Walker, Privates First Class Bailey, Donart, Kensick, Smith, and McLeod, and Private Miller. The stay at "Maq" was appreciated as much as a furlough might have been, short as it was for most of the detachment. Many of the healthier and huskier enjoyed long hikes over the dusty road to Subie and intermediate points. Privates First Class Clark and Stevenson can attest to this. Then, too, our top soldier has frequently been seen in hike formation, headed for Olongapo.

Each evening the baseball crowd with one indoor ball and one bat trooped to the 600-yard line, chose sides, and played until the game had to be called because of darkness. On Washington's Birthday, two teams, headed by Cpl. Jake Block and Pvt. S. J. Domino, took the field. The Dominoes won by a single score, made in the ninth. Center Fielder Conradi hit a beechnut spitball and the thing rolled between the fiddle-cases on the feet of third baseman Harley Barham out into the area called the outfield. High Class Private Elliott made a desperate effort to get the ball home to prevent the score, but a greased-lightning slide by Ship's Cook Gutowski tallied. The resultant pats on the back and congratulations were indirectly responsible for the chiseling from the commissary of the materials needed in the construction of coconut pie, which was duly laid before the delighted troops. And all because of a bingle by Conradi. Thanks from the whole detachment, Connie and Cookie!

The latest *Agusta* triumph in the small-bore field was the winning of the Round Robin Dewar Course Tournament of the Philippines. The Flagship team held top honors with a score of 5711 against the field of six teams. The 31st Infantry of Manila placed second with a total of 5675, and the Manila Motor Boat and Gun Club came in third with 5647. The other teams finished in the following order: Nichols Field, Manila Police Department, and Cosmopolitan Gun Club. The victorious *Agusta* team was composed of the following men: 1st Lt. J. H. Stillman, manager and coach; Ens. Joe A. Ruddy, Ch. Petty Off. A. Boring, 2nd Cl. Petty Off. T. A. Roginski, Sgts. J. H. Greer, and M. R. Pilecher, Cpls. J. Block, G. D. Martinez, J. V. Snyder, and L. A. Walker, and PFC. W. G. Donart. Snyder because of his transfer to the Naval hospital at Canacao, was unable to complete the firing as a team member. At the time of his departure he stood third in individual scoring, and had an excellent chance at the silver medal offered for individual high score by A. D. Hileman of Manila.

Among the new faces now with us we find Sgt. G. G. Oakes, Pfc. H. A. Manus, Privs. E. D. Coley, V. W. Edge, H. E. Hardman, C. P. Herring, and R. V. Luby. Privates Mercer and Weikel have come aboard for a brief period of radio instruction. McInerny, Cade, Warnock, and Jones have been transferred to Cavite.

All faces turned north once again, and it can't be long until familiar names and places as Nanking Road Landing, the Second Battalion Club, the German Restaurant, and many others are at hand. Stand by for our next communication, from old Cathay.

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MARINE CORPS RESERVE

(Continued from page 36)

COMPANY B, 19TH RESERVE MARINES

By Snoop

This is Snoop reporting once again. Things have been happening out here at the New York Navy Yard since last month. The stage is set, and we are moving to the front. Company B is about to have its day.

Captain John J. Dolan, our CO, can be seen along the firing line each Monday and Thursday night with a staff of five capable assistants to help the men with the game of "hit in the five ring." A .22 caliber school range of blackboards has been built along the company room to prepare every man to qualify. Regular training methods are used throughout the school and range, and many fine points of shooting are made known to the riflemen.

We are proud to announce that the Gunny ain't a Gunny no more. Gunnery Sergeant Edgar J. Persky has been promoted to the rank of Second Lieutenant; he is now our company officer. Congratulations, Lieutenant.

A word in regard to athletics: Sergeant Alfred Wege has taken upon himself the task of organizing the baseball team. Because the turnout is so large, it is impossible to tell just now who will compose the team. Among last year's regulars, however, we find Sergeant Ranke, Sergeant Wilkins, Corporal Levins, Corporal Schult, Private Ays, Private Scott, and Private Pennington.

While stumbling along in this manner, it seems that a few personal mentions are in order.

Our company property is expertly shuffled and hunted for by Sergeant Robert A. (Moth-Ball) Wilkins. He has begged us not to publicize him, since he seems to re-

member numerous creditors 'way back in the dim, dim past. Corporal Levins is a great help to Moth-Ball. Levins issues a regulation growl with every item that leaves the storeroom—and he never fails to let one know just how much each item costs—and why!

Sport Model Private Joseph J. Seiler has taken over the duties of company clown, and is busily engaged in seeking some system which will enable him to keep his two typewriter fingers from wearing off to the nub.

Private B. Pennington tells us that he has come upon one set of laws no legislature can repeal—in-laws.

Private William Gallagher adds that, while much of the present-day whiskey is aged in the wood, he has a strong suspicion—well, coffins are made of wood, now, aren't they?

Local boy makes good! Sergeant Frederick H. Ranke, an eager-eyed, ambitious lad, is our decorator, interior and exterior. He painted the following legend on a GI can: Dump Rubish Here. Swell artist, that fellah, but he can't spell worth—

Corporal Schult is still the most popular Marine with a certain Copper near the Sands Street Gate. What, no ticket today?

Private Murphy is our official broadcaster. Maybe you can't see him, but you sure can hear him. If any of those Hollywood producers hear him, Joe E. Brown will be looking for work.

And so, beware of Snoop. He sees all, knows all, and tells the world about it!

THE 19TH RESERVE MARINES

2nd Lieutenant Bernard C. McMahon, Jr., of Morristown, N. J., was commissioned and assigned, as of 27 March, 1934, to the 2nd Battalion as Company Officer, Company H.

Company "C", 1st Provisional Battalion, Capt. Howard W. Houck, Commanding, held a "Stag and Jamboree" on Thursday evening, April 12th, in its new quarters, Building 15, Brooklyn Navy Yard. One of the outstanding features of the entertainment were motion pictures of the Marines on duty in Nicaragua. Refreshments also contributed to the success of the affair.

Companies "B" and "C", 1st Provisional Battalion, have been assigned drill quarters and offices in Building 15, Brooklyn Navy Yard. Company "B" drills on Monday nights and Company "C" on Thursday nights. Building 15 is well adapted for the purpose and officers and enlisted men are pleased with the arrangement.

Company "E" has been moved from Linden, N. J., to Elizabeth, N. J., where this Company was originally organized. It now occupies Headquarters office space in the Elizabeth Post Office Building.

Following the culmination of successful negotiations with the Adjutant-General, State of New Jersey, official permission has been granted for use, for drill purposes, by the 2nd Battalion, of the 113th Regiment and 114th Regiment, N. J. N. G., Armories at Elizabeth and Newark, respectively. Company "E" will drill in the 114th Regiment Armory and Companies "G" and "H" will utilize the 113th Regiment Armory.

Captain Howard W. Houck reports great enthusiasm among the non-commissioned officers of Company "C" on receipt of their correspondence courses from the Marine Corps Schools. All non-commissioned officers of that company have now received their courses.

PARRIS ISLAND

(Continued from page 28)

slated to arrive here are Commander C. W. Carr and Lt. J. E. Henningson. Lt. Commander C. E. Kelly has already arrived and many of us are glad to welcome him aboard.

The Intra-post Bowling Matches wound up rather unexpectedly with the Service Company team on top. It had seemed a foregone conclusion that Headquarters and Headquarters Company would win first place, but the second from the last match enabled the Service Company to tie them, and the last match gave the victory to the Service Company. The Island Patrol placed third, the Civilians fourth, and the Naval Hospital wound up in fifth place. The ladies came in at the tail end of the parade to place sixth. Gy-Sgt. J. R. Reynolds' score of 215 was high for the series, and Cpl. W. W. Gordon scored the highest pinfall in any one set in the matches, 529. Quartermaster Clerk Ledoux and First Sergeant Hanrahan rolled 235 each—the highest scores made the entire season, but unfortunately for Headquarters and Headquarters, those scores were made in a practice game.

The Post Bowling Team expects to roll a return match here on April 15 with the crack Savannah team which defeated them in a close match rolled in Savannah a week or so ago.

Playground baseball season opened here on April 9, and an elaborate schedule has been published.

The swimming pool will probably be opened for the season on April 20. The landscape effects which have been completed since last summer have added materially to the appearance of the pool and its surroundings.

QUANTICO

(Continued from page 16)

to turn out the guard for the Captain and a merry time was had by all.

Then there is the story of the two lads who do not know that there is a front exit to the Hostess House around the hours of midnight. Someone recommends rubber soles on their shoes but I suggest that they be on the lookout for steel traps as there are reports of "Bars" in the vicinity.

One of the biggest political accusations since the Teapot Dome scandal was recently made by "Mighty Pat" Patterson when he accused Sgt. "Gyp" Ambrose of lobbying with the Senate for the passage of the Bill restoring our pay. An interview with Patterson revealed this line of logic: that "Gyp," knowing the ways of Marines and knowing that they do all manner of things (due credit due Kipling), figured that with more pay the Marines would spend more at the Recreation Center and therefore he lent his powerful support to the pay restoration. However, we all are glad to see the pay restoration and none of us are lying awake at night figuring out how we will spend the small addition to our pay. The Bill relating to pay had been kicked about so much that many Marines had come to the conclusion that it was a game and each day turned to the sporting section of the newspapers to see what the latest score was.

Speaking of logic, I once studied it in

an academy but I found it has its faults. In this instance I bought a bear off of a dago and took it to the dormitory with me, and being in the "state" I was at that time (after a successful football game) I decided that beer and not water was what a bear should drink. He took to the beer like a duck to water and later took after everybody in the same manner—I beat him to the flagpole by a shirt length. For such unruly conduct I was brought before the headmaster. I tried my logic on him but it didn't work and when I accused him of not believing in and adhering to the subjects taught in his own school, he furnished a climax by shipping me off home. That is one time I left a military institution without a character marking of "Excellent."

I don't know but I HEARD: That Gy-Sgt. Joe Dupuy, after some intensive training in shadow boxing, is looking for a manager before entering the ring. That Cpl. George Plantier has a weakness for Easter lilies, which has been following him since his days as a chauffeur in the Post Garage at Parris Island. That the picture of the officers and board of governors of the Parris Island Non-Commissioned Officers' Club as published in the March issue of THE LEATHERNECK is being used by parents throughout the Marine Corps to scare their children into habits of obedience. That Staff Sergeant Theodore, recently transferred from the Marine Corps Schools here, to Parris Island, likes his new station. Who wouldn't like duty at that station, among such charming people? (Yes, I mean it.) That Sgt. "Willie" Reese has been charting courses overland from here to Tennessee, where I understand he believes the "belle of the South" reigns. That a certain staff sergeant at a recent party in which there was a sprinkling of Greek representatives showed a fighting spirit by inviting one of the descendants of Plato out for a fight, adding the famous words, "Any two of us can whip any one of you." That Cpl. John Dillon in the office of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy has come to the fore as an interior decorator. That "Gyp" Ambrose of the Post Recreation Center claims he gave away four packages of cigarettes in one day. I HAVE NO PROOF. That our old friends 1st Sgt. George Green and Sgt. Jesse Himes out in the Asiatics have enrolled in the Non-Commissioned Officers' Course in the Marine Corps Schools. Here's hoping the course gives them as many headaches as it did me. That 1st Sgt. "Curley" Carleton (in Haiti) has served notice on Sgt. (The Doctor) J. K. P. Hoffman not to speak to him again. (I don't blame him one little iota.) That Privates First Class Tucker and Dunne make regular trips to "Minneville" and that the car comes back all covered with mud. That Staff Sergeant Justice of the Pay Department (Mr. Chief Justice to you) is an authority on Virginia State laws relating to dogs.

QUANTICO FIREBUGS

By Lamb and Daniels

It has been a long time since THE LEATHERNECK has had a contribution from the Fire Department at Quantico, and we are almost afraid of the sensation it will create when the Gyrenes all over the world who have passed our door at some time or another read this. However, it's a good wind that blows nobody ill, and so we, the prodigals, hereby apply for reinstatement in good standing. The first thing, my chil-

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EDDIE SUTHERLAND
Manager

dren, is who and what makes this outfit what it is today? Captain Jeschke is the Fire Marshal, and the best thing we can say of him is that we want no change, which saying speaks volumes. Then comes Chief Marine Gunner Ozabal, who is Assistant Fire Marshal and executive. He has had our quarters reconditioned, and a swell job it was, too. He is an excellent bridge player, and cribs a mean cribbage—but he can't shoot pool!

And next we have Top Soldier Red Ducey—a regular fellah from 'way back; and we have corporals, too. Ray O'Day is one of them. He's a long Irish lad from Limerick. Ray is in good with the whole gang, and is making a foine job av bein' NCO in Charge. And there's Corporal Rabet, who was a Peefeecee when Dan Daly was an applicant. The Rabbit has an eye looking out China-side; he'll probably get there, too, doggonit! And Corporal Birt Sokira, who goes out on sixteen—will have gone, by the time you all read this. Best of luck, Birt!

Ruffles and Flourishes!! Here are our Gunnery Privates! Private First Class Nibbs Frazier is the lad who smoked all of King Albert of Belgium's cigarettes when that lad visited here. Nibbs can eat more salted peanuts and chase more rabbits than any two Marines who have en-

PATRONIZE
OUR ADVERTISERS

listed since the depression. We next present Sport Model Private Greaves, the little man-of-all-work. Greaves is always on the go, and his next go is out—in June. Then High Class Private Smith—Mervin to you and you and you. He is the guy who rations out the details, but we still like him. And DeLuxe Private LaTour is the department mechanic. Harry draws sergeant's pay, but he still insists that he's going out in July. Peefeecee Vik sports a nice shiny Chevy, and takes off on liberty as regularly as clockwork. He is highly eloquent upon his return, and winds up all stories with his famous "Yeh, Yeh."

And last, but by no means least, we present the members of the Privates' Club. They are in the minority, having a total of seven members. Private Nix is the youngster of the outfit, and the answer to a maiden's prayer. Private Means is the Lothario of Fredericksburg, but, withal, a regular fellah. Private Wilson is the man of mystery, but he behaves so well that we can't Winchell on him. Then there is Private French, the garrulous one; he would make a clam sound like Floyd Gibbons. Private Spear is very much married, and is the daddy of a baby girl. He is really right proud of her. The Mrs. keeps such a close watch on him that we have been unable to get anything on him either. Then comes Lamb, co-perpetrator of this column, who found the lure of Soo Chow Creek too strong, so he shipped over. I daren't say anything about him. He wears yards and yards of campaign ribbons, and are we jealous? And last of all your esteemed columnist, Mr. Daniels, a most private private. Gentlemen, raise a bumper to Causa Ridge. I hev bin there.

Our fire-fighting facilities consist of two LaFrance pumpers, a White hose and chemical truck, and the Fire Marshal's Chevrolet. Fires are not at all frequent, and anyhow, who wants to be a hero in this cold weather we've been having?

We are holding an election sometime between now and Saint Swithin's Day, and, come Michaelmas, we should be able to announce the result—who is the chief of the Royal Order of Mystic Fire Hydrants? Two Screw Plugs and a Chief Plug Wrench will also be elected. The last poll was a failure, as everyone voted for himself. Our theme-song is *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*, touchingly rendered in his inimitable manner as a bass drum and piccolo duet by—you've guessed it! By Ed Wynn!

SOLDIER AND SAILOR TOO

(Continued from page 7)

ing. I was soon well, however, and ordered back to duty. As I passed the guard house, on my way to report to the Captain, I smothered a smile, for I didn't dare to laugh. The sentry walking Number One Post was Private Paddy Burke. Picking up butts in front of Headquarters was Sallisaw, The Pawnee warrior. . . .

My next hitch was in the Hospital Corps. Three years of sea duty with the Marines won for me an assignment to Transport duty. I spent the next two years on the Transport *Samner*.

Manila to New York to Cuba; Cuba to New York to Manila to 'Frisco. Sounds like tourist ballyhoo: "Come and see the world."

Outward bound again from 'Frisco; our decks were crowded with boys in blue, sing-



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ing and shouting as the band played, filled with hope for adventure. In a few days they were down in the hideaway corners of the troop deck, calling on Little Joe, "Save my baby's shoes!"

When Diamond Head thrust its empty crater above the mist, our doughboy guests greeted it with shouts of joy. The first leg was behind them. Then came a brief spasm of thrills. Kapiolani Park, Waikiki Beach, hula-hula girls, rainbow leis and the haunting memories of Aloha Oe.

The next day began the big jump to the Sunrise Kingdom, the green jade bracelet on the arm of Asia. In, past polka-dot islands, to a hill-crowned bay, to Nagasaki and no liberty. The smiling daughters of old Japan stood on the ladder and flipped the coal baskets from hand to hand. Gasping in terrific heat, the trimmers in the bunkers, hard-pressed, were nearly buried in the carbon avalanche. Then up anchor and away, past the heights of Takaboko, past the last ramparts of Nippon, the rippling waters of the China Sea slipping beneath our keel as we headed south.

"Land ho!" from the crow's nest.

"Where away?" from the bridge.

"Two points off the port bow, sir."

There it was, the waving green hills of Mariveles, looking peaceful, cool, and inviting. Corregidor slips by on the starboard and the muddy waters of the lower bay spread out for miles on miles. The boys line the starboard rail, watching the low shore of Cavite clip by, and the rusty hulls of the burned Spanish fleet bring many comments. Two miles off the Manila water front the anchor drops, and we swing with the tide. The eager boys depart to

face the jungle trails, where each tangled turn might bring the whine of tumbling lead or the gleam of steel from an ambush.

Outward bound: the hold is full of long pine boxes, soldiers on their last ride, bound for Glory Camp, the bivouac of the dead. The thirty little white beds under the poop are filled with the blind, the mangled, and the maimed. Long lines of grim-faced men dump their packs on their canvas bunks, then crowd the decks for a last look. The band is silent now. Not a cheer. Then, "Heave in on the starboard anchor!" and a smile chases away the tragic trace of the tropics. We are going home!

* * * * *

July 1, 1902. The old *Sumner* is picking her way down the Straits of Mindero. A Spanish pilot is on the bridge, conning us through the tight places, tide-rips, coral, and rocks. Past Panay of tragic memory, past Negros, Bohol, Leyte, and then the long, oily swell of the Pacific as we turn north along the coast of Samar (the Marines and Company C of the Ninth can tell the gruesome tales of Samar). At Nueva Caneres, Island of Camarines, we picked up a battalion of the Twenty-second Infantry and many casualties, consisting chiefly of women and children, enroute to Manila. July Fourth. We were off the east coast of Luzon, headed for Cagayan.

Lowering clouds and a tumbling glass told of dirty weather, and the *Sumner* stood off to the northeast, out of sight of a dangerous, rock-ribbed coast. Hatchets were battened down fore and aft, and life lines were riven. Then—the crash! The old ship heaved over on her side with a

We acknowledge with grateful appreciation the privilege of serving the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia.

sickening list, then righted and slid back, off the sunken coral reef. With the starboard plates of the forward hold ripped to the ribs, she swung back to the treacherous coast on a last, desperate charge. There was no excitement. The black gang, heroes all, slid down below like monkeys, and soon the roaring flames from belching funnels painted a rainbow of valor on the tumbling clouds. The old ship trembled from stem to stern. With the safety valve tied down and a roaring crankshaft whirling a mad propeller, she raced into the night, against straining bulkheads and with water lapping against red-hot grate bars! Orders cracked! Boats swung out and women and children huddled in the stern-sheets. I looked over into my swinging boat; the coxswain and bow-oar were fending it off from the reeling transport, twenty feet above the sea. Between the coxswain's legs sat a stony-faced old Chinese amah, holding a white woman's frightened baby to her withered breast, and crooning to it a heathen lullaby! The boys of the Twenty-second were as steady as if on parade and the Colors were going by! Then I knew that the ship was another *Camperdown* and we stood on the Birkenhead Drill! The deck listed as she gradually began to go down by the head, and I knew that the bulkheads were gone. Lights flashed ahead; men shouted; I saw dim, lashing coconut trees under forked lightning. Then the ship struck! Easy as a feather bed she plunged half her length into a mud bank at the mouth of the Mauban, righted, and rode at an even keel. Not a life was lost. The *Sumner* was saved! Then the typhoon broke. . . .

THE GAZETTE

Total Strength Marine Corps on February 28	16,138
COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT —February 28	1,168
Separations during March	5
Appointments during March	1,163
Total strength on March 31	4
ENLISTED —Total strength February 28	14,970
Separations during March	354
Joinings during March	14,162
Total strength on March 31	266
Total strength Marine Corps March 31	14,982
	16,149



THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED
 Maj. Gen. John H. Russell, The Major General Commandant.
 Brig. Gen. Douglas C. McDougall, Assistant to The Major General Commandant.
 Brigadier General Rufus H. Lane, The Adjutant and Inspector.
 Brigadier General Hugh Matthews, The Quartermaster.
 Brigadier General George Richards, The Paymaster.

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Col. R. B. Putnam, A.P.M.
 Lt. Col. John Dixon.
 Maj. Fred G. Patchem.
 Capt. James B. Hardie.
 1st Lt. Frank G. Dalley.

Officers last to make numbers in the grades indicated:

Col. Frederick A. Barker.
 Lt. Col. John Marston.
 Maj. William B. Croka.
 Capt. Herbert S. Keimling.
 1st Lt. John S. Letcher.

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

MARCH 6, 1934.
 Captain Austin G. Rome, detached MB, Quantico, Va., ordered to his home, and retired as of 1 July.

1st Lt. Emory E. Larson, on or about 31 March detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MD, USS, "Minneapolis," to report on 10 April at NPD, Philadelphia, Pa.

1st Lt. Robert A. Olson, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MD, USS, "Chester," to report on 1 April.

1st Lt. Harold D. Harris, on reporting of his relief detached MD, USS, "Chester," to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. James M. Smith, relieved from temporary duty with the 2nd Batt. Fleet Marine Force USS "Wyoming" and ordered to return to the MB, Quantico, Va., for duty with the Fleet Marine Force.

2nd Lt. Frederick L. Wiseman, on or about 31 March detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MD, USS, "Minneapolis," to report on 10 April at NYD, Philadelphia, Pa.

Colonel Richard M. Cutts, on 7 March detached Naval War College Newport, R. I., and assigned to duty at Marine Corps Headquarters, Washington, D. C.

Major Julian P. Wilcox, assigned to duty with the Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Captain Albert W. Paul, on 20 March detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Asiatic Station via the USS, "Chaumont" scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., about 10 April.

1st Lt. LePage Cronmiller, orders from MD, USS, "Pensacola" to MB, Quantico, Va., modified to MB, Washington, D. C., authorized to delay one month en route.

2nd Lt. Charles Popp, on 15 March detached from MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NTS, Newport, R. I.

The following named officers were transferred on 5 March with the 2nd Batt. Fleet Marine Force, from the USS, "Wyoming" to the USS, "Antares":

Lt. Col. John Potts, Maj. Clifton B. Cates, Capt. William W. Rogers, Capt. Frederick E. Stack, Capt. William N. Bost, Capt. Donald J. Kendall, Capt. James A. Mixson, 1st Lt. John C. Donohoo, Jr., 1st Lt. George F. Good, Jr., 1st Lt. William J. Scheyer, 1st Lt. John F. Hough, 1st Lt.

(Continued on page 53)

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

MARCH 1, 1934.

Sgt. Harvey B. Carden—West Coast to NYd., Washington.

Cpl. Robert J. Corbett—Quantico to Coco Solo.

1st Sgt. William H. Armstrong—Newport to West Coast.

1st Sgt. Elmer R. Shambough—Norfolk to Newport.

1st Sgt. James A. Ducey—MB, Washington to Quantico.

1st Sgt. Leslie J. Burrows—Quantico to Norfolk.

Gy-Sgt. Oro C. Harter—Parris Island to Norfolk.

MARCH 2, 1934.

1st Sgt. Clyde T. Brannon—Parris Island to Yorktown.

Cpl. Joseph S. Sibiga—Quantico to Philadelphia.

Cpl. Daniel J. Nugent—Haiti to Quantico AS.

MARCH 5, 1934.

Cpl. Edgar A. Riggs—Portsmouth, N. H., to Chelsea Naval Hospital.

MARCH 6, 1934.

Sgt. John O'Connor—Norfolk to USS, "Idaho."

Sgt. Frank Neider—Boston to Pensacola.

Sgt. Charles Konkel—MB, Washington to Quantico.

MARCH 7, 1934.

Cpl. Hugh L. Wehrly—Coco Solo to Cavite.

Sgt. Francis W. O'Sullivan—Coco Solo to Cavite.

MARCH 8, 1934.

Gy-Sgt. Joseph A. Saunders—NYd, Washington to Quantico.

1st Sgt. Earl O. Carlson—Norfolk to Quantico.

Sgt. Earl P. Wiseman—Philadelphia to Guantanamo Bay.

MARCH 11, 1934.

Sgt. Patrick H. Thompson—Philadelphia to Parris Island.

MARCH 12, 1934.

Sgt. Harold A. Rubertus—Coco Solo to Mare Island.

Sgt. Vovet Bates—Annapolis to New York.

MARCH 14, 1934.

Cpl. John D. Stone—New London to Boston.

Sgt. James E. Young—Norfolk to Great Lakes.

MARCH 15, 1934.

Cpl. Harry M. Cheuvront—Norfolk to Sea School.

MARCH 16, 1934.

Gy-Sgt. John A. Gustafson—Quantico to Norfolk to USS, "Tuscaloosa."

1st Sgt. Edgar C. Hughes—Quantico to Norfolk to USS, "Tuscaloosa."

MARCH 17, 1934.

Gy-Sgt. Walter E. Anderson—Parris Island to Peiping.

Stf-Sgt. Julius Papas—Peiping to San Diego.

MARCH 19, 1934.

Sgt. Joseph M. Broderick—FMF to Indian Head.

Cpl. Bartow Cowden, Jr.—Norfolk to Parris Island.

MARCH 21, 1934.

Cpl. Robert G. English—Quantico to New York.

(Continued on page 53)

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

LILLY, Luther B., 3-30-34, Cavite, P. I.
 SHAHAN, Jack R., 3-27-34, San Francisco, Calif.

BARKER, William E., 3-19-34, San Diego, Calif.

OZUNAS, Victor A., 3-26-34, Sunnyvale, Calif.

TANGNEY, Stephen F., 3-26-34, Mare Island, Calif.

SMITH, Robert A., 3-29-34, Cavite, P. I.

HOFFMAN, Stanley, 3-29-34, Quantico, Va.

PESCHI, Dominick, 3-28-34, Parris Island, S. C.

ROOS, Otto N., 3-29-34, Quantico, Va.

McBRIDE, Oscar B., 3-21-34, Pensacola, Fla.

SELF, Richard J., 3-24-34, Parris Island, S. C.

LINDSTROM, John H., 3-17-34, San Diego, Calif.

McLELLAN, Leo R., 3-27-34, Washington, D. C.

NORRIS, Carl M., 3-21-34, Washington, D. C.

WILLIAMS, Lloyd O., 3-26-34, Parris Island, S. C.

KONOPA, Benedict W., 3-26-34, Washington, D. C.

PESEK, Charles J., 3-25-34, Quantico, Va.

CHILDRESS, Fitzhugh L., 3-24-34, Quantico, Va.

DODSON, Marshall D., 3-24-34, Washington, D. C.

SCHWALBE, Reginald D., 2-24-34, Shanghai, China.

VILLEGAS, Ernest D., 3-17-34, San Diego, Calif.

GEIGER, Harvey A., 3-22-34, Parris Island, S. C.

MADERO, John, 3-23-34, Quantico, Va.

ORTHOBER, Frank, 3-17-34, Mare Island, Calif.

MILLER, Charles F., 3-22-34, Quantico, Va.

UNDERWOOD, John E., 3-22-34, Washington, D. C.

BYRUM, Eddie B., 3-20-34, Pensacola, Fla.

BARR, Elmer N., 3-17-34, San Diego, Calif.

DARRAH, Clyde R., 3-21-34, 2nd Bn., FMF.

PACKLER, George R., 3-16-34, San Diego, Calif.

LONG, Paul, 3-20-34, Orsmout, Va.

HANLEY, Zack T., 3-21-34, Charleston, S. C.

PALERMO, Carmen, 3-20-34, Iona Island, N. Y.

BRYAN, Alvin G., 3-15-34, San Diego, Calif.

ANGLIN, Henry H., 3-14-34, San Diego, Calif.

BURT, George K., 3-20-34, Iona Island, N. Y.

POSELEY, Leo C., 3-19-34, Portsmouth, Va.

BEAUCHAMP, Frank J., 3-18-34, Quantico, Va.

FLYNN, William E., 3-5-34, USS, "West Virginia."

OBLACK, Carl, 3-15-34, USS, "Reina Mercedes."

ADAMS, Denzel W., 3-14-34, Washington, D. C.

FISCHER, Arnold G., 3-14-34, Quantico, Va.

LANGE, Alfred A., 3-12-34, San Francisco, Calif.

LEWIS, Carl R., 3-12-34, San Diego, Calif.

RANDOLPH, Charles R., 2-19-34, Shanghai, China.

TUCKER, James R., 3-11-34, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

RAINIER, Hayes, 3-16-34, Philadelphia, Pa.

MORSE, Joe W., 3-14-34, Parris Island, S. C.

(Continued on page 53)

U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 52)

Sgt. John Ray—FMF "Antares" to Parris Island.

MARCH 23, 1934.

Gy-Sgt. Leland Diamond—New York to Cavite.

Cpl. Edward A. Ruben—Portsmouth, N. H., to Cavite.

Cpl. James N. Guat—FMF Quantico to Haiti.

MARCH 28, 1934.

Cpl. William Frisch—Indian Head to New York.

MARCH 29, 1934.

Cpl. Henry H. Anglin—USS. "Saratoga" to Pensacola.

Sgt. John C. Deibert—2nd Bn., USS. "Antares" to AC 1, FMF.

MARCH 30, 1934.

Sgt. Perry S. Aikens—Pensacola to Annapolis.

Sgt. Thomas M. Bradley—NYd, Washington to USS. "Ranger."

U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

(Continued from page 52)

William E. Burke, 1st Lt. William B. Onley, 1st Lt. James P. Riseley, 1st Lt. Augustus W. Cockrell, 1st Lt. George H. Bellinger, Jr., 1st Lt. Jack P. Juhan, 1st Lt. Leonard B. Cresswell, 1st Lt. Morris L. Shively, 2nd Lt. Henry T. Klinkseik, 2nd Lt. Harold D. Hansen, 2nd Lt. George O. Van Orden, 2nd Lt. William F. Bryson, 2nd Lt. Marion A. Fawcett, 2nd Lt. Wright C. Taylor, ChfMarGnr Calvin A. Lloyd, ChfPayCk Charles W. Eaton, QmCk Ollie Bissett.

MARCH 10, 1934.

Maj. John Dixon, on 15 March, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NTS, Newport, R. I.

1st Lt. Benjamin F. Kaiser, on or about 1 April detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to Asiatic Station via the USS. "Chaumont" scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 10 April.

1st Lt. John W. Lasko, on or about 20 March detached MB, NYD, Portsmouth, N. H., to Asiatic Station via the USS. "Chaumont" scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 10 April.

1st Lt. Sol E. Levinsky, detached MB, Norfolk NYD, Portsmouth, Va., to Asiatic Station via the USS. "Chaumont" scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 10 April.

1st Lt. Charles G. Meints, on April 3 detached Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia, Pa., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via the USS. "Chaumont" scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 10 April.

1st Lt. Otto B. Osmondson, on 5 March detached Hdqs. Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to Asiatic Station via the USS. "Chaumont" scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 10 April.

MARCH 13, 1934.

Col. Robert B. Farquharson, on 31 March detached MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to duty as Fleet Marine Officer, Asiatic Fleet, USS. "Augusta," via the SS. "President Harrison" scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about 27 April.

Capt. Leslie G. Wyatt, detached Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Harlan C. Cooper, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lt. Peter A. McDonald, detached MB, NS, Guam, to Asiatic Station via SS. "Stanley Dollar" scheduled to sail from Guam on or about 11 April.

The following officers have been promoted to the grades indicated:

Col. Russell B. Putnam, APM.

Lt. Col. Julian P. Wilcox.

1st Lt. Harold D. Hansen.

1st Lt. Jefferson G. Dreyspring.

ChfQmCk Elmer E. Barde.

MARCH 15, 1934.

Capt. Terrell J. Crawford, on 3 April detached MB, NYD, Washington, D. C., to MB, Puget Sound NYD, Bremerton, Wash., via the USS. "Chaumont" scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 10 April.

Capt. Orrel A. Inman, died on 11 March.

1st Lt. Walter A. Wachtler, detached MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to report not later than 31 March.

1st Lt. Robert A. A. Olson, orders from MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MD, USS. "Chester" revoked.

MARCH 19, 1934.

Lt. Col. Paul A. Capron, detail as Assistant Quartermaster revoked.

1st Lt. Earle S. Davis, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MD, USS. "Louisville," to report not later than 19 March.

1st Lt. George J. O'Shea, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MD, USS. "Salt Lake City," to report not later than 19 March.

MARCH 20, 1934.

Col. Raymond B. Sullivan, died on 19 March.

Capt. Shaler Ladd, assigned to duty at MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

1st Lt. Chester B. Graham, assigned to duty at MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

2nd Lt. Clarence O. Cobb, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

ChfQmCk Harry S. Young, on 1 May detached Hdqs. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

QmCk Landreville Ledoux, on 1 May detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

MARCH 22, 1934.

Col. Walter N. Hill, orders to MB, Quantico, Va., modified to MB, Puget Sound NYD, Bremerton, Wash.

Capt. Joseph T. Smith, assigned to duty

An Open Letter
To The Services

AN important mile-stone was reached when Congress re-passed the Independent Offices Bill.

We are glad to have contributed in some small measure in bringing to the attention of Congress the necessity and justice of this step.

All of the privileges of which the Services have been deprived should be restored. The insufficiency of the pay of Junior Officers should receive the sympathetic and constructive attention of the Administration and our Congress.

Confidence is often given through the knowledge that some one else is "standing by." We want you to know that we shall continue to advocate before the Administration and Congress the complete restoration of all privileges and an increase of pay to Junior Officers.

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INSIGNIA AND UNI-
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HALF A CENTURY.

as OIC, Recruiting District of San Francisco, San Francisco, Calif.

1st Lt. William H. Doyle, on 1 April detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, USS. "Tuscaloosa" to report not later than 1 May.

2nd Lt. Fred D. Beans, on or about 14 April detached MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to MD, USS. "Tuscaloosa," to report on board at NYD, New York, N. Y., not later than 1 May.

2nd Lt. Harry C. Lang, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

MARCH 24, 1934.

Capt. Henry F. Adams, AQM, on 25 March detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va.

Capt. Alexander Galt, relieved from duty with the Civilian Conservation Corps and ordered to return to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. James G. Hopper, detached MB, NS, Guam, to Dept. of the Pacific via the USS. "Chaumont" scheduled to sail from Guam on or about 19 July.

1st Lt. Francis M. Wulbern, relieved from duty with the Civilian Conservation Corps and ordered to return to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Wallace M. Greene, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lt. Reynolds H. Hayden, upon acceptance of appointment as a second lieu-

tenant assigned to active duty and ordered to MB, Quantico, Va., to report not later than 25 April.

2nd Lt. William M. Hudson, upon acceptance of appointment as a second lieutenant, assigned to active duty and ordered to MB, Quantico, Va., to report not later than 25 April.

2nd Lt. Charles A. Miller, upon acceptance of appointment as a second lieutenant, assigned to active duty and ordered to MB, Quantico, Va., to report not later than 25 April.

2nd Lt. Frederic H. Ramsey, upon acceptance of appointment as a second lieutenant, assigned to active duty and ordered to MB, Quantico, Va., to report not later than 25 April.

MARCH 28, 1934.

Capt. William J. Wallace, on reporting of his relief about 1 July, detached VS Sq. 14M, USS. "Saratoga" to Air Corps Technical School, Maxwell Field, Montgomery, Ala.

1st Lt. Caleb T. Bailey, on 5 June detached VS Sq. 14M, USS. "Saratoga" to Aircraft One, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Deane C. Roberts, on 5 June detached VS Sq. 15M, USS. "Lexington," to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

RECENT ENLISTMENTS

(Continued from page 52)

BALJO, Wallace L., 3-6-34, Puget Sound, Washington.

GOLDBERG, Max M., 3-15-34, Quantico, Va.

SHADBOLT, Gordon L., 3-1-34, USS. "Texas."

WEIR, Earl C., 3-15-34, Quantico, Va.

RASMUSSEN, Christopher, 3-14-34, New York, N. Y.

AARON, Robert T., 3-10-34, Parris Island, S. C.

FAULKNER, Clyde L., 3-12-34, Yorktown, Va.

SHY, Charles, 3-11-34, Pensacola, Fla.

BOTTOMER, Frank C., 3-3-34, Sunnyvale, Calif.

DOUGLAN, Charles E., 3-8-34, Mare Island, Calif.

GALLENTE, Arthur, 3-7-34, Sunnyvale, Calif.

HAMILTON, Donald, 3-11-34, Quantico, Va.

LEE, Wade H., 3-11-34, Quantico, Va.

RYAN, Robert F., 3-8-34, Cavite, P. I.

TURCOTE, Edgar W., 3-11-34, Quantico, Va.

HERNDON, Riddick H., 3-8-34, Cavite, P. I.

BOUTELIER, Bernard, 3-5-34, Bremerton, Washington.

FORD, Edwin C., 2-11-34, Shanghai, China.

FULLERTON, Chester P., 2-5-34, Shanghai, China.

GARNER, Thomas A., 2-15-34, Shanghai, China.

HUDSON, Howard D., 2-14-34, Shanghai, China.

KROWEIC, Paul, 2-14-34, Shanghai, China.

PURVIS, Clyde E., 2-25-34, Pearl Harbor, T. H.

REES, Horace J., 3-10-34, Philadelphia, Pa.

PENNY, Walter A., 3-7-34, Quantico, Va.

BOYLES, Eugene S., 3-7-34, Parris Island, S. C.

EKRUT, Edwin H., 3-7-34, Pensacola, Fla.

WAGONER, Joseph L., Jr., 3-7-34, Portsmouth, Va.

POLLARD, James L., 3-5-34, Quantico, Va.

SALCEDO, Ferdinand G., 2-28-34, San Diego, Calif.

NEIL, Jean H., 3-1-34, San Diego, Calif.

BARBER, Herman T., 3-6-34, Quantico, Va.

MAZEIK, Vincent, 3-5-34, Norfolk, Va.

NEWHOUSE, Paul E., 3-5-34, Quantico, Va.

REED, Clarence J., 3-1-34, Quantico, Va.

EMGE, Eugene M., 2-27-34, San Diego, Calif.

PATTERSON, James H., 2-27-34, Mare Island, Calif.

KILDAY, Bernard E., 2-27-34, San Diego, Calif.

MAYES, Harry T., 2-27-34, Philadelphia, Pa.

WHATLEY, Chester, 2-27-34, Pensacola, Fla.

SLOCUM, Samuel L., 3-2-34, New York, N. Y.

SUMMERFIELD, Albert J., 3-1-34, Quantico, Va.

SPENCER, Glenn, 2-27-34, Quantico, Va.

CAPLEMAN, Charles T., 2-24-34, San Diego, Calif.

KIRCHHEFER, Paul, 3-1-34, Quantico, Va.

PURSELL, Henry H., 2-24-34, Mare Island, Calif.

O'BRYAN, William E., 2-26-34, Great Lakes, Ill.

FLOYD, William C., 2-26-34, Pensacola, Fla.

STEEDLY, Eugene J., 2-28-34, Philadelphia, Pa.

NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Leave N.O.B. Norfolk, 10 April; arrive Guantanamo 15 April, leave 16 April; arrive Port au Prince 17 April, leave 18 April; arrive Canal Zone 22 April, leave 24 April; arrive San Diego 2 May, leave 3 May; arrive San Pedro 4 May, leave 5 May; arrive San Francisco 7 May, leave 17 May; arrive Honolulu 25 May, leave 26 May; arrive Guam 5 June, leave 6 June; arrive Manila 12 June, leave 12 July; arrive Guam 18 July, leave 19 July; arrive Honolulu 29 July, leave 30 July; arrive San Francisco 7 August.

HENDERSON—Leave Honolulu 4 April; arrive San Francisco 12 April, leave 23 April; arrive San Pedro 25 April, leave 25 April; arrive San Diego 26 April, leave 26 April; arrive Canal Zone 7 May, leave 10 May; arrive Port au Prince 14 May, leave 14 May; arrive Guantanamo, 15 May, leave 15 May; arrive N.O.B. Norfolk 20 May.

HENDERSON tentatively scheduled to sail from N.O.B. Norfolk on 4 June, 1934, for a special trip to Port au Prince and return to Norfolk.

NITRO—Leave San Diego 31 March; arrive Canal Zone 10 April, leave 13 April; arrive Port au Prince 16 April, leave 16 April; arrive Guantanamo 17 April, leave 17 April; arrive Norfolk 21 April, leave 29 April; arrive Philadelphia 30 April, leave 2 May; arrive Iona Island 3 May, leave 8 May; arrive Boston 10 May, leave 17 May; arrive Newport 18 May, leave 18 May; arrive Norfolk 19 May.

NITRO—tentatively scheduled to sail from Norfolk about 9 June for a trip to the West Coast and Pearl Harbor.

RAMAPO—Operating under Commander Base Force for temporary duty. Under overhaul at Navy Yard, Mare Island, date of completion 4 May, readiness for sea 8 May.

SALINAS—Operating under Commander Base Force for temporary duty.

SIRIUS—Leave Pearl Harbor 7 April; arrive Mare Island 17 April, leave 19 April; arrive Puget Sound 22 April.

Upon arrival Mare Island will report to Cominbatfor for temporary duty in connection with Aleutian Island survey and reporting to Opnav for duty at Puget Sound by 9 July.

VEGA—Arrive Canal Zone 5 April, leave 7 April; arrive Port au Prince 10 April, leave 1 April; arrive Guantanamo 11 April, leave 11 April; arrive N.O.B. Norfolk 16 April, leave 28 April; arrive Philadelphia 29 April, leave 4 May; arrive New York 5 May, leave 12 May; arrive Boston 14 May, leave 19 May; arrive Philadelphia for overhaul 21 May.

GRADUATES FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE CLASS, MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA, FEBRUARY, 1934

U. S. Marine Corps

SILVERTHORN, Merwin H., Captain, Course "A."

HARDY, Earl B., First Sergeant, Non-Commissioned Officers' Course.

ROBB, Preston H., Supply Sergeant, Quartermaster's Department Basic Course.

WRIGHT, Elmer R., Sergeant, Quartermaster's Department Basic Course.

DODGE, Allen H., Corporal, Non-Commissioned Officers' Course.

LOCHNER, John A., Private, Non-Commissioned Officers' Course.

Marine Corps Reserve

BEYER, Harry J., Jr., 2nd Lieut., Eastern Reserve Area, Air Corps Course "A."

ORR, O. Glenn, 2nd Lieut., 24th Reserve Marines, Course "A."

ROGERS, Milton, Private First Class, 19th Reserve Marines, Infantry Basic Course.

DEATHS

Officers

SULLIVAN, Raymond B., Colonel, USMC., died March 19, 1934, of disease at the U.S.N.H., Puget Sound, Navy Yard, Bremerton, Washington. Next of kin: Mrs. Eleanor R. Sullivan, wife, care of Captain Lewis G. Merritt, U. S. Marine Corps, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia.

INMAN, Orrel A., Captain, USMC., died March 11, 1934, of disease at the U.S.N.H., Mare Island, California. Next of kin: Mrs. Lily B. Inman, wife, 432 Hillcrest Road, San Mateo, California.

COLLINS, John E., Quartermaster Clerk, USMC., retired, died February 8, 1934, of disease at Hazelton, Pa. Next of kin: Mr. George Denny, nephew, 71 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

MURPHY, Daniel J., Second Lieutenant, FMCR., inactive, died January 24, 1934, of disease at the Sibley Hospital, Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mrs. Nora Murphy, mother, 66 Bryant St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Enlisted Men

BLACKBURN, Ray, Private, died March 23, 1934, at Sunnyvale, California. Next of

uel M. Sanders, father, 256 Cherokee St., Mobile, Alabama.

STONE, Ewell B., Private first class, died March 19, 1934, of disease at the U.S.N.H., Mare Island, California. Next of kin: Mr. Walter E. Stone, brother, R. F. D. No. 5, Brownfield, Texas.

BRAMER, Charlie, Staff Sergeant, USMC., retired, died February 18, 1934, of disease at San Diego, California. Next of kin: First Sergeant Daniel J. Bramer, USMC., retired, Scott Lane and Cresson St., East Falls, Philadelphia, Pa.

COPELAND, George, Gunnery Sergeant, USMC., retired, died March 2, 1934, at the U.S.N.H., San Diego, California. Next of kin: Mrs. Minnie Copeland, wife, 4856 Del Monte Ave., Ocean Beach, San Diego, California.

PROMOTIONS

TO SERGEANT:

Henry Billert (SW).

Elgie G. Thompson (SW).

TO CORPORAL:

Earl B. Ercanbrack (SW).

Hubert E. Holmes (SW).

John F. Ptazek (SW).

Edward J. Christman (SW).

Marvin E. Deunmark (SW).

Creed H. DeZarn.

Gilbert G. Shelton.

Gordon E. Gulick.

Homer F. Cross.

Alvin P. Eubanks.

Franklin D. Marcom.

Henry Fulton.

Sylvester L. Mann (Tech).

Fred R. Philpot (Tech).

Myron C. Knapp (Tech).

Thomas E. Hope.

Alfred McC. Hadley.

Newman E. Perkins (SW).

George W. Klein (SW).

Robert H. Beech (SW).

Rames O. De La Hunt (SW).

Allen F. Stockdale (SW).

James H. Bright (SW).

Lewis J. Fields.

Sidney E. Calomb.

Allen T. Perkins.

Ola Schoolcraft.

Lovitt Spivey, Jr.

Richard J. Martin.

William G. Bailey.

James C. Barnes.

Ansel C. Tipton.

Jacob D. Hopkins.

Ben W. Kirby, Jr. (SW).

Thomas C. Palmer, Jr. (SW).

Walter A. Olsen.

James P. White.

Hubert M. Stephens.

William H. D. Hedgecock.

George M. Mathis.

Charles K. Livelsberger.

Ellis V. Clayton (SW).

William D. Waters (SW).

Ralph B. Swain (SW).

Arthur G. Taylor (SW).

Clarence G. Hughes (SW).

Headquarters Bulletin

PROMOTION OF OFFICERS—DATE OF EXAMINATION

The examination of officers who were notified that they would be examined for promotion on or about 15 May, 1934, will commence on 4 June, 1934, unless they are otherwise notified.

ROSTER FOR PROMOTION—WARRANT OFFICERS

The following list recommended by the Board to prepare eligible lists of candidates for appointment to warrant grades, and approved by the Secretary of the Navy, will

Mother's Day May 13

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kin: Mrs. John Shatz, niece, 6930 Lacey St., Oakland, California.

CONROY, Jack C., Corporal, died March 25, 1934, of disease at the U.S.N.H., Portsmouth, N. H. Next of kin: Mr. Tom Conroy, father, General Delivery, Louisville, Ky.

HENLEY, Harry B., Private first class, died March 13, 1934, on board the USS "Augusta." Next of kin: Mrs. Nannie V. Hanley, mother, Shelbyville, Tenn.

HOLLEY, Brice B., Private, died March 15, 1934, of disease at Field Hospital, Port au Prince, Republic of Haiti. Next of kin: Mr. Jesse M. Holley, father, Batesburg, S. C.

HOOD, Ithel W., Corporal, died March 31, 1934, as result of auto accident near Alexandria, Va. Next of kin: Mr. Jay D. Hood, father, General Delivery, Elwell, Michigan.

SANDERS, Lemuel M., Jr., Private, died March 4, 1934, of disease on board the USS "Wyoming." Next of kin: Mr. Lem-

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NAME

OLD ADDRESS

NEW ADDRESS

be used in filling vacancies occurring in the warrant grades of the Marine Corps:

MARINE GUNNER

Staff Sergeant Walter A. McArthur.
Master Technical Sergeant Theodore Gooding.

Gunnery Sergeant Henry P. Crowe
First Sergeant William O'Grady.
Sergeant Major Charles Davis.
Gunnery Sergeant Jack A. Church.
Gunnery Sergeant William A. Lee.
Master Technical Sergeant Ira Brock.

Q. M. CLERK (A. & I. Dept.)

Staff Sergeant Andy C. Ramsey.
Staff Sergeant Percy H. Uhlinger.
Staff Sergeant Edward J. McCabe.
First Sergeant Emanuel Yalowitz.
Sergeant Major Charles P. McCallum.
Gunnery Sergeant John J. Rogers.
Staff Sergeant Lawrence A. Theodore.
Sergeant Major Leland H. Alexander.

Q. M. CLERK (Q. M. Dept.)

Quartermaster Sergeant Homer Sterling.
Quartermaster Sergeant Louie F. Shoemaker.

Quartermaster Sergeant Clyde H. Webster.
Quartermaster Sergeant James C. Puckett.
Quartermaster Sergeant Percy W. Robbins.
Quartermaster Sergeant Joseph N. M. Berger.

Quartermaster Sergeant Joseph E. Thrallkill.
Quartermaster Sergeant Rupert E. Stone.

Quartermaster Sergeant Paul G. Chandler.
Quartermaster Sergeant Edwin C. Reppenhagen.

Quartermaster Sergeant Frank H. Williams.
Quartermaster Sergeant Frederick Dykstra.

PAY CLERK

Paymaster Sergeant Edward A. Loben.
Paymaster Sergeant Hubert N. Ward.
Paymaster Sergeant John L. Selfert.
Paymaster Sergeant Ernest M. Jones.
Paymaster Sergeant Ray R. Maynard.
Paymaster Sergeant Joseph P. Herron.
Paymaster Sergeant Joseph J. Ayers.
Paymaster Sergeant Adial P. Greer.
Paymaster Sergeant Julian B. Bird.
Paymaster Sergeant Lee B. Andrus.

SCHOOLS GRANTING CONCESSIONS TO NAVAL PERSONNEL

The Bliss Electrical School, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C., has been added to the list of schools and colleges granting concessions to children of naval personnel. This school admits boys over 18 years of age who have had preliminary high school training, and offers the following concessions:

The cost of room, board and tuition is \$900.00 but a scholarship of \$300.00 will be awarded to sons of naval officers and enlisted personnel in the Navy and Marine Corps, thus reducing the charge to \$600.00. Books, tools and supplies cost an additional \$75.00.

This is a technical school, giving a condensed course in electrical engineering designed to be successively completed by the student of average ability in one school year, and is recommended by the Research Committee of the Engineering Foundation as a suitable institution for the training of technicians.

(Reprinted from Bureau of Navigation Bulletin, No. 206 of 24 February, 1934. For information of Marine Corps personnel).

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q.—1st Sergeant, Peiping, China: The first Paragraph on instructions to be followed in the preparation of form NMC-49-A&I, (Tri-monthly Report) states that this report will be made out and mailed direct to the Headquarters Marine Corps on the 10th, 20th and the last day of the month. Information is requested as to whether or not the forms should be mailed direct, and whether or not the reports include the 10th, 20th and last day of the month?

Answer: The instructions for preparing the Tri-monthly should be followed exactly as written. They should be mailed DIRECT, and should be prepared to include the information contained on the morning reports of the 9th, 19th and next to the last day of the month.

Q.—1st Sergeant, Peiping, China: At stations outside of the United States, where the service record book of an enlisted man is closed and the man is discharged before the book is forwarded to Headquarters, and the good-conduct medal is awarded by the commanding officer, does the muster roll show the remark "Awd GCMed" or "Recommended for GCMed"?

Answer: The remarks on the muster roll should be "Awd GCMed" or "Awd GCMed Bar" as the case might be. In the case of a bar the number should be given.

Q.—1st Sergeant, Haiti: What requirements make a first sergeant available for the detail in Samoa?

Answer: A first sergeant desiring detail to Samoa should make application to the

Major General Commandant. He should have considerable length of service with good record and must be married.

Q.—Staff Sergeant, Philadelphia: Should time lost by reason of confinement to the brig of a station under sentence of a Deck Court be considered time lost under Article 16-30(1), Marine Corps Manual, and so entered on page 24 of service record book?

Answer: No. Confinement under sentence of a Deck Court or Summary Court-Martial is not considered time lost subsequent to 1 July, 1922, and should not be entered on page 24 of the service record book.

DON'T FORGET, MAY 13 IS MOTHER'S DAY WRITE TO HER, AT LEAST

TARGET PRACTICE

HIGH SCORE (Rifle)—Officers and men attaining a score of 325 or better over the regular qualification course for the target year 1934 according to reports of target practice received since publication of the February Bulletin.

Cpl. Valentine J. Kravitz	340
Cpl. John F. Jost	338
Gy-Sgt. Jesse L. Reynolds	336
Pvt. Hubert E. Owsley	335
Pvt. Herbert E. Young	335
Cpl. Benjamin F. Anderson	334
Cpl. Alvin E. Johnson	333
Pvt. Harry E. Salisbury	332
Tpr. Olen H. Strickland	332
Cpl. Carl Ulrich	331
Pvt. Ernest N. Amos	331
Pvt. Arnold M. Woods	331
Pvt. Julius D. Willoughby	330
Sgt. Theodore R. Cathey	329
Cpl. Norman R. Clark	329
Pfc. Avant M. Brannock	329
Pvt. Vernis E. Bishop	329
Pvt. Buell M. Crisp	329
1st Sgt. John D. Bellora	328
Sgt. James C. Whittle	328
Cpl. Chester J. Paszkiewicz	328
Pvt. Charlie K. Masters	328
Pfc. Wladislaw A. Dezak	327
Pvt. Henry T. Dittman	327
Pvt. Edward C. Smith	327
Pvt. Henry J. Vause	327
Cpl. Albert R. Coffey	326
Cpl. John A. Dulaney	326
Capt. Campbell H. Brown	325
2nd Lt. Robert E. Fojt	325
2nd Lt. Louis M. Heinrichs	325
Sgt. Claude N. Harris	325
Pfc. John H. Haxton	325
Pvt. James R. Collins	325
Pvt. Paul H. White	325

SOMETHING TO SHOOT AT

Cpl. Valentine J. Kravitz 340
HIGH SCORE (Pistol)—Officers and enlisted men attaining a percentage of 92 or better over the pistol qualification course for the target year 1934 according to reports of target practice received since publication of the February Bulletin:

Pvt. Thomas A. Stroope	97
1st Sgt. John D. Bellora	96
Gy-Sgt. James R. Tucker	96
Gy-Sgt. Harry Weston	95
2nd Lt. John H. Cook, Jr.	93
Gy-Sgt. Anthony Jagiello	93
Pvt. Elmo M. Crum	93
Pvt. Edward C. Smith	93
1st Lt. Hartnoll J. Withers	92
Pvt. Howard F. Heyliger	92
Pvt. Charlie W. Jackson	92
Pvt. Clarence W. Leekley	92
Pvt. Oron L. Shibley	92
Pvt. Herman Whitaker	92
SOMETHING TO SHOOT AT	
Pvt. Thomas A. Stroope	97

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LOOK



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